

The Cleansing

Nothing More

I smell your rot a mile behind
You've destroyed these lives so I
Have made your grave with the dogs
By grace our paths have crossed
And all tolerance is lost
What is the price on your head?
I'll take it with these hands
Rip flesh from bone and claim what we own

For every generation there comes a time
To join the gray or become what is right
You stayed in shadows and preyed on the blind
You're cyanide

Father, You know I'm seeking honor
Wanting life for my brothers
I will fight, the ones who stole the sun and left us night
They're cyanide

Father guide my hands
And I will cleanse this land
End the enemy
The innocent be freed
You and me

I fight for fathers daughters, sons and mothers
Raped and murdered, bound and tied
You came inside
You took their lives
Yeah I pray...I pray you die

So I will fight the decadence that leeches our innocence
They're cyanide