

# Victory, The Warning

I can see the clouds massing  
From the east to the west  
The four horsemen are riding  
It's too late for regrets  
The power of persuasion did not work in the end  
'Cos they talk with a rifle  
All they want is revenge

Will the blood stop falling on the sand  
On the holy land

If you listen to the warning  
We have to turn the tide  
Just listen to the warning  
The tide is on the rise

I can see a new desert  
There's no place left to hide  
We will recover  
We will never survive

Will the blood stop falling on the sand  
On the holy land

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