

# Peace of Paper

## Gorefest

Thousand years of hate, like a hand that's choking you  
Forgotten how to breathe, killed a thousand men  
Died a thousand deaths in your sweet dreams  
In your sweet dreams A symphony of destruction, the agony you conduct  
With a video of torture, the downfall of a race  
A general rehearsal of all great things to come  
Reality TV delivers to you on request, your private war War means business, even if it's a civil one  
It brings together nations  
Who try to force down peace  
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Lyrics provided by

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