

Fightstar **"One Day Son"**

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The night, the day, the dawn of dead
Rising from the ground
It's time to see the reckoning

You never had it all this cash
Or country of your own
The land that feeds the rest alone

When there's no room in hell
The dead will walk the earth

Just come alone and gather 'round
Till you're gonna shake up your aim
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours
I'm sorry for this mess

The night, the day, the dawn of dead
View them what you will
A drop of blood could change it all

And soon the day will come, my friend
The time to hand it on
So here's to solving our sickness

When there's no room in hell
The dead will walk the earth

Just come alone and gather round
Till you're gonna shake up your aim
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours
I'm sorry for this mess

Just come and walk with the dead, dead

Just come alone and gather round
Till you're gonna shake up your aim
'Cause one day, son, this will all be yours
I'm sorry for this mess

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