

Artist: tarot

Title: Follow The Blind

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Hear the mad dogs barking with the voice of men.
Bodies thrown to the rocks, broken, then alive again.
Hear the rats, are laughing with the voice of one.
They're all in heaven, delivered by our guns.

With the multitudes we feed the grinder.
The jaws are closing and the blades will find ya.

We need no gods of war,
petty excuses no more.
Just what we always wanted,
the blood of our kind,
blind follow the blind

Hear the possessed screaming with the voice of doom.
The sun goes nova, the earth goes KA-BOOM!
Take a flight from Trinity to Novaja Zemlya.
The pyre is blazing and the flames will find ya.

We need no gods of war,
petty excuses no more.
Just what we always wanted,
the blood of our kind,
blind follow the blind.

Hear the stones, they're sighing with the voice of the dead,
who lie below them with the worms they've fed.
And when all that's living is shattered by thunder,
we'll raise the dead, you, yourself will find ya.

There ain't no noble cause,
just mindless applause.
The whetting stones whine on,
stroking blades 'til dawn.
We need no gods of war,
petty excuses no more.
Just what we always wanted,
the blood of our kind,
blind follow the blind.