

The Hunger

Misfits

We become erupt in violence
Destroy the silence, our time has comeGoWe are the outcasted, ancient descendants
The ones who've been calling and
Would you still die for the dead, yet still living?
Starved of a time that's now come
We are the children, the hungry childrenWe become erupt in violence
Seduce the silence, our time has comeGoWe are the kindred, Hell's ancient descendant
Slaves begging the night not to go
Would you die for the dead, yet still living?
Starved of a time that's now gone
We are the children, the hungry childrenThe blood quench the hunger
The blood quench the hunger
The blood quench the hunger

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