

Hell Praiser

This or the Apocalypse

I want to see the powerless rise
and burn everything you have
I want the black seas to rise and devour the warships
until they're floating through corpses
I want the blackest of clouds to infect all the drones
Until the missiles rain down on your homes

Welcome to America
More wealth per capita
Welcome to America
More wealth per capita

Oh my God - Your generation had it all
Oh my God - My generation will make you fall

Make
You
Fall

We're all dead
You feel me?
We're all dead and we'll be remembered by the way we
lived

So what do you got to show for yourself
What do you got?

First they all ignore you
Then they all will laugh
Then you let them fight you
Then you take it back

First they all ignore you
Then they all will laugh
Then you let them fight you
Then you take it back

We're all dead
Because of you we're all dead
We're all dead
And we'll plant the seeds that kill the roots where you
live

Gold is silent just like the territory you fight for
Silence kills us but you know that they want more
Look good and fear no war
No death is good enough.