

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