

Black Lines To Battlefields

Acceptance

Hard times, the throw is offline,
Pictures of black and gray.
Soft minds, backed up by hard drives,
Standing in single file.
Anything to pass the test, you passed the test.
Like screaming in the air,
A sound for all who care,
The siren rings in vain.
When lightning hits the ground,
To all who stand around, a shock of ignorance.
Black lines, can turn to battlefields,
When they are drawn in pen.
Stop signs, like human apathy,
Can cause a fatal crash.
Like screaming in the air,
A sound for all who care,
The siren rings in vain.

When lightning hits the ground,
To all who stand around, a shock of ignorance.
The feeling hard to tell,
A word can break the spell.
Hard times, the throw is offline,
Pictures of black and gray.
Like screaming in the air,
A sound for all who care.
The siren rings in vain.
When lightning hits the ground,
A shock to all around, to all around.
Your screaming, your screaming, your screaming.
The lightning, the lightning, lightning.

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