

Hobbs' Angel Of Death "Wounds"

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Rise from your deep wounds
From the wounds of the past
The gray skies where doubt flies
Cover all eyes with dust
Cold the winds blow
While rancor grows and stays
Bitter tears inside blind eyes
Their justice is a fake
Nation this time is ours
You beated nation
You won't cry this time
Nation, revenge is ours
Just beated nation
Just believe this time
I promised you I'd die today
Tears won't wet your eyes
I'll be by your side to rise this gun
The gun I have in my hands
We'll see them bleed, reaching the end
They'll draw our smiles
Nation I just feel kind of away now
But I'm still brave
I see some blood running out
So let's take what is ours

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