

Servants of Death

Refused

Servants of deathRunning into the heart of darkness, eyes sewn tight
Stumbling across the barren fields looking for a little light
Freedom set by violence, control dictated by fear
Running into the heart of darkness with no way out of hereBut I can tell there's more to sell
Earth to burn on this road to hellServants of death
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Servants of death
That's all that we getRunning into the heart of darkness thinking that it's ok
Been promised a paradise but a wasteland's coming our way
Self serving psychopaths been poisoning the ground
Running into the heart of darkness, no sign of a trickle downBut I can tell there's more to sell
Earth to burn on this road to hellServants of death
Servants of death
Servants of death
Servants of deathServants of death
Servants of death
Servants of death
Servants of deathYour time will come
Your time will come
Your time will comeCome on
Come onYour time will come
Your time will come
Your time will come
YeahServants of death
Servants of death
That's all that we getServants of death
Servants of death
Servants of death
Servants of death

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