

Warlord

Cypress Hill

I was born with thunder up in my hands to silence all of the lambs
I've conquered so many lands, put up with whatever man
with God's plan, the journey eternal
Hell fire spreading wide, now you're in the inferno
Pray to God they intervene, you feel it, your inner being
The sinner sings, a song plays all day
Will it bring peace to the hearts of men?
Spending life on the frontlines of life, to no end
Waste of time, wasting away, wasting the day, tasting the bitterness of hate
Face of decay, lead 'em off into the dark
They follow me from the start, with the light chasin' the demons runnin' from the spark
I'm the sword, guns clutched, swingin' at the unjust
Just once touch from the blade that cuts us
Leading the rat race where losers are born
When it's above you, whatever form, it goes on
The cycle, perpetual, death is eventual
If you ain't givin' no hundred percent, unacceptable

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I was formed with fire upon the blade, the violence and the crusade
The engine is cultivated where the revel is made
Invading with the horde on a white horse just a warlord
The country is war-torn and It's a universal [?], the archangel hang in the clouds and they watch us pray
For the glory of his story, story
Nine of the ten, Guns to the [?], givin' prayers to the fallen
Hymns are callin' if you willin', give yourself and we go all in
Ritual beginning, individual A violent [?], a decendence of height
Feel her soul elevate while enemies lie in wait
I'm sendin' 'em to the gate, with the hate
for losers or born winners, I'm loved
When it's performed, it goes on
The cycle, peretual, death is eventual
You ain't givin' a hundred percent, unacceptable

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