

Once Nothing "Put Some Stank On It"

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Wake the sleeping
Wake the sleeping
The town is on it's knees
The town is on it's knees
The city is surrounded,
By a nation that's holding guns
The city is surrounded,
By a nation that's holding guns
The city is surrounded

Torches can light the path
From the fields to the rivers
Take the children to the sand
They don't need to see this
Cast your spells, swear by the stars
Some cry for miracles
Nightmares have been traded for dreams
And you have buried all your angels
Angels

No hands are free from blood, no hands
No hands are free from blood, no hands
No hands are free...

All their stomachs are full

Surrounded!

They sold their souls for gold

You've buried all your angels

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