DOOM HYPE

Moderat

Narrow line that parts our ways
If you could, you would do it all again

I've lost faith while others gained
And what they asked, was it more or just the same?

Help me god they send to say
Help doing what- as they bowed their hands to pray

(Oh) Help me god they send to say
Why should I give, if it's never gonna pay

At the table of those granted
Where bitter hearts crash hard with sorrow

This is the lament of the gentry
Their hands are clean but thoughts are sorrow

Switching off this film today
And Rewind

Switching off this film today
And Rewind

It's where I headed
And never left

Where I was seat
And never rest

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