

Dogma

Macbeth

Black rain falls on my skin
What can wash away our sin?
Would you die for a lie?
Never ask the reasons why

Symmetrical illusion
The mark of the divine intervention
Waiting for something
That will never come
And their holy words
Burn inside my head
No light
No hope
No compromise

What about faith?
Don't mind
The fire in the eyes
Is all about faith
Just lies
Pure visions in the skies

Cold win blows on my face
Will this bring a new disgrace?
Would you die for a lie?
Never ask the reasons why

Symmetrical illusion
The mark of the divine intervention
Waiting for something
That will never come
And their holy words
Burn inside my head
No light
No hope
No compromise

What about faith?
Don't mind
The fire in the eyes
Is all about faith
Just lies
Pure visions in the skies