

Hella

"The Seed Of Discord"

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Black-eyed vision of this world
Split lips whisper from my soul
Feel the seed of discord
Who I am is too high to fall

No compromise til the end
I will break before I bend
Sow the seed of discord
No rest until Death

Your life is a lie
We are born to fight
Spit on your chains
Before is too late

You are what you should fear
Weakness is the bitter of your tears

No compromise til the end
I will break before I bend
Sow the seed of discord
No rest until Death

Your life is a lie
We are born to fight
Spit on your chains
Before is too late

I'm someone else to crucify
Cuz I'm not scared of what I am inside
While the masses pray and cry
Refuse the mask they use to hide

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