

# Classic Struggle

## Winds of Plague

We have long traveled these separate paths.  
Our own quests to the meaning of life.  
Low or high all roads end.  
The only importance is what you have left behind.  
What do you have to show?  
Did you take advantage of being alive?  
We cannot control the future of the world if we cannot control ourselves.  
Free minds spark the fire of progress, birth of an uprising.  
The power within each and all of you is the power of change.  
The power to take control.  
Here we are old friend.  
Face to face in me I find you, my biggest adversary.  
The clock is wearing down.  
Arrangements wearing thin.  
Masks decompose forcing shadows to the light expose the truth if you have nothing to hide.  
To my enemies, you stand for everything I live to crush.  
My reflection manifests in flesh and bone.  
(Mitch Lucker)-De-winged, ripped down from the fucking sky.  
Dragged to dark where the angels dare not tread.  
I'll see you on the battlefield.

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Lyrics submitted by darius.

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