

Days of Revenge

Ramallah

These are the days of revenge so sweet.

Can you feel it?
There is a fear in the air that I have prayed for, for my whole life.

Can you feel it? And do you fear it?
And Malcolm was right,
The hate that we've sown has come home in the night.
So wake up. It's time to die.

Can you feel it?
'cause we've reached the end of the lies,

Just take a look at the papers,
And your leaders,
They're killers and they're liars.
See what they do in your name to make the bodies pile higher.
The murders and the terror,
They've done it forever
As we sit back and smile at the script that they sell us.

So now they come for me.
So now they come for you.
We didn't hear and now there's nothing we can do.

Holy Mother of Columbine,
Say a prayer for me
And the USA.

Blessed martyrs of Palestine,
Come and strike us down.
How dare we pray?

Osama is the demon that keeps you all safe in your little cells.
Believe it.
Oh sweet revenge
And Jesus himself would condemn us all to this self-made hell.
Can you dig it?
Oh sweet revenge

Hell is the sign of our times,
But now the victims,
They're rising,
Their numbers are multiplying.
They want their revenge for the years that they've been dying.

So now they come for me.
So now they come for you.
We didn't care and now there's nothing we can do.

Holy Mother of Columbine,
Save a prayer for me.

Blessed martyrs of Palestine,
Come and strike us down.

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