

Bones As Armour

Enemy Logic

Where will we draw the fucking line?
When we cannot take this now.
Sick of the bloody taste of war.
Arsenic in my lungs, burns inside of me.
Take my fucking life, shred it all away.

An end of death and disparity.
Cut our losses, sell away our lives.
Drive out our sons to their final rest.
Sharpened razor through my chest
Burns inside of me.

Burn away these fears.
Cover these wounds with your warmth.

Wear their bones as armour.