

Colony 5, Knives

Claiming ever higher grounds
Look out sky, we're coming down
Like flying daggers or raining spears
Watch out God, you know we're here

Sharpened knives, slicing fears
Sharpened knives, swallowing tears

Obeying far too many rules
Rules in books cause rules are tools
We don't read them ourselves
Better men have better sense

All we have and need is here
Bombs away and everything is clear
Remember what they told you to see
Fight the things you don't believe in

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