

Drums Of Death

Project Pitchfork

Welcome to the future
The air is liquid smoke
Everything is on fire now
No life apart from moss
The darkest dark is what we see
This is not the place to be

What we see is what we want
There is no turning back
Hold your breath and come to eight
When we seal the final fate

What we see is what we want
There is no turning back
While we cry to feel alive
We need the drums of death (2x)

We cut down the family tree
And we burned all what was left
In our gated community
To warm our hearts of ice

We sold the past for a better Now
It didn't work out fine
We sold the past for a better Now
Where is the breathing device

What we see is what we want
There is no turning back
Hold your breath and come to eight
When we seal the final fate

What we see is what we want
There is no turning back
While we cry to feel alive
We need the drums of death (2x)

What we see is what we want (4x)

What we saw was what we got
There was no turning back
While we tried to feel alive
We need no earth to death (2x)

What we see is what we want
We need the drums of death (2x)