

Hour Of The Time

Pro-Pain

I left town like a man on mission.
Flat broke and betrayed by the system.
I gazed out on a brave new world and wiped tears from my eyes.
Arise.
It's the hour of the time.
God truth to find, so pan and sift the fear and the lies.
Oh.
You'd be out of your mind to tie "the end" with the signs of the times in which we live.
We got a lot to hate, but a lot of hate to give.
So give.
I found solace in a sea of faces, in the most unlikely of places.
Kept chipping at the walls around us, yet they keep closing in.
Now it's time to rise, just be prepared to tear this place apart and down to size.
So where do we go from here, and what can we do, and what have we learned from all of this.
We got a lot to hate, but a lot of hate to give.
So give.