

Born From Pain "Judgment"

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Judgment, it's in the air
You can't escape it, you can't prepare
We've had our chances, we've played our part
See it coming down, hitting hard

Judgment strikes
It strikes us down
Society's sickness' grown
In all our hearts without a sound

Judgment strikes
We rise to fall
Time is drawing closer
Read the writings on the wall

In times when everything we have
Turns to everything we had
Premeditated, self-inflicted, manufactured is our...
Judgment!...

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