

The Devil in Our Wake

Shaman's Harvest

Say goodbye to your home before it's gone
Ain't no way y'all survivin' this one
Here it comes, here it comes, the mistakes of history
Well, all for the sake of a foreign glory
It's the season for treason and revolution

We left the devil in our wake, wake
After there's nothing left to take, take
We left the devil in our wake

Now that the boots are gone your war has just begun
What flag do you raise under this sun
Gather what's left of your friends and family
And try to find some shade beneath these burning trees
It's the season for treason and revolution

We left the devil in our wake, wake
After there's nothing left to take, take
This devastation is from crushing under
Unholy thunder is your fate, fate
We left the devil in our wake

From left to right none speak truth
There's a blood red hand and it's choking you
Sin is born on the face of men
By endless black deeds

We left the devil in our wake, wake
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