

Now You've Got Something To Die For

Enterprise Earth

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Infidel
Imperial

Lust for blood, a blind crusade
Apocalyptic, we count the days

Bombs to set the people free, blood to feed the dollar tree
Flags for coffins on the screen, oil for the machine
Army of the liberation, gunpoint indoctrination
The fires of sedition, fulfill the prophecy

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Send the children to the fire, sons and daughters stack the pyre
Stoke the flame of the empire, live to lie another day
Face of hypocrisy, raping democracy
Apocalyptic, we count the days

We'll never get out of this hole
Until we've dug our own grave
And drag the rest down with us
The burning home of the brave
Burn

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