

Prometheus - The Fires Of Deliverance

The Showdown

No weight, no love, resurrected like the sun.
Sight the scope, exhale the smoke.
Heart and hand and eyes move slow.
Pull it back and, pull it back and run.

Deliverance.
Give us your world.
Give us your dreams.
Trampled underfoot.
Bow to the new regime or burn.

Virus empire.
Wolves and sheep the same skin wear.
Blood and lead and the rotting dead.
Bid the vultures come be fed.
Let freedom, let freedom ring.

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