Civilization

Inemo

(1st VERSE)
Stand in line as we march to the drums of the east,
Paralyzed and possesed by crusadors deceased,
Lost in the silence, the call from the turbulent times.
Bound by the science that lives on... that lives on the wise.
(CHORUS x2)
The beating of a million drums.
The fire of a million guns.

The mother of a million sons.
(2nd VERSE)
Lost in the silence, they bow to the call of the east.
Tantalized and seduced by the demons released.
ears to the ground by the name of the merciless guide (sky).
Onto the fire that burns in the all seeing eye.
(CHORUS x2)
bridge
(chorus x3)

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