

A Call To Arms

The Black Maria

Shots ring out like a bell,
as they're running away from the scene.
The sweat leaking down to my pillow
makes it so much harder and harder to sleep.
The blast gets a little bit louder
to the point that it's deafening.
To see the last of the undead soldiers
falling faster and faster down to their knees.
Wake up, do you believe in this, honestly?

This is a call to arms.
Revenge is ours.
We need to destroy the songs.
That feed the beast in the radio.
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes.

Shackled and ready to go my army sounds like a symphony.
A chant and a screaming war siren makes it so much harder for
you to sleep at night.
The blackout of an industry full of tyranny.
The blackout of an industry is what we need
to bring them down to their knees.

This is a call to arms.
Revenge is ours.
We need to destroy the songs.
That feed the beast in the radio.
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes.

Wake up, turn it off.
This is a breakout and the inmates are about to revolt.
Take it back and take it back for good.
Do you believe in this, honestly?

This is a call to arms.
Revenge is ours.
We need to destroy the songs.
That feed the beast in the radio.
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes.
Because this is a call to arms.