

Scars

Flotsam and Jetsam

Stare up into the sky, who's in charge
Will it matter which bills are paid when she decides to do us harm

Forces of nature destiny control
Even the rich can't buy their lives
When death becomes her toll

No conscience no love a heartless dare
No matter where you hide she's there
Rape the land, bite the hand that feeds you
One day gonna take it away
Feel the chill from her icy stare
No self control, it will take its toll
The life we're living here

Scars on her face, filth in her hair, pollution in her eyes
We kill the creatures she creates
Then we wonder why she cries
Scars on her face, filth in her hair, pollution in her eyes
We kill the creatures she creates
Then we wonder why she cries

With the power she possesses, wipe clean the slate again
Mass operation or daddy's cash
It just won't matter who's your friend