

# 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 cling 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