

Now You've Got Something to Die For

Lamb of God

Now you've got something to die for
Infidel
Imperial
Lust for blood
A blind crusade
Apocalyptic
We count the days
Bombs to set the people free
Blood to feed the dollar tree
Flags for coffins on the screen
Oil for the machine
Army of liberation
Gunpoint indoctrination
The fires of sedition
Fulfill the prophecy
Now you've got something to die for
Send the children to the fire
Sons and daughters stack the pyre
Stoke the flame of the empire
Live to lie another day
Face of hypocrisy
Raping democracy
Apocalyptic
We count the days
We'll never get out of this hole
Until we've dug our own grave
And drug the rest down with us
The burning home of the brave
Burn
Now you've got something to die for

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