

## End Of You

### "Last Hope Of Suffered Soul"

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By the paths of the human race leaving bright trace,  
We're walking not by our will, not by our will.  
Someone always pulls our strings but we worship still  
Those who stand upon us high - they won't die  
Men who wants to smash the doubts and find the truth  
Wants to sure himself that's he's right his clothes're  
white  
Just invents an attitude & reason to bend  
Never thinks of fruits, he will reap, never goes deep  
Each one wants to be ruled wants to be fooled  
Don't lament for dead  
Devastated are your souls, mist's in your minds.  
Ruler's unseen, his way is free  
So better choose  
Whom to serve and to trust  
Though you will loose.

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