

# Philistine City

Michael Kiske

On our long uneasy way  
Never there, never stay  
We please ourselves, eat ourselves  
It gets us through the day  
Maybe we should pray  
'cos we all are gonna pay  
For the arrows for others  
That we shoot up today  
All senses are numb,  
The candle grows cold  
In questioning hours  
All answers are sold  
The bitter taste on your tongue  
You wash it down with some cheap fun  
The arrow cuts deeper  
The cheating gets done

I don't know!

Deep down within - we all feel the sin  
From darkness we raise - but it still hurts them too  
We all save our piece - just begging: oh, please  
Make it go away - all thinking 'bout those who freeze outthere

It's a myth when we say:  
Give love  
It's meaningless, meaningless  
Sounds like the croak of frogs  
We preach out in the blue  
But never change anything we do  
Our words have no weight  
And our wisdom won't do

I don't believe  
In your american dream  
No more, no way  
It's all not what it seems  
We always hear them pray  
Thanking the lord for the money days  
And the anger grows stronger  
In those who failed the play

I don't know!

Deep down within - we all feel the sin  
From darkness we raise - but it still hurts them too  
We all save our piece - just begging: oh, please  
Make it go away - all thinking 'bout those who bleed outthere

Changing colors, changing facades,  
Changing fashions, changing masquerades.  
New generations, oh! with whole new conceptions.  
So it won't go away that caricature of man.