Sunday's Paycheck

Nothing More

Eat from my hand
We'll reward you in the end
For thousands before you have been set free
And as time draws near we will christen your fear
Like trail driven cattle, don't lend them your ear
Peach be with you and, and also with you
But may no peace fall down on those who don't sit in our pews
Now you've read our prescription
And you've tasked the truth
Our placebo has failed you
Don't think outside these walls
It's where the monsters live who eat lost souls
Don't think on your own, just come back home

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!