

Vangough "Paradise For The Lost"

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Pay me, love me, adore me, be me
Buy it, save it, crave it, never be content with it
Plastic people, do I give you what you need? A silly
trend indeed!
Shallow faithful religion sells us paradise still you buy
my merchandise

Buy your way to paradise
Still you buy!
Buy your way to paradise!

Still I see the truth within your eyes
Despite the time we spent apart I'm waiting by with
open arms
Don't tell the great deceiver we couldn't save her

Lead us to the truth
Confessing our lives
Share with us your words
I cannot deny!

Worship the words of your idols
Hollow mouthpiece
A sycophantic masquerade just as long as you get paid
Science of souls
Blinded by the value of his words
Give in sell in all your personality assimilate your
property

Fail to see his hateful greed
Like a church of fools we follow the rules

Mister have I ever heard of you?
You've written books that speak of your truth
A man who's name means nothing
Yet we are asked to follow another book of useless
rules
An empire built upon your back
Your death compels their fevered minds
Trademarks, copyrights keep you safe
Thanks for closing up our minds

I can't lie my eyes drip with blood
As I cry

Can we fly away in a ship like you say?
Will you land here on Earth and save us all one day?

[Chorus]

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