

# Winds Of Plague, Unbreakable

The beatings will continue until morale improves.  
We fought them again and again,  
Beating back the inevitable,  
The sun was torn from the sky.  
Welcome to the city touched by hell.  
We are unbreakable.  
We come for the throne.  
You can only wander the streets  
For so long before they run you.  
You say you're heaven sent,  
What the fuck are you doing here?  
God has left this place long ago.  
Overran by demons, I have never felt so fucking filthy.  
These streets never end, always helplessly  
Lost in a search for a better way of life.  
The beatings will continue until morale improves.  
We fought them again and again,  
Beating back the inevitable,  
The sun was torn from the sky.  
Welcome to the city touched by hell.  
Trudge the wastelands.  
A spark of hope in a sea of despair.