

The Searchers

"Antitalian"

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Drag my body home because medications have not
worked
They said, "There are no boundaries for deception."
I can see the images of the end
This is not a nightmare. This is not a threat.
This is the truth they have sold, but you're gypsies
looking for more gold.
You grab ash, You lose everything
You grab ash. You choose to lose
You're waste hidden behind prayers
Fast forward twenty years glory days are gone too fast
to forget, too slow to recall,
Everything is buried under our feet.
Cavalry road is in front of us
Disciple's infection hidden behind prayers

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