

# One Day Son

## Fightstar

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The night, the day, the dawn of dead  
Rising from the ground  
It's time to see the reckoning You never had it all this cash  
Or country of your own  
The land that feeds the rest alone When there's no room in hell  
The dead will walk the earth Just come alone and gather round  
Till you're gonna shake up your aim  
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours  
I'm sorry for this mess The night, the day, the dawn of dead  
View them what you will  
A drop of blood could change it all And soon the day will come, my friend  
The time to hand it on  
So here's to solving our sickness When there's no room in hell  
The dead will walk the earth Just come alone and gather round  
Till you're gonna shake up your aim  
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours  
I'm sorry for this mess Just come and walk with the dead, dead Just come alone and gather round  
Till you're gonna shake up your aim  
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours  
I'm sorry for this mess

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