

Hevein "Break Out The Hammers"

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What you know has never been questioned.
You sit upon your throne, emptiness surrounded.
There's something in the air, electrifying.
Up rise, revolt and scorn. Break Out the Hammers!

I've made my choice you make yours.
This weapon has got a voice.
Don't fence me in your walls are paper-thin.
Your walls are paper.

Falling like dominos, your back is broken.
On my trophy wall, your skull's are token.
The hunt is on, let's get ready to rumble.

I've made my choice you make yours.
This weapon has got a voice.
Don't fence me in your walls are paper-thin.
Your walls are paper.

I see... you breaking out of life.
You've stepped into the light
Your thoughts are clear tonight!

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