

# Reign Of Thunder

Tank

We've Been At The Edge Too Many Times  
To Ignore The Warning Signs  
Now That We're Led By Those Who Are Blind  
To The World That Is Outside  
They Will Ensure, That They'll Make Our Lives  
A Misery Before Our Eyes  
These Power Whores, Are Those Who Decide  
Which Civil War Goes On The Side

It's Out Of Our Hands, To A Man We Must Fight Or Be  
Overrun  
And By Midnight, The First Strike Has Begun  
Would They Rather Die, Or Live And Suffer, This Reign  
Of Thunder

Nations In Need, No Longer Have The Right  
To Chose Which War In Which They Fight  
Hatred And Greed, And Mad Myopic Sight  
Add To The Anarchists Delight  
The Poor Will Die Whatever, In The Ultimate Defeat  
We Sell Them Arms But Send Them Nothing They Can Eat  
Women And Children, Starved And Alone  
They Are Like Shadows Painted On Bare Walls

In Spite Of The Land In Their Hands, The Respite Will  
Fool No-one  
And By Midnight There Is Light, But No Sun  
Would They Rather Die, Than Live And Suffer, This Reign  
Of Thunder

Take It As Read, That What's Left Behind  
Incriminate The Ones Inside  
And We Are Fed, All The Same Old Lies  
Twisted Thoughts Of Twisted Minds

It's Out Of Our Hands, To A Man We Must Fight Or Be  
Overrun  
And By Midnight There Is Light, But No Sun  
Would They Rather Die, Or Live And Suffer, This Reign  
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