

In Times of War

Dying Fetus

Don't look back, nothing's left but
The blood-red text on the planet Earth's epitaph
Here they lie, the human race
They fucked themselves, and laid Earth waste
Blind to the fact that the bomb was coming down
Their sanity was sold for a beggar's hand-out
What they got is what they made
The final act of this tragedy ends with pain
So drunk with power, they sit laughing at ground zero
One more drink, push a button, and let the fuckers go
It's a drama, it's a game, and lastly, it's a joke
What's left for the ones who never had a chance to know
That the powers inside are driven with the lust to fight
So they hand us their lies, and say it's gonna be alright
But the truth to it is, they tax us just to kill ourselves
And our very own bombs will blow us all to hell
Reckless, our neglect multiplies
The children of a cold war left behind, behind
Come and see the doctor, strange love is here
No other superpower means nothing to fear
Who needs a fucking treaty, when we got guns
Fuck the little countries, lets have some fun
Thinking back to where we came from
We can see how far we've come
But the price of our intentions
Burns us like the heat on the surface of the sun
Who can know what foul intentions
Start inside the human mind?
For only the proud human being could conjure up
A plan to obliterate his kind
The flash of light was quick to blind me
Much like the lies they told me before
So naive, we thought it was all over
But history returns with another world war

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