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Raised Fist "Pretext"

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Celebrating with a feast though place and date is wrong

The sun have ceased to flee it didn't last for long The green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free

But when I see these lies line up to end in misery

Chains of money as pretext what will come next Maybe to sell your soul that seem to be your fuckin goal

Old customs scarring you away the future is carrying your pain You try to forget the past as your soul is dying fast. The green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free

But when I see these lies line up to end in misery

Chains of money as pretext what will come next Maybe to sell your soul that seem to be your fuckin goal

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