

Prove Yourself Dead

Blood Red Throne

The mark has been set, there is no escape
Progression is gone
Weak imitations infesting the world
With infected beings, incurable hoax

I lament mankind, proclaiming our death
Progression is gone
How can we breed, continue to grow

Blinded and caged, feeding an hate
Prove me wrong, and you'll dethrone yourself
By proving me wrong, you will prove yourself dead

Slowly, slowly I ran my knife into your chest
Units force me to stab you down
They cannot let you have this world
'cause it's turning into a living hell
Once there home, it was
Prove them wrong,
And you will prove yourself dead

Prove him wrong, and you will prove yourself dead. (2x)

The mark has been set, there is no escape
Progression is gone
Weak imitations infesting the world

Prove him wrong,
and you'll prove yourself dead (2x)