

## The kingslayer - 1/1

**Interprété par Nightwish.**

For whom the gun tolls  
For whom the prey weeps  
Bow before a war  
Call it religion

Some wounds never heal  
Some tears never will  
Dry for the unkind  
Cry for mankind

Even the dead cry  
- Their only comfort  
Kill your friend, I don't care  
Orchid kids, blinded stare

Need to understand  
No need to forgive  
No truth no sense left to be followed

Facing this unbearable fear like meeting an old friend  
Time to die, poor mates, You made me what I am!

In this world of a million religions everyone prays the same way  
Your praying is in vain It'll all be over soon  
Father help me, save me a place by your side!  
There is no god Our creed is but for ourselves

Not a hero unless you die Our species eat the wounded ones

Drunk with the blood of your victims  
I do feel your pity-wanting pain,  
Lust for fame, a deadly game

Run away with your impeccable kin!

- Good wombs hath borne bad sons...  
Cursing, God, why?  
Falling for every lie  
Survivors` guilt  
In us forevermore

15 candles  
Redeemers of this world  
Dwell in hypocrisy:  
"How were we supposed to know?"