

Reverend "Remission"

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No one can choose who wins or lose
This game that they call life
Manic depressive chaos, sharp as knives
One on one or two by two
Intentions to rip and maim
Fate is pre-planned
Putting God to shame

Remission
Remission

Current events anger prevents
Yes the world goes on
All of your future plans have all gone
Never remorse on your past course
For fucked things you have done
Don't ever retreat
Cause there's no place left to run

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Raise your fist up to the sky
Satan laughing while you die
Demons grab your balls and make you scream

Never before, choose your right door
You'll come out ahead
Don't play all your cards, you're sure to wind up dead
Some people pray and some wish away
To end all this grief
You try to touch the ground
But there's no relief

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