Death From Above

Bloodsimple

Desperate cries in the hour of vengeance
Merciless the way of the world
Traumatized by the hours of chaos
No place you can runSeal your fate, a relentless attack
Rising of a foreign flag
Revenge doesn't matter on who
As long as it's one of themSubmission, relentless, obliterated from the past
Fire, destruction, now there's no turning back
Show 'em no love
The bastard is ripe and fit for the bleeding
Death from above, death from above
The bastard is ripe for the bleedingCrucified, the profit is vanquished
Killing of the newborn king
Justified by those who compel us servants
Of a different fateCertain death signs of a hysteria
Confusion on the way to the way to the gates
Terror among the ranks
Now you will be laid to wasteSubmission,relentless, obliterated from the past
Fire, destruction, now there's no turning back
Show 'em no love
The bastard is ripe and fit for the bleeding
Death from above, death from above
The bastard is ripe for the bleedingHe who shall arise like a Phoenix from the flame
Demon shall arise, lay your soul to wasteShow 'em no love
The bastard is ripe and fit for the bleeding
Death from above, death from above
The bastard is ripe and fit for the bleeding

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