

Wolves Of The Revolution

The Arcadian Wild

There was blood in the air
I was on all fours, screaming life isn't fair
Break down these walls
As our marksmen hit their mark
And the cloaks of justice are only cloaks after all

Born young and wild
Don't let them cut your tail
Just a pinch of salt in the wound, you'll be fine
One last lifeline, I'm hanging high

Stay awake, oh, from the wolves you run, barefoot
With their libellous, venomous words they shoot
Pulled and panicked, the door is locked
You're trapped inside of your own heart
It's a spectator's sport, just play your part
Just play your part

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