

Abomination, Theyre Dead

We think we're men of steel
We're angry and we're fueled
Commanding, they retreat
Prisoners of the war
Captured fallen peace
Will they find the door
On your knees soldier
Die for peace soldier
Aggressive
Upperhand
Marching through the sand
Will they take command
Countless casualties
Blood and gore to see
Censored for the week
Dumping oil at sea
New victims of the war
Dying gracefully
Recessions marches near
The checks have all been void
The classes are all clear
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