

Tank

"Reign Of Thunder"

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We've Been At The Edge Too Many Times
To Ignore The Warning Signs
Now That We're Led By Those Who Are Blind
To The World That Is Outside
They Will Ensure, That They'll Make Our Lives
A Misery Before Our Eyes
These Power Whores, Are Those Who Decide
Which Civil War Goes On The Side

It's Out Of Our Hands, To A Man We Must Fight Or Be
Overrun
And By Midnight, The First Strike Has Begun
Would They Rather Die, Or Live And Suffer, This Reign
Of Thunder

Nations In Need, No Longer Have The Right
To Chose Which War In Which They Fight
Hatred And Greed, And Mad Myopic Sight
Add To The Anarchists Delight
The Poor Will Die Whatever, In The Ultimate Defeat
We Sell Them Arms But Send Them Nothing They Can
Eat
Women And Children, Starved And Alone
They Are Like Shadows Painted On Bare Walls

In Spite Of The Land In Their Hands, The Respite Will
Fool No-one
And By Midnight There Is Light, But No Sun
Would They Rather Die, Than Live And Suffer, This
Reign
Of Thunder

Take It As Read, That What's Left Behind
Incriminate The Ones Inside
And We Are Fed, All The Same Old Lies
Twisted Thoughts Of Twisted Minds

It's Out Of Our Hands, To A Man We Must Fight Or Be
Overrun
And By Midnight There Is Light, But No Sun
Would They Rather Die, Or Live And Suffer, This Reign

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