

5man "Permanent Campaign"

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Borne of the same home and plate, we have come to
the end of our once warm embrace.

IÂ'll cut you up.

Painted for war, the poisonÂ's running itsÂ' course.

WeÂ've got a strong arm and itÂ's grasping for
throats.

The lions are eating while the dove is a ghost.

WeÂ've been drinking up all of the wine before
hanging the host.

All this hate will crush us in our wave.

WE CANÂ'T STAND AGAINST OUR TIDE.

ITÂ'S AMAZING WHAT WE CAN CREATE WHEN LEAVING
ALL OUR LOVE BEHIND.

WEÂ'LL BE TOGETHER WASHING AWAY.

WeÂ'll never give in because thereÂ's always more to
win.

The death horse is marching and itÂ's wearing our
face.

Pistol shots at the opera start the debate.

The choir is screaming for a blood red toast
raised to all of the future martyrs lining the coast.

All this hate will crush us in our wave.

WE CANÂ'T STAND AGAINST OUR TIDE.

ITÂ'S AMAZING WHAT WE CAN CREATE WHEN LEAVING
ALL OUR LOVE BEHIND.

WEÂ'LL BE TOGETHER WASHING AWAY.

Side by side here on the shore, there will always be
more.

WE CANÂ'T STAND AGAINST OUR TIDE.

ITÂ'S AMAZING WHAT WE CAN CREATE WHEN LEAVING
ALL OUR LOVE BEHIND.

WEÂ'LL BE TOGETHER WASHING AWAY.

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