

# Running Wild, Hanged, Drawn, And Quartered

Always looking for shelters, try to hide in the mist of the night,  
Exist beyond reasons, give up the authorities of time,  
Convoke in the name of god, born under the curse of inbreeding,  
They govern us subordinates, with fire, iron, gaol, chains.

Its a strange institution, they've left you no will to survive,  
No truth and no mercy, with the sinner and the saints,  
Its the thirst for freedom, that burns within everyone, so...  
Raise your fist, be observant, rid us from the curses of the bad.

Gates of resentment, can you feel your blood run colder.  
Gates of resentment, but you see its still the same.

They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered  
Its time to end the lies and false excuses.  
They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered  
And they still have a smile on their face,  
Stop these men.

Hear them speaking with tongues, not from this world,  
Have no confidence  
Prepare to run for your life, everyone must be saved.  
All these guys are unexpected, no one wants to live in fear,  
So make the law and wipe them out, we have to break the line.

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Gates of resentment, but you see its still the same.

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Its time to end the lies and false excuses.  
They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered  
And they still have a smile on their face,  
Yeah.

Its going down really well, its all the work of the devil,  
Escaping once more from these guys, leave it all behind.  
The feeling that your feeling now is the feeling of pride,  
We've made them shed their mask, so we can turn another page.

Your the tamer of the rabid lamb, you can be full of haughtiness.  
But be aware all the time, a restless spirit is running wild.

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And they still have a smile on their face.