

# Saint Vitus, Trail Of Pestilence

Hey there brothers  
the time is near  
you wouldn't listen  
now it's too clear  
power madmen  
screwed our world  
now we suffer  
for their thrills

They made our planet  
a bloody waste  
something sour  
is all we taste  
poison clouds  
in ruptured skies  
they enjoy progress  
while your children die

We let it happen  
we sealed our fate  
we're thinking twice, now  
but it's too late  
burning bodies  
with eyes that glow  
distorted vision  
of a life we've known