

Warrior Soul, The Fallen

I'm the hard luck kid
Throw the bones on the fire
Tear holes through worlds
Makin' change through violence
Who's really runnin'
The place you call home
Who'll climb the mountain
Sell their kisses for god's love

Obsolete factories
On rust ground dying
Formula cancer
America's crying
Decline beauty
Worship icons
It's your religion
Do what you are told

From the top of the mountain
Baby we're fallin' hard down
From the top of the mountain
Baby we're fallin' hard down

Out in the streets
Throw the books on the fire
Let them eat debt
While they starve on desire
Who's really runnin'
The place we call home
It's your religion
Believe in the gilded throne
From the top of the mountain
All doomed liars fall
From the top of the mountain
To where the people crawl
From the top of the mountain
To the hard ground below
To the ones you've forgotten
We'll dance on your tombs

Walk with me
To the heart of the city
To the purple mountains
Through the nation of death
That steals our future
Programs the child
Makes change through violence
While cries for freedom
It worships control
And speaks of hollow victories
Of the land it stole

From the top of the mountain
Baby we're fallin' hard down
From the top of the mountain
To where the people crawl
From the top of the mountain
To the hard ground below
To the ones you've forgotten
We'll dance on your tombs