

Dagoba, The Fall Of Men

Men fall over and over again!
They gave us millions of reasons to hate them
Like fire needs fuel to exist
Consuming our faith, the burning remains
They pushed the men straight away to their fall...
Fall!

Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Sins feed the fire...

Seven billion souls for sale
Thrown into a war we've already lost
People fighting hard to be on the frontline
We don't give a fuck for their gratitude
We don't wanna be the ones they want us to be...
Be!

Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Sins feed the fire...

Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Be fucked or be roasted!
Feel the flames...

They're fighting fire with alcohol -but-
Face the truth: the end begins
Puking black ink, acid and shit; spitting bullshit, piss and lies
Miss your home: girl, whiskey and pills and your favorite requiem
Don't trust them, don't fear them, ignore them, fuck them and be roasted.
Then feel the flames.