

## **Black Maria, The "A Call To Arms"**

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Shots ring out like a bell  
As they're running away from the scene  
The sweat leaking down to my pillow  
Makes it so much harder and harder to sleep

The blast gets a little bit louder  
To the point that it's deafening  
To see the last of the undead soldiers falling faster  
And faster down to their knees

Wake up, do you believe in this honestly?

This is a call to arms, revenge is ours  
We need to destroy the songs  
That feed the beast in the radio  
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes

Shackled and ready to go  
My army sounds like a symphony  
A chant and a screaming war siren  
Makes it so much harder for you to sleep at night

The blackout of an industry full of tyranny  
The blackout of an industry  
Is what we need to bring them down  
To their knees

This is a call to arms, revenge is ours  
We need to destroy the songs  
That feed the beast in the radio  
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes

Wake up, turn it off  
This is a breakout and the inmates are about to revolt  
Take it back and take it back for good  
Do you believe in this honestly?

This is a call to arms, revenge is ours  
We need to destroy the songs  
That feed the beast in the radio  
That spread like a gas leak in suburban homes

Because this is a call to arms

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