

Warcry

In Hearts Wake

Walk with me!
I'll show you a vision of a world caught in-between
The future has a face you wish you hadn't seen
Broken limbs and skeletons crawling through the endless mud
Desperate children, deserted and unloved
Under the pressing of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes
With a hand in two worlds, you had a heart in none It's time to make way for the new generation
So sick of watching the world's demise
Go fuck your doomsday, scream it at the sky
This is a call to arms
Let me hear your Warcry!
I'll lead you to a wasteland, riddled with disease
This epidemic reeks of death, cold blood and burning flesh
Choking!
On the words of conviction
Hanging!
In the halls of extinction
Will it be your prophecy?
Under the pressing of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes
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Fuck your doomsday! It's time to make way for the new generation
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