

The Color of Blood and Money

Remembering Never

The gloves are off, it's time to kill
Despite the body count ensued
Flowers and bodies pile up in ash and memory
While your freedom is raped by gunfire
Send in the masses, send in the coroner
Flesh and bone returned to earth again
You own war, your own war
Sing us a song, a song of independence
Something that used to exist
Sing it loud for all the kids
As bullets fly, bullets fly through their chests
Taste the death on your tongue
Death's the scent you wear it well
The blindfolded murderers
I refuse to live in silence, I refuse to die in silence
Burning bridges, burning bodies, massacre of massacres

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