

## Forked Tongue

Sick of It All

Bent on hatred - silence the forked tongue  
It won't change us - we're proud to be infidels

You have no room to judge - malevolent spirit  
When your world is dripping with blood  
A stranger to love

Bent on hatred - silence the forked tongue  
It won't change us - we're proud to be infidels

When death means more than life - ignorant martyr  
Then fantasy has taken the place of a righteous change

Righteous change

What does it take to reason with insanity  
What does it take to pacify the savagery

The forked tongue. spitting all it's venom at me  
What does it take to wipe away the misery  
What does it take. what does it take  
The dark ages are upon us again  
What does it take. what does it take  
The forked tongue must be silenced  
Give us freedom from the demons  
Demons