

Winds Of Plague

"California"

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Put your hands up reach for the sky.
Do what I say or let the bullets fly.

Another life lost in the City of Angels.
No rest for the Wicked in the City of Angels.
Another dream dies in the City of Angels.
No mercy for the weak in the City of Angels.

Trudge through the angelic wasteland.
Pure scum between my toes.
Beacon of light beckon for me
But I choose to continue to roll.

Why oh why I ask my self again
What oh what has become of me

Angels of doom in hostile times.
Victims of our own reality.

Trapped inside.
Trapped inside a world I've sculpted without others'
pain.
Built upon.
The bodies I've been compelled to slay.

Just another day in the Wild Wild West.
When push comes to shove you get put to the test.
Big dreams and palm trees cover up the crime scene,
red line. No time.
Load another magazine.

No matter where I go, no matter where I stay
I always come back. CALIFORNIA
No matter where I go, no matter where I stay
I gotta get back. CALIFORNIA

Another dream dies in the City of Angels.
Where blood and money collide.

Constant fights on concrete battlefields.
Wage war on the Boulevard.

This is the hell that I call my home
And I'm home with the evil at heart.

Check check, HA HA HA.
Back again and again!
Fine, fresh, fierce, we got it on lock.
Winds of Plague.
From the block to the top.
Spin it again mother fucker.

Trapped inside, these demons break through.
Through my flesh, my blood - it runs blue
Born and raised, my birth place.
We roll in packs like a superior race.
Manifest Destiny, a joke to me.
Go back where you came from or you'll answer to me.
Cali sun, got me tan like Iraq
Executively executed. I'll be back!

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