Call To Arms

Tragedy

From hands that beat us senseless come offerings of apparent helpFrom mouths that told judges lies come pleas of disarmamentAs we lay wounded in growing numbers with explosive furyThey fly the white flag at half mast
Calling for, the laying down of arms
Calling for a truce, they must be..
They must be losing it to think we'll just pick up our bruised bodies and gather at their feetNo truce, no mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more, this is warthe midnight hour near's and we prepare for attackno truce,no mercy,no surrender,no rest,no more,this is war

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