Battle Scars

Winds Of Plague

We climb to the top of the hill to see what lies beneath.
Waiting for its time to feed if first we don't kill each other.
Battle scars tell the tale of a life lived hard.
Empty souls left to ponder the question, "why?" Drowning bodies climb to stay above the line.
Cannibals arise.
Now, shut your eyes, cover your ears and stand in line.
We cannot afford the voice of discontent.
Shut down the oppressed.
Silence the mouths that spit the venomous.
Hell on earth.
No one escapes on judgment day.
Something has to give.
Bombs of peace shake the earth.

Lyrics submitted by darius.

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