

The Goal Is Your Soul

Overkill

A lifelong list of Sundays, wrapped up with a bow
Justifies the greatest answers, that you may never know
The fallen is the viper, reap now what you sow
Screaming from the mountain tops, let his people go
He's down, in hot damnation,
So down like you'll never know
Going down to sweet temptation
Let his people go

In the eternal brood of liar
In the catastrophic fold
Count yourself amongst them
The goal is your soul
On the other side of sanity
Where the goodness dare not go
Count yourself amongst them
The goal is your soul

A lifelong list of blessings, didn't go too far
And all the instinct you were given, wishing on that star
The fallen have your hope and love, the viper never trust
Know they are exchangeable, as you clean away the dust
He's down, in hot damnation,
So down you'll never know
Going down to sweet temptation
Let his people go

All forgiveness flying, screams to fill the air
A lifelong full of blessings rendered, didn't work out fair
All forgiveness lying, screams to fill the hole
A lifelong full----of blessings given
And the goal is still your soul