## Wounds

Rise from your deep wounds From the wounds of the past The gray skies where doubt flies Cover all eyes with dust Cold the winds blow While rancor grows and stays Bitter tears inside blind eyes Their justice is a fake Nation this time is ours You beated nation You won't cry this time Nation, revenge is ours Just beated nation Just believe this time I promised you I'd die today Tears won't wet your eyes I'll be by your side to rise this gun The gun I have in my hands We'll see them bleed, reaching the end They'll draw our smiles Nation I just feel kind of away now But I'm still brave I see some blood running out So let's take what is ours

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