

Chroming Rose "Pharaoh"

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no fucking rounds can hit him
no, no chain made can hold him
don't make that one mistake
turn your back your life he'll take
no, no standing army can turn him
the politicians don't understand him
he burns with fire, shines with hate
down on their knees to accept their fate
he is the pharao
the man who's shaping our destiny
madness - noone may stop - try
he lives to kill
he is the pharao
who knows what he has in store
just one more nasty surprise
we must prepare to strike back
he's just like a loaded gun
in the hand of a child
there is no time to run
he senses your presence close
he, he smells your fear nearby
you feel your anger slowly build
let's say good bye old man
have a nice try
[chorus]

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