

Winds Of Plague, Reloaded

Tonight the world is ours.
We've got the world in the palm of our hands.
Bustas fall down when we're barking commands,
Atlas ain't got shit on our steez.
Kick out the chair and get on your knees.
We're not strangers, but we'll never be friends.
Pray to your god when you're meeting your end.
Hope is dead, revelations begin.
We're not strangers, but we'll never be friends.
Lift your head, look around, can't you see?
We were born into a world so bleak.
We claim this night still standing tall.
Casting shadows, you indulge concrete.
A call to arms, we'll bring the revolution.
A call to arms, pillage eden, annihilate man.
Going to take every word
And shove it down your fucking throat.
Break down the walls, rebuild society.
We've got the world in the palm of our hands.
Bustas fall down when we're barking commands.
Hope is dead, revelations begin.
We're not strangers, but we'll never be friends.
Arise, the sun is near.
Witness an uprising, see our strength.
Arise.