

Pro-Pain "All Rise"

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In the most peculiar places, there's not a trace of
familiar faces.
Only pain and hate and sorrow reside.
And I awaken from this trance I'm in to forge on til' the
end.
Wake up.
Defaced and numbed we coddle the lies.
In haste they dumbled us down to size.
So who'll live to see tomorrow.
All Rise.
And I awaken from this trance I'm in to forge on til the
end.
Wake Up.
All Rise.
And I awaken from this trance I'm in to forge on til the
end.
Wake Up.
And I awaken from this trance I'm in to show myself
and fight them til the end.
Wake Up.

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