

Death Angel "Stop"

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Stop, drifting fool
The truth I must bestow in you
Many times I've seen
Men as you, then I smashed their dreams

Reasons of no cause
Besides, I myself set the laws
You won't be set free
From internal fears implanted by me

Feeding off his hand
As if he was your master
Serving his demand
I wanna talk about it

I wanna talk about it
I wanna talk about it
I wanna talk about it
I wanna talk about it

I'll guide you only right
Yes, my child, to the light
Many seem to fear
What if their peers happen to hear

That he believes in the truth
Oh, what a shame to rebellious youth
Take it from me
The cowards are those who cease to see

Feeding off his hand
As if he was your master
Serving his demand
I wanna talk about it

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I can't tell you what to do
I can't tell you what to say

Only can advise you
Help you along the way

Smash the mental wall
That was forged into your brain
Tune into reality
And break free from the pain

Giving all possessions
To just a name
Tune into reality
A mortal human reigns

Feeding off his hand
As if he was your master
Serving his demand
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