

A Call to Arms

The Black Maria

Shots ring out like a bell
As they're running away from the scene
The sweat leaking down to my pillow
Makes it so much harder and harder to sleep
The blast gets a little bit louder
To the point that it's deafening
To see the last of the undead soldiers falling faster
And faster down to their knees
Wake up, do you believe in this honestly?
This is a call to arms, revenge is ours
We need to destroy the songs
That feed the beast in the radio
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes
Shackled and ready to go
My army sounds like a symphony
A chant and a screaming war siren
Makes it so much harder for you to sleep at night
The blackout of an industry full of tyranny
The blackout of an industry
Is what we need to bring them down
To their knees
This is a call to arms, revenge is ours
We need to destroy the songs
That feed the beast in the radio
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes
Wake up, turn it off
This is a breakout and the inmates are about to revolt
Take it back and take it back for good
Do you believe in this honestly?
This is a call to arms, revenge is ours
We need to destroy the songs
That feed the beast in the radio
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes
Because this is a call to arms

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