

From the morning to the night
Breaking news of fights
All the certainties are gone
Do you get my drift?

It's another middle age
Same old fear and rage
Sneaking slowly through our feet
They are gaining ground

Compreheision for someone
Who's trying to surround us

Too many wolves in lambs' clothing ready to conquer and
rule

Words of love or swords of god
Mixed and abused
Holy wars for cursed ideals
Look out they are here

Rising deadly like a gas
Stealing our breath
Planning slaughters at the shadow of distorted worths

Compreheision for someone
Who's trying to surround us

Too many wolves in lambs' clothing ready to conquer and
rule