

Resurrection Band

"Souls For Hire"

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You toy with the truth
You dilute with water
You hate your wife
But you say you love your daughter

Envision if you will
A world on fire
It's a flaming sin
We're sold for hire

You get what you pay for
A jack of all trades
A fish full of small change
A host of charades
Philosophies drifting
To please every whim
It only depends
On the mood you're in

You learn toward religion
You secularize
Don't feed me excuses
They're nothing but lies
The time that you're wasting
Is precious to Him
Truth is you don't confront sin

Like a magician
With rabbit in hand
A wand of ideas
At your command
Some will be fooled
And believe what you say
But God will be the last
To speak on that day

Leave or be left
That's what it says
Be loved if you want
Or lost if you don't
Don't blame the preacher
Don't blame the school

Don't blame conditions
Don't be a fool
If you live in darkness
It's you that decides
An' it won't freeze over
No matter the time

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