Dead Soul Tribe, The Love Of Hate

Light is glowing
Faintly showing
Burning like candle to light our way

Wnd is blowing
Strong and growing
Trying to douse the flame
So darkness can prevail

Hate can only create more hate
Hate can only create more hate

Flags are waving
Madmen raving
Jesus saving no one
So save yourself

People dying
Screaming, crying
No denying freedom
Does not exist

Bombs exploding
Guns unloading
Stones we're throwing
Fall to the killing field

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