

Servants of Death

Refused

Running into the heart of darkness, eyes sewn tight
Stumbling across the barren fields looking for a little light
Freedom set by violence, control dictated by fear
Running into the heart of darkness with no way out of here

But I can tell there's more to sell
Earth to burn on this road to hell

Servants of death
That's all we get

Running into the heart of darkness thinking that it's ok
Been promised a paradise but a wasteland's coming our way
Self serving psychopaths been poisoning the ground
Running into the heart of darkness, no sign of a trickle down

But I can tell there's more to sell
Earth to burn on this road to hell

Servants of death

Your time will come