

Years Of War

Porter Robinson

Take one last look at what you're leaving behind,
cause there's no coming back once we go
We are the children of an innocent crime,
and its time to take down the throne
Although their heads may shake,
we'll set the city ablaze for their treachery
We'll spill their blood and set our fathers free

Oohooh, two hundred years of war
Fight till we are no more
A curse on the streets of gold, oohooh
Just know
That mine is a hand to hold
Take back what the kingdom stole
A curse on the streets of gold

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