

Only Death Is Real

Stray from the Path

We live on this Earth filled with terrible people
One body of diamonds where nobody's equal
Our homes our cells, our cities the prison
Stolen land by politicians

Nothing is permanent
Nothing is gold
You won't be born again
Death is after your soul

Line 'em up across the board
Eight by Eight under the bishop's sword
We are the pawns placed in our squares
Young or old, all we know is warfare

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History repeats, there's always a sequel
We're the pieces of the game, inescapable evil
They want the pawns to fight each other and say we're not the same
Well, I say, "don't hate the player, hate the game"

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Hold your position, for heaven's sake
You can beg, you can pray, but nothing will change
The march won't stop, so don't watch the clock
Only death is real, it all goes back in the box
It all goes back in the box

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