

When Will It End?

GBH

Psychosis of the mind will be the death of us all,
your brain's screaming from the depths of hell,
loud and ringing like a clarion call,
and the clanging of the mission bell.
There's fighting on the left, fighting on the right,
there'll be no more fighting,
when we're all blown out of sight.

There's faith, there's hope, and there's charity,
it begins at home that's what you never see.
There's rich there's poor, and there's tragedy,
when will it end when will it end ?

Education's what you need not a brand new gun,
.. ready, load, aim, fire.

The devil of serenity thinks it's fun,
gotcha building your own funeral pyre.
You're told to march, told how to feel,
hot knives, cold cold steel.

Your cruel black eyes,
make my skin crawl.
And I trust you,
as far as I could throw you.

You're like a square peg fitting in a round hole,
live today, you belong in the past.
Beating on your chest with your blind faith,
total a headless chicken, it's a real blast.
Not the only ones to ever see a disaster,
shrouds covered in the dust of alabastor