

# Savage Grace, Bound To Be Free

Fists full of anger, rise into the night  
The crack of the whip fills the day  
Under the heel of oppressive boots of steel  
The pain and the sweat turn to hate  
Poised for the start of retribution's kiss,  
The links of their chains snap and fall  
Armed with weapons from the arsenal of right,  
They'll bow no more  
For deeds of the masters,  
The heat of the slave anger explodes  
Wielding the might of the vengeful they strike,  
They'll take the world  
Bound to be free, the shackles of fear can't  
Deny me, bound to be free  
The cost of freedom, high in blood and tears,  
A price paid again and again  
Onward to victory, they cry from within  
No quarter given  
They battle long and hard into the night,  
Stealing the life from their prey  
The light of destiny shines to guide the way,  
They must take  
Shackled and bound by deception to serve and obey  
Struck down to their knees  
By the men of the merciless faith  
Burned by the hot irons touch so deep in their soul  
Cursed to a life and decay without hope  
Screams escape from the mouths of battered heads,  
The dept leave their keepers for dead  
Running rampant, setting all ablaze, no defence  
Praise to the risen, new masters of their fate,  
Fight on with malicious intent  
And as the victors claim their liberty,  
Rebellion spreads