

The 12th Rib "Modern Chauvinists"

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I still remember the way you looked at those empire's
ruins

And when you said that everything was right
It was the nation which was built by the hands of sin
and vengeful tears

The chauvinist and a bullet on his face

Bow

Bow to your ground, bow for another lie

Bow

Bow to His crown and pray for upcoming war

The promised land of perfect faith becomes another
ruin of fate as the nations witness another blasphemy

The fugitive of the last discordance shall reveal his
mask

And a thousand mortal souls lost their way home
It was a religion which was killed by the hands of sin
and enormous fears

The arsonists and alphabets on their jaws

The promised land of perfect faith becomes another
ruin of fate as the nations witness another blasphemy

May the rest of victims be burned as He slowly
whispers, "Death will grip their lives if they will listen
nevermore"

As hope begins to fade in this ocean of blood
And by the time they pray for their forsaken heroes

The fugitive of the last discordance has revealed his
mask

And it's the time for the nation to witness another
blasphemy

The promised land of perfect faith becomes another
ruin of fate as the nations witness another blasphemy

