

Rumpelstiltskin Grinder **"Let The Fools Cheer"**

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When prophecies speak of victory
There is still a need to fear
May the gluttons fill their plates
May the crowds of fools cheer
A southern fire rises
From the bay of Buccaneers
Who despite the hell spawned winds
Decided not to stop here
In the face of defeat we fought
No excuse we make
Our time was bled away
With everything at stake
Abandoned veteran
Of a doomed crusade
An Eagles last flight
To take away our faith
Bodies will rot, through bodies I wade!
We have seen heroes
Bleeding every day
Running from a curse
That will never go away
The wind blows coldest here
The ground itself is dead
Most vermin died here early
As the bigger rats were fed
Nowhere left to go now
The best we still can't trust
Tear down my kingdom
I will spit on the dust

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