

# We Don't Care

Demon Hunter

This is the end of everything  
A degenerate culture's elegy  
Now the reaper is waiting at the door  
Drunk on our blood and craving more

This is the sound of a thousand holy feet  
Treading on a soon forgotten grave  
This is a life-long declaration of war,  
No sacrifice in vain  
Let them remember the name

Feels like we've run out of air  
They tear the breath out from our lungs  
And we don't care  
Feels like we've run out of air  
Damnation passed down to our sons  
And we don't care

Witness the end of apathy  
We have embraced our suffering  
Will the pain illuminate our fall?  
Or will we see the blame at all?

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No compromise to end  
We'll wash the blood off from our hands and fight again

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Remember the name