

Sore Losers

Bigwig

I'm guessing that some things never change. Sore losers when they've lost the game. Trying to win the battle lost. Some just can't accept it some just want to reject it. Their hearts have been consumed by hate. It takes me back to the kid who had someone fighting for him. Brings me back to a game we played when we were kids. I never played. My mom can beat up your mom, my dad can beat up your dad, my god can beat up your god too.

All of the treaties are the same. Were millions of lives worth the gain, the governments using them for. They had children fighting for them. The post-war won't support them. Sugar-coated poison called crusades. It takes me back to the kid who had someone fighting for him. Brings me back to a game we played when we were kids. I never played. My mom can beat up your mom, my dad can beat up your dad, my god can beat up your god too.

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