

## **Crupp**

### **"Beast From The South"**

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The air in our town  
Needs to be purified  
The breath of our enemies  
Is spreading a lie  
We're yearning for freedom  
We're waiting for that day  
It goes hand in hand  
With bloodshed and pain

God forbid we yield  
Courage is all we need

The Beast is on his way  
We've lived for this day  
... on his way  
The Lion has found his prey

No more slavery  
No more chains  
Kill this hypocrisy  
Fight for what remains

Gather before me  
Now hear what I say  
None of you have lived before this day

Tolerate no longer  
Oppression from below  
Think of the children you'll be leaving on their own

The Beast is coming  
He's swinging several heads  
Each one is capable of killing with it's breath

Drink from this ale  
Now, dance one more time  
See your enemies' death in this wine

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