

Approach The Podium

Winds of Plague

Condemned from a false pretense by the product of hope.
We blindly let them lead us.
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We blindly let them lead us.
Let go of the life you know,
Chances are we aren't coming back.

Commander, approach the podium!
We, the people, have rallied under our flag.
Standing proud, you rid us of our fate.
Behind the gun, you're given all our faith.
And now we march to the pulse of the beating war drum,
Say goodnight and follow the setting sun.

Agendas of sovereignty masked by the mirage of hope and chance.
Our Lady of Liberty falls down to her knees bound and gagged.

The hammer of judgment falls on you.
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I will never trust a man with the power of God,
A brain washed mind full of control.
I will never trust a man with the power of God!

Release the grip that binds us all,
To a cold, quick doom six feet deep.
You don't have the bullets to kill us all.

We find ourselves backed into the wall,
No one at our side,
Never looking back we're ready to die!

Sealing the future in its shallow grave,
The dreams of man crushed within your grip.
Empires fall as your reign meets its end,
I stood still among the riled crowd.

Our eyes met and you knew I'd be the one to bring you down.
Nightmares can't warn you of the evil winds that are blowing your way.

Call to arms to stand by my side,
Our leaders that have failed us.
Take it back, gun them down heartlessly,
Our leaders have failed us.