

The Final Storm

DeadLock

Now what's left of our so-called revolution?
Never more following the glorified policy of needless waste
By adding fuel to the fire - will we ever brave that storm?

A new aeon rises
We are here to stay
May my voice be the storm.. We are the storm

Unceasing acts of excess forced mankind to creep into the depths

Now what's left of our so-called revolution?
We are no longer - obedient slaves
We are no longer - needless waste

What are we now? We are the change!

A new aeon rises
We are here to stay
May my voice be the storm.. We are the storm

Does it hurt see your bridges burn?
We're the storm before the final calm... We are the storm!

May my voice be the storm.. We are the storm!