

Storms

Torture Squad

Go!

Surviving, fighting in a world of lies.
Torments are drawing near
I'm still part of those lost days
Is it despair or is it fear?
These thoughts keep on grinding in my mind
Trying to find a way
To face this invisible threat
But my time fades away... no!

I'm another face in the crowd
Looking for some peace of mind
I listen to news of terror everyday
"You are confined."
Stories that I haven't heard so far
Stories that I think are real
So I try to understand
Why fear has mass appeal?

One... take a man without future and hope
Two... forced feed him hate and lies
Three... rise the flag and play the requiem
Four... serve him dead

Dark thoughts screaming around
They can't bring me down
Nightmares haunt my future
While the vultures tear a carrion

Troubles are crossing, crossing my way
You know it's hard to stand
It's like a storm and we are marching on
Now I am in command.

I kill my prey... yeah!
All right!
Revolution... It's time to change
I see it over my shoulder
Troubles come and troubles go
Under the endless gaze of the beholder
I believe that all I need
Lives inside my head
Strong of mind, determination
Nothing to declare

I kill my prey
Marching into the storm