

Entreat "Shankhill"

Visit "[Shankhill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Flags bind up on the lights
Along the streets dumb witnesses of stories about
human lives, about
The history that never dies
They can tell us about pride, struggle and fight

They carry the pain, hate of people who don't want to
understand
Pray for peace wishing blood
Cry for your beloved killing people you don't care about
It's the game of gods
Both searching for something, a meaning, a cause
So who has right?
It doesn't matter!
The flags make them proud
Give them something in their meaningless lives
That counts in the game of gods
It's the game of gods
In the name of gods
It's the game of gods, where man is the loser anyway

Freedom, beliefs! you fight for, to other you deny
Colours and lines are more important than their own
human lives
It's the game of gods
In the name of gods
In this so called game of gods
They sit on a balcony and watch this tragic-comic play
It's a play for gods
In this play for gods
We all live in this play for gods

Visit [Entreat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.