

Vainglory "The Promised Land"

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We are told it seems, from our first breath
That one day we'd cross, over the mountains
The land of gods, with the angels too
To spend eternity, in love and harmony

We work for nothing and the hours are so long
We work for rations and the place we call home
The morning trains carry us to our jobs
Murmurs of slavery within the mobs

Nothing else matters it is our precious fate
We are promised our own perfect place
On and on the pattern goes, never to end
Until the holy day when life should begin
The Promised Land, is what we toil for all our life
The Promised Land, is why today is misery

The Promised Land, is what we toil for all our life
The Promised Land, is why today is misery

We are told that it is heaven on earth
We are told you shall never need
We are told to do your work well
We are told forever you will see

The Promised Land, our god given right
The Promised Land, The Promised Land

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