

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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