

Michael Stanley Band

"The Wind of Revolution"

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Fuck, the city streets are raining bullets
The wind of revolution screams: "come on do it"
Hey, looking at this rawness upon us
Makes sick soldiers enter the darkness
Begin a circle around the center
Of power then break down the whole tower
The winner will be the man
That grabs the steel by the hand and pulls the damn
trigger
I warn you when the worldwide weather report gets
shaken
What-cha gonna do?
I choose to be deadly unpredictable
Earthquake weather forever

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