

The Fallen

Warrior Soul

I'm the hard luck kid, throw the bones on the fire
Tear holes through worlds makin' change through violence
Who's really runnin' the place you call home
Who'll climb the mountain, sell their kisses for god's love
Obsolete factories on rust ground dying
Formula cancer America's crying
Decline beauty, worship icons
It's your religion, do what you are told
From the top of the mountain, baby, we're fallin' hard down
From the top of the mountain, baby, we're fallin' hard down
Out in the streets throw the books on the fire
Let them eat debt while they starve on desire
Who's really runnin' the place we call home
It's your religion believe in the gilded throne
From the top of the mountain all doomed liars fall
From the top of the mountain to where the people crawl
From the top of the mountain to the hard ground below
To the ones you've forgotten, we'll dance on your tombs
Walk with me to the heart of the city
To the purple mountains through the nation of death
That steals our future, programs the child
Makes change through violence while cries for freedom
It worships control and speaks of hollow victories
Of the land it stole
From the top of the mountain, baby, we're fallin' hard down
From the top of the mountain to where the people crawl
From the top of the mountain to the hard ground below
To the ones you've forgotten, we'll dance on your tombs

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