

Hayden Thompson

"War Machine"

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In the land were everything is wasted
There's a kingdom drifted by the flood of hopeless
Let the godless take the crimson stone
Let the godless grasp into the ground
Feel the sin how it glows in your blood
Hear the crying of the fate less working men
How the strongest walls falls on the ground
That's when godless become a priest

In the warmachine we are looking for answers
Hidden in the steels, we prepare a new attack...

After you, I'm coming you know that
After you, comes your last surprise
If I say something you can not hear
That's because, your head has been stolen byÂ...

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