

## **Nothing More "The Cleansing"**

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I smell your rot a mile behind  
You've destroyed these lives so I  
Have made your grave with the dogs  
By grace our paths have crossed  
And all tolerance is lost  
What is the price on your head?  
I'll take it with these hands

Rip flesh from bone and claim what we own

For every generation there comes a time  
To join the gray or become what is right  
You stayed in shadows and preyed on the blind  
You're cyanide

Father, You know I'm seeking honor  
Wanting life for my brothers  
I will fight, the ones who stole the sun and left us night  
They're cyanide

Father guide my hands  
And I will cleanse this land  
End the enemy  
The innocent be freed  
You and me

I fight for father's' daughters, sons and mothers  
Raped and murdered, bound and tied  
You came inside  
You took their lives  
Yeah I pray... I pray you die

So I will fight the decadence that leeches our  
innocence  
They're cyanide

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