Origins

Russell Brower

(es selamun aleykum)Soiling our land with impunity unfair
Disdain, conceit, like they just don't careDishonored but knees not down
Be aware of the countdown
One foot in the grave
Heaven's gates for the braveThis time i feel it, i've gotta live it
I see no peace through this battlefieldThis breed didn't deserve what it owns
Shame engraved on their tombstones
Rancor makes our blood boil
Contempt and offense under the gun
The ghost of violence grows and obfuscates
I think i am insane, i'm sure we are insane
In our veins, in our brains
In our hearts, in our lives
Survival, violence grows in this disorder, pressure
The war is on the verge of breaking outThis time i feel it, i've gotta live it
I see no peace through this battlefield(arabic singing)Turn your eyes one towards the other,
Deny the bound state

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