NÃ¼guns

System Of A Down

And the little boy started,
Into the eyes of the night,
Button collects price of his time,
Little girl glared,
Sheets of the denial,
The bullet connects to the price of her crime.

What have we said,
Wasn't it their bed,
What of presence,
Haven't we paid penance,
For the new guns.

Now the little boy sees,
Through the eyes of delight,
Levers erect note of his rhyme,
Little girl bled,
Sheets of the night,
The lovers connect to the price of his dime.

What have we said,
Wasn't it their bed,
What of our presence,
haven't we paid penance,
To the old gods and moved on,
To the old gods and moved on,
To the old gods and moved on,
To the new guns, to the new guns.

What have we said,
Wasn't it their bed,
What of our presence,
haven't we paid penance,
What have we said,
Wasn't it their bed,
What of our presence,
haven't we paid penance,
To the old gods and moved on,
To the old gods and moved on,
To the old gods and moved on,

To the new guns, to the new guns.

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