

Bound To Be Free

Savage Grace

Fists full of anger, rise into the night
The crack of the whip fills the day
Under the heel of oppressive boots of steel
The pain and the sweat turn to hate
Poised for the start of retribution's kiss,
The links of their chains snap and fall
Armed with weapons from the arsenal of right,
They'll bow no more

For deeds of the masters,
The heat of the slave anger explodes
Wielding the might of the vengeful they strike,
They'll take the world
Bound to be free, the shackles of fear can't
Deny me, bound to be free

The cost of freedom, high in blood and tears,
A price paid again and again
Onward to victory, they cry from within
No quarter given
They battle long and hard into the night,
Stealing the life from their prey
The light of destiny shines to guide the way,
They must take

Shackled and bound by deception to serve and obey
Struck down to their knees
By the men of the merciless faith
Burned by the hot irons touch so deep in their soul
Cursed to a life and decay without hope

Screams escape from the mouths of battered heads,
The dept leave their keepers for dead
Running rampant, setting all ablaze, no defense
Praise to the risen, new masters of their fate,
Fight on with malicious intent
And as the victors claim their liberty,
Rebellion spreads