

War of Attrition

God Forbid

Bring it on
In the absence
I will introduce my wrath
My malice
Wicked cancer grows beneath the surface
Head to finger
You make me sick
Hating on my freedom
It doesn't matter
What you say
It eats away...

I am the hunted
I am the atrocity
The only chance my kin survives
I am the hunted
I am the atrocity
The only chance my kin survives

This is a war of attrition
Bring it on
Bring it on
Bring it on
This is a war of attrition

No...we are the voice of tomorrow
No...to lies and deception
No...to the chokehold of despair
No...it eats away

This is a war of attrition
Bring it on
Bring it on
Bring it on
This is a war of attrition

In the return from disenchantment
There is but one thing on his mind
How has it come to this?
All that is remembered
Cast into the landscape searching for his...retribution
Retribution...the only chance
Blood will spill
Blood will spill
Bow down to your master
Retribution
Retribution

Bring it on
This is a war of attrition...
Attrition
This is a war of attrition