

# Warfare

## Fit For An Autopsy

When the fuck did everyone decide to become a politician?  
Cannibals with causes armed with opinions  
All you do is talk like you forgot how to fucking listen

I try to sleep but the dogs keep barking  
Must be the tension in the room  
It builds a rage in the back of the teeth  
A distaste for civility  
Compromise is cheap, conflict is sweet

The space between us fills with dead air  
Party lines drawn in the sand  
We could never cross it  
Bastards of social warfare  
We had the chance to survive but we fucking lost it

Traitors turning fiction to fact (Turning fiction to fact)  
The ones who play the saint put the knife in your back (Put the knife in your back)  
Daggers rain down on the disciples  
Daggers rain down on the disciples

All we know  
Warfare

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Herdsplitter, left and right  
Bring an army of fools to a winless fight  
Herdsplitter, rich and poor  
Turn a nation of fools into a nation at war

We go for the throat  
We do what we're told  
Another day in the minefield  
Another lie is sold

And we buy in  
Playing the penny slots while they high roll  
Another day in the minefield  
Another lie is sold

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