

Pale Skin

I Declare War

Five years, four years too long
Living her life room to room
Bed to bed

She still prays
Her family still prays
Room to room, bed to bed

She still prays
Sickness still sweeps her
Coughing and pale skin
Is what you see

Cables wrap around her sick body
She hopes it ends
She still prays
Her family still prays

Every tunnel she drives through
She still wishes she will make it out alive

Questioning why people worship a man
That suffered three short days on a cross
While she lay for five long years

Where is her book?
Where are her followers?
Dead and pale on the floor

You ask yourself
If there is a God
Do you think he gives a shit?