

Vicious Crusade

"The Verge Of Extinction"

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The voices of riots, overloading with hate,
Returning to life tell the truth,
The tongues of indictment,
Nailed to history's gate,
Revenge for inflicted abuse.
The mutinous souls, once refused to submit,
Find peace and release,
And cut off throats of the prophets accreate,
Appealing to prognies.

CHORUS:

Marching on the verge of extinction,
Marching on the arms of revolt.
The heroes of the senseless massacres
Get to the dump of time,
And the masters of the human circus
Encourage another crime.
Through the centuries of the affliction and pain
Rises rage breaking chains on its way,
And the crucified dream, reviving again,
Calls fevered minds to tray.

CHORUS.

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