

The Art of War

III Niño

Scream the words that I would scream for you.
Rise the world that I will rise for you.
Hold position by submission
and cause affliction.
Love for you, one by one.
This war has just begun.

I'm not defenseless anymore, no more.
You've built this wall to hide in shame, no shame.
I will not fear your art of war.
No war, it makes me sick, it makes me cringe.
I will not fear your art of war.

Guns to hold me, and chains to pull me.
With Gods for armies, which are made of hate.
Clipped my wings before I dare to fly again.
To pull the strings of my dying bride.
It makes me sick to sleep.
War for treason, that's your reason.
I did not commit this crime.

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No war, it makes me sick, it makes me cringe.
I will not fear your art of war.

Of war and of war, this art of war, this art of war.
Guns will not hold me down.
Your war, guns will not hold me down, your war.

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