

Running On The Chains

Inquisicion

When masters of frightening
Took the highways of the sin
I know there's
No weather for rainbows
And then when the gods
Were making something
To belong, for builds the
Castles of reapers.

Running On The Chains! Yeah!

The bullets of silver
Were the only thing we had
To kill the leaders and makers
And when sits the preacher
That you know
Don't wanna more
To every please
That he brings you.

Running On The Chains! Yeah!

Inside of the wisdom,
The arrival
I can feel
Going with and again
When stopping the sinner.

In the night of the dream
Shows how blind can you go
Across this nonsense oblivion.

The bullets of silver
Were the only thing we had
To kill the leaders and makers
And when sits the preacher
That you know
Don't wanna more
To every please
That he brings you.

Running On The Chains! Yeah!

Inside of the wisdom,
The arrival
I can feel
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