

# Front Toward Enemy

Incendiary

Dead men tell no tales  
But their graves still carry weight  
There's a war coming  
Fought by those who spit on fate  
Tired hungry masses  
Sick of empty dinner plates  
There's a war coming  
Fought by those with a bitter taste  
Yeah  
Yeah

No more "fall in line"  
No more "know your place"  
Growing to see  
A world that's ripe to take  
Storm the Bastille  
Riot the draft  
Easter rebellion  
Taken and never asked  
When our eyes are blind  
And our noses turned  
The displaced rise up to take  
What we never earned

Fearing revolution  
Can you feel your death grip loosen?  
Fearing revolution  
Your TV's showing all the  
Restlessness  
Bitterness  
Catalysts  
Vehemence  
Fearing revolution  
They got their trigger fingers moving

Oppression, oppression, oppression's common theme  
The silent, the silent, the silent finally scream

Oppression, oppression, oppression's common theme  
The silent, the silent, the silent finally scream

The threat of, the threat of, the threat of  
Oncoming war (war!)  
Oncoming war (war!)  
Oncoming war  
Fought by those who spit on fate