

Fallen Son

Pro-Pain

You liars, crooks and thieves, and fucking dirty sons of bitches.

Your days are numbered. You bastards we'll slaughter, and we'll love every minute of it.

From sea to sea, accompany me on a steed so pure with anger.
Raise your fist against all of this, and your patronage will last forever.

Fuck you, we shall, we shall overthrow.

We shall, we shall overthrow...

We shall overcome, to honor the fallen son.

For now we ride. The whites of their eyes are brazenly gaining upon us.

Until defeat there will be no retreat so we forge on until we have won,
and on this day the shit hit the fan, and many were captured and beaten.

Never to see the light of the day again from their crypts of forever.

For you, we shall, we shall overthrow.

We shall, we shall overthrow...

We shall overcome to spit in their faces.

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