

A Maddel "Enemy"

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I see a beast in his eyes too late.
His hand's moving, and I know it's my fate.
One blow and the blood forms a new line.
On the ground under the blue-blue sky.

I pray the God.
I pray the God.
I pray the God be fair to him.
And He was stronger, he used to win.
He never saw this sky, it's not his fault.
Give him a chance, give a chance to all.

I pray the God be fair to him.
And He was stronger, he used to win.
He never saw this sky, it's not his fault.
Give him a chance, give a chance to all.

I watched her thirsty eyes.
Her tender hands cut me like knives.
I knew she'd ruin my soul.

I gazed at the sky but saw nothing at all.

I pray the God.
I pray the God.
I pray the God be fair to him.
And He was stronger, he used to win.
He never saw this sky, it's not his fault.
Give him a chance, give a chance to all.

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And He was stronger, he used to win.
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