

776-1000

How are they chosen

How are they chosen, the ones who rule the world
The ones who live in jetp lanes the scream across the sky
How are they chosen, the ones who cannot see
That most of us are struggling just to have a moment free

Free of worry
Free of pain
Where heavy is
The one refrain
That rings the loudest
That rings the loudest

And how are they chosen
And is there a god
When those who lord over
And on so many trod
How are they chosen
Who makes the call
And is it ok to celebrate
When they suddenly back

Back to earth
Onto the ground
And like so many of us
New sorrows they've found

And how are they chosen