

Dark Prophets, Black Hearts

In Vain

Season of the sick
Spreading venom
With their filthy hands
And words of hatred
Dark prophets, black hearts
Leaders without dedication
Crazed by greed
Starvation and downfall
Created the wake

Hearts are hardening
Loss of humanity

Rise to the call
To liberate
This world from
Greed and sickness
And together we'll triumph once again (no compromise)
At the dawn
We declare war
On this world
Arise and build anew

All against all
Take the fight
Crush and destroy
Don't submit
Don't accept it into your life
Heartless men cannot create
A positive change in a world
That is cold
Simply tear it down

Hearts are hardening
Loss of humanity

Rise to the call...