

Beneath The Massacre, The Stench Of Misery

Desperate times. Despair pushed us on our knees.
Bow down one too many times. Rising. Dead is our will to change this world.
Skin infected with the stench of misery. Wipe the dirt from your face.
Stand tall: rise to your feet. Fight for what's left.
Honour: it's not a word it's you and me. Stay strong: this war is real as your pain is.
Stand tall: rise to your feet. Fight for what's left. What's left