

The Blood Of Tyrants

Molotov Solution

As the days grow darker and the nights grow colder a sense of hopelessness
Sinks in, slipping farther into our own living hell, betraying what the
Prophecies foretell.
How many faithful have died waiting for their savior?
How many faithful will die awaiting forever.
Death is the standard by which the reality and depth of all things can be
Judged.
Democracy becomes unholy when our hands are dyed red with innocent blood,
So let us stain them with the blood of tyrants.
Violence, all this violence prevails, when democracy fucking fails.
Pass your final judgment.
Send us to death.
We will stand and fight you 'til our last breath.

Tell me do you value your life enough to fight that which threatens
Everything we love?
Do you have the strength within enough to sacrifice everything to expose
The lies and rise above?
Death is the standard by which the reality and depth of all things can be
Judged.
Would you die for what you believe?
Would you fight for that cause or fall to your knees?
Democracy becomes unholy when our hands are dyed red with innocent blood,
So let us stain them with the blood of tyrants.
Tell me do you value your life enough to fight that which threatens
Everything we love?
Do you have the strength within enough to sacrifice everything to expose
The lies and rise above?
Violence, all this violence prevails, when democracy fucking fails.
Fail!