

Violent Creed

"Exodus"

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Son! Trough the concrete sea you run
Firing your holy gun
Looking for your holy land
All you are and ever will
A saint inside your head
See the puppet for what it is
It's pulse is way to weak

I am a prophet
I am a God
So bare your souls
On the subway walls

I have heaven waiting
Pick the one you crave
The Pied Piper's waiting
Follow him...

So little time, so many souls
Not even close to overdose

I am a prophet
A neon God
So bare your souls
On the subway walls

If life is no more than recreation
Let's dance upon the edge
If all we have is dread and terror
Let's jump into our graves!
If you're the one who knows the answer
I'll buy your life if you will sell
Dead are you before you say
Dead am I before I pay

So little time, so many souls
Not even close to overdose

When! The dawn is drawn from the city ground
From your mind you run
Never mind that gun

Never mind my son
All you are and ever will
A saint inside your head
See the puppet for what it is
It's pulse is way to weak

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