

# Dead Militia

Disciple

We are the thunder and the chorus of war  
We are the hammer that will break off their horns  
We are the weapon in the hands of a slave  
We are the arsonist who started the flames

Our commander is leading us into the fire  
and we won't stop until we are done  
the endless oppression will fall at His side  
the fire of Armageddon's gonna fall from the sky

They raise their towers to the clouds  
we'll burn their empires to the ground  
we're tearing them down  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia

Crawling like serpents underground  
they hide but soon they will be found  
we're smoking them out  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia

We are the dagger that will strike at their heart  
We are the nova that dismantles the dark  
We are the saber that will take off their head  
We are the artist that will paint the world red

Our commander is leading us into the fire  
and we won't stop until we are done  
death and decay will be no more alive  
the earth will lift her hand in hallelujah to God

They raise their towers to the clouds  
we'll burn their empires to the ground  
we're tearing them down  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia

Crawling like serpents underground  
they hide but soon they will be found  
we're smoking them out  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia

Dead Militia!

They raise their towers to the clouds  
we'll burn their empires to the ground  
we're tearing them down  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia

Crawling like serpents underground  
they hide but soon they will be found  
we're smoking them out  
this is the sound of the Dead Militia