

Speedealer, As Ever

days of gold are at an end
we are forged of steel, our skin has shed
it's a call to arms, it's a call to war
march straight into oblivion

darkest hour is drawing near
death has lured us into light
eternal battles we struggle with
kill us slowly, yet give us life

bow your head to the fascist pigs?
are you forged of steel or walking dead?
it's a call to arms, it's a call to war
march straight into oblivion

season of oppression

fear is not the answer
fear feeds the answer

standing at the edge of the infernal abyss
leaps of faith are made on nights like this
when they call your name will you do as your told?
will you stand your ground?
can you hold your own?

when fear no longer matters, all is as ever
as ever and ever and ever and ever