

Venke Knutson

"A Good Day To Die"

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Don't let it be said you'd be better off dead
Words will get mixed up inside of your head
When you're playing the game can't remember your
name
You know it's fucked up the same

You and me got a lot to say but I won't get down on my
knees and pray
Loud and proud I fight every day
Fighting back - Come what may

A good day to die - A cold grave to lie
A good day to die

The lies and the greed of the demon seed
World of the ignorant trying to breed
Never settled the score as I opened the door
But you kept wanting more

You and me got a lot to say but I won't get down on my
knees and pray
Loud and proud I fight every day
Kicking back - Come what may

A good day to die
Stand up and fight
A cold grave to lie
This secret lie
Good day to die
No time to cry
You tried to fly
Reach for the sky

With your Russian roulette you'll take the bet
Sleeping on coals that you'll live to regret
In an orgy of death and your crimes and the tests
Is this your final breath?

You and me got a lot to say but I won't get down on my
knees and pray
Loud and proud I fight every day

Fighting back - Come what may

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