

Art of War

Pop Evil

A nation, no admission
No excuses, flip and learn
Should they [?]
This is the point of no return

It's a mixed sight, try and sleep tight
Let your nightmare show you the way
You're a victim, go convict 'em
You're always selling that same, that same

Old bullshit, bite the bullet
Without a vote no voice to complain
Rolling over, is it over
4 years till another campaign

They supply, we demand
To win our breads
Sustain the pain
Of way more bloodshed

There are no sidelines here
It's just a battle now
Starve the mind in the classroom
To feed the same cash cow
Movements come and movements go
Until we lose control
It's life or death, till they want more
It's the art of war

Broken, rip me open
Consequences, no concerns
Revolution, no emotion
This is the point of no return

It's a mixed sight, it's a dogfight
Let the torment chase you away
No condition, just submission
They're always laying us down

In that same old coffin, way too often
Without a voice they keep us contained
Send him over, never over
Standing still and nothing to gain

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Fuel the fire, ignite the flame
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