

Unclean

Strung Out

centuries of wasted blood stain this war-torn land
as our leaders look up to the sky and await their next command why -
must we die! why must we die for their cause!
terminations become the common way to cleanse the blood
found unclean in the eyes of christ,
in the eyes of war, in the grasp of a god unseen why must we die...
the sky has turned a crimson red as the dead lie everywhere.
there's christians, and there's catholics,
then there's muslims and there's jews.
fighting for the name of god,
for the color of thier hate when
will we ever learn before it's too late?
so tell me why we must die for their god?
listen up! they try, they try to drag you in always will,
try and try to pull you in, you must resists now!
centuries of wasted blood stain this war-torn
land again leaders look upon the sky,
you finace your atrocities with lives of those you swore
to protect in order to achive strategic goals
how can your princes justify this misery set upon the land?
watch them change the course of your history

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