

Centurion, Mors Tua Vita Mea

Running wild on the highway of life
through preachers an TVs
We're unleashed like hurricanes
We were born to catch the fate
Speedmen ride the blazing engines
through lies and deals we turn
By supersonic warmachines
we learned to eat and survive

Since the night of times to the end of the world
Rules mother nature
We were born to kill to survive
Kill to survive

Fucking tyrants lost the control
You said it's evil game
Roman reapers shred the faces
When you understand it's always too late
Monsters burn bright fuel so fast
straight through the veins of neck
You're sneaking and creeping to escape
Don't fight against the law of life