

# NÃ¼guns

## System of a Down

And the little boy stared  
Into the eyes of the night  
Button collects price of his time  
Little girl glared  
Sheets of denial  
The bullet connects to the price of her crime

What have we said  
Wasn't it their bed  
What of our presence  
Haven't we paid penance  
To the new guns

Now the little boy sees  
Through the eyes of delight  
Levers erect note of his rhyme  
Little girl bled  
Sheets of the night  
The lovers connect to the price of his dime

What have we said  
Wasn't it their bed  
What of our presence  
Haven't we paid penance  
To the new guns

What have we said  
Wasn't it their bed  
What of our presence  
Haven't we paid penance  
What have we said  
Wasn't it their bed  
What of our presence  
Haven't we paid penance  
To the new guns, to the new guns

Background:  
To the old gods and moved on  
To the old gods and moved on

To the old gods and moved on

TO YOU!

---

Lyrics submitted by jose.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>