

Fire

Soulitude

From the deepest of your heart
You hate them all
They are rotten to the core
Give 'em hell and give them war

War, hate, kill, death

The only language the speak is violence
The only cure for them all is fire

When you look at them, when you feel them close
Then you realize they should never have been born

War, hate, kill, death

The only language the speak is violence
The only thing they will feel is fire