

# Sounds of War

## Accept

[Incomprehensible] Sounds of chains we hear from far behind  
Mechanic noises of magic kind  
Mighty war machines are on their way  
I'm knowing here is no place to stay Time will come we'll have to pay  
An evil war will come some day  
I feel frosty atmosphere  
Don't you see that the point is near Shooting guns I hear from everywhere loud  
Bombs are falling out of dark gray clouds  
Tanks are coming, beware of the chains  
Children are suffering, they cry for help But chains are coming and they smash them down  
Bombs burn houses and everything around  
No use of crying, it seems to be the end  
It seems to be the end of this rotten land I was born, oh, tell me why?  
I was born, oh, tell me why? Killing children, who doesn't know hatred  
Torturing people, what for this mess  
Tell me the sense of useless life  
Killing each other with guns and knives I was born, oh, tell me why?  
I was born, oh, tell me why? Chains are coming and they smash them down  
Fires burn houses and everything around  
No use of crying, it seems to be the end  
It seems to be the end of this rotten land I was born, oh, tell me why?  
I was born, oh, tell me why?

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