

Fozzy, Mob Rules

Whoa, c'mon

Close the city and tell the people that something's coming to call
Death and darkness are rushing forward to take a bite from the wall, oh
You've nothing to say, they're breaking away

If you listen to fools, the mob rules

The mob rules

Kill the spirit and you'll be blinded, the end is always the same
Play with fire, you burn your fingers and lose your hold of the flame, oh
It's over, it's done, the end is begun

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You've nothing to say, oh they're breaking away

If you listen to fools

Break the circle and stop the movement, the wheel is thrown to the ground

Just remember it might start rolling and take you right back around

You're all fools

The mob rules