

Roland Bowman**"The Winner"**

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We all have to climb a ladder
Don't use the one-way street to hell
Friends deceive without cold sweat
Tell me what we're fighting for

Kicking chumps like wretched sinners
Praise ourselves to the highest point
God said he would send the messiah
But Satan closed the door

No more compromise, we pay the price
Make everything undone
We're ready for sacrifice

[Chorus:]
Reach out your hand, you'll be the winner
Let's try to catch the caravan of lies
If you stay so blind, you'll be the sinner
We have to change to be born again

Like a sniper fire of demons
When we're merging our souls
We shed the blood of our saviour
Blind leading the blind

Here we stand as reborn brothers
No more chasing our tails
Try to find the kingdom of perception
But no one sees the sign

No more disguise, let's realise
Let's go against the grain and try to optimise

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