

Now You've Got Something to Die For

Lamb of God

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Infidel, Imperial
Lust for blood, a blind crusade
Apocalyptic, we count the days

Bombs to set the people free
Blood to feed the dollar tree
Flags for coffins on the screen
Oil for the machine

Army of liberation
Gunpoint indoctrination
The fires of sedition
Fulfill the prophecy

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Send the children to the fire
Sons and daughters stack the pyre
Stoke the flame of the empire
Live to lie another day

Face of hypocrisy
Raping the democracy
Apocalyptic, we count the days

We'll never get out of this hole
Until we've dug our own grave
And drag the rest down with us
The burning home of the brave burn

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