

Scepter, The Day Of Reckoning

If we lose our fucking grip
Around their fucking necks
They will take it all from us
And there will be nothing left
We'll be living like the apes
Our future will be the past
Bodies blown into the sky
This war will be the last
We'll stand on top of the corpses
We'll raise our fists and sing
We must act now if we're to stop
The day of reckoning