

# Divided We Fall

## The Mission

I'm the father of a bastard child and I'm not talking about my daughter I feel that my head's on the chopping block, like a lamb being led Being led to slaughter

I close my eyes but sleep won't come and now I've got the devil to pay I'm so sick and tired of this masquerade How many loaves?? do you think I can bleed?

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all? Cos together we stand but divided we fall

I lower my guns to play Russian roulette But I'm too damn scared to pull the trigger Cos a bullet in the head would leave me dead And it's better to live as a rock and roll nigger

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all? Cos together we stand but divided we fall

The mother like a man fights himself And it's always a fight without a winner Those endless lines on the way to hell Cos heaven never welcomes a sinner

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all? Cos together we stand but divided we fall Do you feel? Do you feel it at all? Cos together we stand but divided we fall