

Lines On A Map

Antischism

How much pain can the human mind take?
All around you nothing but borderlines
But are we all not the same?
Don't ever cross those bloody lines
How many are dead for lines on a map?
A piece of paper and a bit of ink
How much blood shed for lines on a map?
Don't it make you think?

How many are dead for lines on a map?
A piece of paper and a bit of f*cking ink
How much blood shed for lines on a map?
Don't it make you think?

There is nothing gained from killing
Over an imaginary line
But graveyards full of dead men
Fallen victims to their pride
Nationalistic pride is the biggest lie

That keeps us fighting one another
But the truth they won't see is when we are cut we all bleed
The blood is the same color

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