

In a Free Land

From Ashes Rise

In a free land, we watch our victories,
killing our annoyances as the troops march away.
We talk of no more, for there's a price to pay.
In a free land, children starve and are beaten to death.
We rape when we feel, and we take no shit.
In decisive calm, mediated for viewing pleasure,
we cherish revenge to the sound of war.
This is not make believe.
This is so fucking real.
Dead mothers still there, dead brothers still there, dead children still there.
Now do you believe?
In a course of annihilation, in a fervor of terror to take control of who we are,
death by design, a plan of war.
This is not make believe, this is so fucking real.
This is war.

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