

Thy Kingdom Come

Warlord

Why in the world do we feed all our leaders
With treasure they steal from the poor?
And why in the world do we seal them as keepers
With measure of power we abhor?

Behold in the sky is the rising Son
We let these chains be undone
Thy Kingdom Come
Thy Will Be Done
For he who has an ear, I pray that he might hear

How many men must we damn to their passions
Before we cry out in dismay?
Yet time and again we just stand up for action
Our words just get lost in the fray

Why do we put such corruption in power
We know they will fail and consume?
Perhaps it is we who have failed as a people
We reap what we sow in our tombs.

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