

## **The Solution**

By Brother Gabriel

Broken bones been ground to dust, brought down and built back up  
Gotta send my prayers to the man above, is he ever going to hear me  
Bank robbed, people dead and sick children in a stranger's bed  
Mother earth pleading for some sympathy, but to heal these wounds you gotta let them bleed  
Looking for the cure, lost without a trace. Better find it soon, or we will discover the end to the  
human race  
Looking for the cure, lost without a trace. Better find it soon, or we will discover the end to the  
human race  
Woke up by the sun, get ready grab my bags and run  
Into the dark world filled with sickened souls, are we ever going to see peace  
Like the great western wind blows, I've felt deep darkness come and go  
I've got the heavens above and got hell below,...