I.E.D.

Front Line Assembly

No future, no life
No sunshine, no rights
No possessions, no sight
No expression, final fightThe anger I feel
Rips through my veins
This hate and delusion
Drives me insaneBeg for mercy
Beg for strife
Beg for tomorrow
Beg for sightWar, a call to arms
War, beat the drums
Was a call to arms
War, beat the drums

Songwriters
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