

Speak of the Dead

Rage

Don't try to tell me you've got the better truth
'Cause this is just a never ending lie
You wouldn't make it to walk in someones shoes
The only thing you share is that you'll die

You follow all those murderers, in phantasies and real
You might become the same, think what you feel

Don't believe in Military, leaving nothing but destruction
No trust in presidents, they don't speak of the dead
Don't do what others tell you, this is only self seduction
They'll try to put you dows when you speak of the dead
Speak of the dead, speak of the dead

Countless in number, mistreated and abused
They were our brothers, do you realise
Do you remember or do you wipe them out
Like all so many, do you close your eyes

If they could raise their voices they would have a lot to say
Avoid the old mistakes, give them their way

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Don't do what others tell you, this is only self seduction
Don't let them put you down when you
Speak of the dead

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Speak of the dead, speak of the dead