

Auto-auto "23 Nov"

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A service provided, solemn undivided
A scream and a dream, for the lost souls of this earth

A generation screaming for a purpose
A secret pathway from the cradle to rebirth

Marked by the masses heading for disaster
Considered outlaws in the age of the nuclear bomb

A generation screaming out for violence
It's hard to handle when it hits to close to home

Chorus
Still you pray to a dying man
I don't think I'll ever understand

The storm wont shake us, the maker will make us
A place we can rule on a bright and shimmering star

It is an ending fit for Cinderella
They leave all the sinners deep in smoke and tar

Then if the end comes build a boat
Fill it up with the things they wrote
Fill it up before we sink
Stay in the boat just wait and pray
Pray that the flood will come one day
So you don't have the time to think

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