

Warrel Dane, The Day The Rats Went To War

Blind are the hypocrites the lizards drunk with power
Through idiosyncrasies and blasphemy
The world will be devoured

While the poor men die the rich men sing
Monetary praises to the war machine
The rats scream for change and equality
While the mechanics of power stain humanity

I am the new breed
The bastard of Adam's seed

While the poor men die, the rich men sing
Monetary praises to the war machine
The day the rats went to war
The union of mutiny spread throughout the moors
The day the rats went to war

First you take a hypocrite and give him ultimate power

While the poor men die the rich men sing
Monetary praises to the war machine
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