

# Comanche

## Milkshakes

I feel the pressure is building in me  
My stomach's sick, it's getting harder to breathe  
I hear the screaming, I feel the disease  
There's blood in the air, and there is death on the breeze  
Will you come with me?  
Will you stand with me?  
Would you follow me?  
Would you believe with me?  
Tell me you'll bleed with me  
Tell me you'll die with me  
Come on, come on  
Let me hear your war cry  
Come on, get up  
Let me hear your war cry  
Yell it out, do or die  
Let me hear your war cry  
We wanted peace but you brought this war  
We took enough and we can't take any more  
With our fists in the air, we'll burn it all to the ground  
We will tear your fucking empire down  
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