

Break Out The Hammers

[Hevein](#)

What you know has never been questioned
You sit upon your throne, emptiness surrounded
There's something in the air, electrifying
Up rise, revolt and scorn, break out the hammers

I've made my choice, you make yours
This weapon has got a voice
Don't fence me in, your walls are paper thin
Your walls are paper

Falling like dominoes, your back is broken
On my trophy wall, your skull's are token
The hunt is on, let's get ready to rumble

I've made my choice, you make yours
This weapon has got a voice
Don't fence me in, your walls are paper thin
Your walls are paper

I see you breaking out of life
You've stepped into the light
Your thoughts are clear tonight

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