

Sin of Innocence

Artillery

Your fingers they are scarred with the deeds of the pious
You are fetching the sword for the war inside us

Awaiting the medal for some bravery unheard of
Offended in arrogance you stand so tall

Innocent - when we sin
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I see your angry face on the TV
Damning us all for things we do
What you fight are demons on the inside
A blessing in disguise, but you cannot see

Meaningless acts of cruelty you are calling a sacrifice
You cannot play the game but you stil roll the dice
Shedding blood of daughters and sons unquestioned