

## **Audiopain "Alliance"**

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By god they breed to control, to spread the pure is their  
call, with their plight they're deceiving us all.

Like an army in it's sleep, they await unarmed, as it  
seems, but they await.

Our enemies, already here building up, and we're not  
aware.

Like an army in it's sleep, they await unarmed, as it  
seems, but they await.

It's coming, coming!

The war of wars, it came through our doors.

The battalion's awake enforcing belief in return for  
relief.

When the time comes they must take a stand and it's  
written, god over land.

Like an army in it's sleep, they await patient, to blend  
in, they await choices, postponed, so they await  
cunning, yet oft ignored, they lie in wait.

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