

An Era of Revolution

Salt The Wound

Just like paint, this is the human way, thou's death war driven
,
battlefield scent fulfilled.
Purely blood and excrement, this is unholy, the holy war is a mask.
Disgust, betrayal, mutiny, destruction. (2x)

Just like paint thrown onto canvas, thrown onto the.
These stars are spreading, throughout the surface.
The perfect candidate for an oversea mutiny, grave fear of no return
fear without war.

Cause I heard a noise in the street after the accident, the accident.
Left to bear arms as our token, left to bear arms. (2x)

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These stars are spreading, throughout the surface.
The perfect candidate for an oversea mutiny, grave fear of no return
fear without war.

How long will we hold, how long will we.
Hold my escape, my breathe, my might, this power of my sight, this
bleeding from my own figure.
A motion of the abandoned, this is an era of revolution.
Again the streets grew restless leaving heads to the curbs, teeth
pressing through gums.