

# Call to Arms

## Tragedy

From hands that beat us senseless come offerings of apparent help  
From mouths that told judges lies come pleas  
of disarmament  
As we lay wounded in growing numbers with explosive fury  
They fly the white flag at half mast  
Calling for, the laying down of arms  
Calling for a truce, they must be..  
They must be losing it to think we'll just pick up our bruised bodies and gather at their feet  
No truce, no mercy,  
no surrender, no rest, no more, this is war  
the midnight hour near's and we prepare for attack  
no truce, no  
mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more, this is war

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