

# Now You've Got Something to Die For

Lamb of God

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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 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 the 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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