

# Lamb Of God, Now You've Got Something To Die

Now you've got something to die for  
Infidel, Imperial  
Lust for blood, a blind crusade  
Apocalyptic, we count the days  
Bombs to set the people free  
Blood to feed the dollar tree  
Flags for coffins on the screen  
Oil for the machine  
Army of liberation, gunpoint, indoctrination  
The fires of sedition  
Fulfill the prophecy  
Now you've got something to die for  
Send the children to the fire, sons and  
daughters stack the pyre  
Stoke the flame of the empire  
Live to lie another day  
Face of hypocrisy, raping democracy  
Apocalyptic, we count the days  
We'll never get out of this hole until we've  
Dug our own grave  
And drug the rest down with us  
The burning home of the brave  
Burn  
Now you've got something to die for