

Long Live the Rebels

Disciple

We are the misfit renegades
We're caught somewhere
Between heaven and rage
We're the outcast rogue brigade
The forgotten leftovers
That the world threw away

We don't want your love
We don't want your fame
The wolves will give you nothing
In return for what they take
We've given up being accepted
We're the rejected
That embrace our rejection

The world can go their own way
We will run straight to the flood
Long live the rebels
Who bleed a different kind of blood
The world can go their own way
We will run straight to the flood
Long live the rebels
Long live the rebels
We will never die

We are the black flag mutiny
We will not be enslaved
To your atrocities
We're the late great epiphany
We're the only face of God
That the blind are gonna see

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