

## **Power Of Omens "A Toast To Mankind"**

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Release the hand on all man my holy father.  
So the world shall know.  
That you are here to strike the hour.

Did you call?  
I thought I heard you calling.  
In rhythm with my pulse, a frantic pulse.  
A pulse of fear, a pulse that lives inside each.  
Oh yes indeed, these shallow walls.  
Can never hide you, from the deepest part of your soul.

So now, I'm some sort of criminal,  
The one created in your mind.  
So now I'm labeled a pessimist  
But if the truth hurts, then you're blind.

Bring me the finest wine we have  
And let's give a toast to all mankind.

Some may fall, then others rise.  
Each with an answer.  
Bureaucracy at its best, the final answer  
Yeah...now.

Beset with words, incredulous stares.  
A man of honor I defend.

Some may fall, then others rise.

Each with an answer.  
Bureaucracy at its best, the final answer

So now, I'm some sort of criminal,  
The one created in your mind.  
So now I'm labeled a pessimist  
But if the truth hurts, then you're blind.

Bring me the finest wine we have  
And let's give a toast to all mankind.

[Instrumental]  
[Guitar Solo]

[Keyboard Solo]

You have the answers,  
I have the questions.  
Please tell me all I need to know.  
I only want the truth.

You are the one who denies and the one who will take  
my share.  
You inflict crippling thoughts,  
To be shrew the life that I have.

So now I'm labeled a pessimist  
But if the truth hurts, then you're blind.

Bring me the finest wine we have  
And let's give a toast to all mankind.

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