

Crushead, Behind The Curtain

Rain is falling down on your glorious land
The weapons have cooled down now
Still standing in the sand
I see happy children playing
In the backyard of their homes

The TV shows a country
Where no terror roams
You say the war is over
But two more corpses every day
You tell us about happy people
But nothing seems to be ok.

Why do you fight a helpless county
Do you have a license to kill
I watch you crawl in torment
yearning for a thrill

Take my hand show me the places unknown
I want to see the abyss of your soul.

Sometimes i got a feeling
That sick brains rule the world
And we can watch the great fall
In front of CNN

Take my hand...

Take my hand show me the place
Of your infinite hate against these nations
Show me how the devil's spirit
Takes a hold

Take my hand...