

Drowned

"The Fossil Target"

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Somewhere in the planet, men will drop their bombs;
Spill blood just to save the oil...
This is a song about greed, gas, pain and profits...
This is about our world, about America, about Iraq...

Every time you start to run, many men will fall again.
All the vile ways to escape are the same old fake.
Free us from the world's demise...
No matter what your victory will be so small;
You advance the lines before their awake, before their
fall.

Guilty am I? The fallen stars end life.
Is it shining? None can miss the effects.

Lost... embrace... cries... hide the fossil target.
Scan... search... dropping... blow the fossil target.
Lost (the guilty)... embrace (hides the)... cries
(blinding)... hide the fossil target.
Scan (find the)... search (lines are)... dropping
(missing)... blow the fossil target.

Free them for the world's demise.
Tremble and crash the foundation.
Fluid in the ancient rivers, anger will be expected.
Every time we start to run...
It's time to adapt their will to ours.
Sedate the minds still living.
Market colors from the cowards that spread and share
depressing...

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