Systems

Discipline

There's a war, there's a clash of sorts
Dead ahead
It's foreign but it's real
Knock, knock, knock
There it sits taxing every move
Your world son
So either get your gun or clean theirs
With the neck of your ego on the chopping block
Sugar memories bring you back to a time when
Your loudest care was a high chair
Not a number or a name for you to make
This is it 'cause luck moved out last week
No more camp
So shine your saber well
Before you kill a panzer tank with it
Like you told everyone you would
Good bye
Bend and spread or be dead with no history
So live for the luxuries
Cause you can't be a person with your head iced off.

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