

# 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

Songwriters

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