

Sick Of It All, Forked Tongue

Bent on hatred - silence the forked tongue
It won't change us - we're proud to be infidels

You have no room to judge - malevolent spirit
When your world is dripping with blood
A stranger to love

Bent on hatred - silence the forked tongue
It won't change us - we're proud to be infidels

When death means more than life - ignorant martyr
Then fantasy has taken the place of a righteous change

Righteous change

What does it take to reason with insanity
What does it take to pacify the savagery

The forked tongue. spitting all it's venom at me
What does it take to wipe away the misery
What does it take. what does it take
The dark ages are upon us again
What does it take. what does it take
The forked tongue must be silenced
Give us freedom from the demons
Demons