

# Metal Church, Cradle To Grave

[K. Vanderhoof / R. Munroe]

And when the strings are pulled again, the puppets dance like mortal men  
Who carved in stone our future and our past  
Shall we read the blood stained pages and take counsel with the sages  
And hear the chanting of a mind's collapse  
In my name, I will bring you from the cradle to the grave  
From points unknown in senseless daze, watching as the fools parade  
The tower bells are pounding like a drum  
Glance back at a new world brave, the cradle has become the grave  
And people praise the God they've stolen from  
In this world we have false leaders, wearing the mask of the deceiver  
They're seeking out the non-believers, and in these masks you'll never see us  
You kill the anger, kill the pain, only empty souls remain  
God forgive them, will they ever learn  
Kings and pawns, emperors and fools, no man sleeps on this night  
Bend my words into a twisted truth, no one gets out without a fight