

Harrow "Monks"

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Within the memories the cold backroom
That shelters us from dying
I've got a bluebird singing freedom
Got a gun to guard the rations

Every truckload fights the hellfire, feeds the wrong
side
No solution, ice cold weather, it's a weapon

Guide the last men free opinions
At the sacrifice of children
In their temples peaceful worships
The hatred feeds the tension

Every truckload fights the hellfire, feeds the wrong
side
No solution, ice cold weather, it's a weapon

We are the monks the teachers of slaughter
Life got its prize will mankind survive
We are the preachers incurable fighters

Sword is the gospel, the gospel of love
We are the monks the teachers of slaughter
Life got its prize will mankind survive
We are the preachers incurable fighters
Sword is the gospel, the gospel of hate

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