

Approach the Podium

Winds of Plague

Condemned from a false pretense, by the product of hope.
We blindly let them lead us.
Let go from the life you know, chances are we aren't coming back.
Commander, approach the podium.
We the people have rallied under our flag.
Standing proud you rid us of our fate.
Behind the gun your given all our faith.
So now we march to the pulse of the beating war drum.
Say goodnight and follow the setting sun.
Agendas of sovereignty masked by the mirage of hope and change.
Our lady of liberty falls down to her knees bound and gagged.
The hammer of judgment falls on you.
I will never trust a man with the power of God.
A brain washed mind with total control.
Release the grip that binds us all to a cold quick doom six feet deep.
You don't have the bullets to kill us all.
We find ourselves backed into the wall.
No one at our side.
Never looking back were ready to die.
Sealing the future in its shallow grave.
The dreams of men crushed within your grip.
Empires fall as your reign meets its end.
I stood still among the riled crowd.
Our eyes met and you knew id be the one to bring you down.
Nightmares can't warn you of the evil winds that are blowing your way.
Call to arms to stand by my side.
Our leaders have failed us.
Take it back, gun them down heartlessly.
Our leaders have failed us.

Lyrics submitted by darius.

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