

God was a good God until things went wrong,
Now all I've got left is only a song;
Times have changes and people are all about,
Money and things and all those other you new.

Now I'm going home because the city is evil,
And the works of the lord all belong to the devil;
So I'm not happy now and want to just die,
Not take off to the air where others will fly,

There's not much point to life without enough money or wife,
Of only cause heartache and pain and strife;
I'll look to the future but what can I do,
Everything goes wrong for me and nothing comes true.

People will try but in their hearts are deceitful,
They lie and they cheat and compete receiptful;
Now the times come forth the sentence and punishment,
Where all the decent are bound in the publishing.

So care and I strive by my words at and end,
Without vision or hope or the chance of a friend;
I see it all wrong and the truth hurts so much,
But I continue to search and listen as such.

But the pain is too much and things are all wrong,
Without the hope of the future or life of a song;
Now the purpose in life is to just live and die.

Signed,

No hope at all