

# Konkhra, Hellhound on My Trail

"For far too long there's been a quest for power  
That spreads to all and benefits none  
Your time on earth is short and the future is coming fast  
Revolution is in the genes and noone believes in lies no more"

It's like living in a warzone  
Call to arms our friends in need  
No opposition, no apparition  
The treat is real and so are we  
The future springs from today  
So you'll let your apathy prevail?  
No way, not a chance  
Let's make this motherfucker dance

They charge our decadent lifestyle  
The challenge our way of life  
Our prudence unparalleled, unscarred by Juda's knife  
This freedom breeds poverty, by all means to passify  
The free, enslaved, inside we're all alike

I am alive, I am free, I am quail  
There's a hellhound on my trail

Determined to eradicate, exterminate my kind  
They seek us out wherever we would hide  
(Mind set on murder)  
The reasons are the long forgotten lies  
The means of action, taught by peril  
Slaves to God, no mercy

No chance for third world countries  
Their money ain't green and safe  
Spent it all on war and faith  
Can't save them, too late  
And so you wish me dead  
A thousand times inside your head  
No soul, no faith  
A victim of all your hate

No peace, just talk  
Together ill-fated we walk