

Young Executives

"Wolves Are Not Yours"

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6 times the pain, 6 times the hatred
6 times the sadness, insanity is storming in your hollow
head
Weak followers of a past unknown
I spit with joy on your blind ignorance and puke at your
so called wisdom
Wolves are not yours
My pain is yours
Until the end of time
Wolves are not yours
I am your curse
Until the end of night
7 visions, 7 howling tortures
7 times utopia trampled and I scream at this idiotic
belief
I rise my fist to crush your damned oppression
Without the sun nothing, give us back our solar wheel...
Wolves are not yours
My pain is yours
Until the end of time
Wolves are not yours
I am your curse
Until the end of night
Bleak insights from desperate pits calling at the weaks,
Using of ancient signs that glorify their myth
Die bastard pigs
Leave us all here
Give me back my blood
I send you storms of revenge
To desecrate your lies!!
I 'm the kick in the ass of your fucking blindness
My freedom is my dearest treasure
And I will die for it
Never will I bow to your bastard idol
So rotten and so cold in his false misanthropy !
Wolves are not yours
My pain is yours
Until the end of time
Wolves are not yours
I am your curse
Until the end of night

Rise for your dreams, to survive, hold your swords
high, there 's no
ompromise
Face the truth, now it's time for the fake to obey or they
'll die !

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