All Your Sorrows

Metal Church

Times like these to people please Fables spread like some disease New age gods like old facades Write a book you'll like the odds

You'll like the odds Inventing gods Old facades

Take apart human heart you will start Through the doorway of all of your sorrows Beginning to pull you away

In the night the sometimes light The seasons which run out of time When I press this game of chess I always end with something less

With something less You've made a mess Of your Sunday best

Take apart human heart you will start Through the doorway of all of your sorrows Beginning to drag you away

In search for the answers, what never should be Laughter erupts from primordial sea Standing there naked with bended knee All of your works face eternity

So though I play the same each day When faced with pain I often pray Take my hand you'll understand The place we go is no man's land

No man's land You'll understand Don't you bite my hand

Buy some time the fine line [Incomprehensible] robots will decline

Take apart human heart you will start Through the doorway of all of your sorrows Beginning to drag you away