

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