

Souls Of Sin

X-Wild

We spit in your direction
We are animals at heart
Left on Devil's Island
We'll tear the world apart
No ships seen on horizon
No food left in the store
High and dry and scavenging
Around these deadly shores Black death is overhead
Witnessing our cries
The sun beats down mercilessly
On our mates to die
The night-time and the jungle
The terror in our minds
In narrowed eyes the question begs,
Who will be tonight? Souls of sin
On this devils island
Souls of sin
Where no eagles fly Daybreak it shatters me
And forces me awake
They got to get me somehow
My battered bones won't break
My tortured body aches and sweats
Refusing to give in
All I have for company
Are bastard souls of sin

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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