

Scapegoat "White Chapel"

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We've sent our own on a mission We vote our sons to die Well I can never fucking fathom anybody's savior sending them to murder a nation Start a rebellion if you please Well I please, as I bring out your dead This air has aged with such stagnance As we uphold and behold, those whom have belayed these molds The molds in which we're forced to fit The molds our people have been slaved with The molds our children will be plagued with In a world knee deep in bodies this air represents inevitability Rebel, Rebel, Yell, Rebel, Hands up Self govern or hop aboard with the impostors, I feel this notion hath wait, But I feel this notion has taken its toll on us Rebel, Rebel, Yell, Rebel, Hands up Divorce all prior existence Acknowledge the thought that there might be something more The more before the board had been built, The pieces no mold, inevitable destruction with no instruction Lets give unto the man, as he has given unto us BRING THE METAL! Who brings the metal? THE DEAD BRING THE METAL! Thou shalt not be bent over Thou shalt not further this crusade We'll sail our ships into your mother fucking icebergs Rebel, Rebel, Yell, Rebel, Hands up Self govern or hop aboard with the impostors, I feel this notion hath wait, But I fear this notion has taken its hold on us Rebel, Rebel, Yell, Rebel, Hands up Thou shalt not follow in their way Thou shalt not further this crusade Head stones a row, fall in line As I bring out your dead Thou shalt not further this crusade We'll sail our ships into your mother fucking icebergs

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