

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://damnlyrics.com/>