

War

Sleeping with Sirens

This house of lies is stained in blood
Been tearing down our monuments
And now our hope has turned to fear
And it all seems so unclear

A brother kills his own tonight
When will we know our wrong from right?
To me it seems that we have lost our sight
When we're blinded by our rights (And this is so surreal)

There's a cold hard rain on the mountain top
Like a speeding train that'll never stop
Just a twist of a knife for a bastard son
It's a mother's love in a war that can't be won
In a war that can't be won

Poison water from the well to drink
Shots rain down in our city streets
And are we the land of the free?
Was it made for you and me? (And this is so surreal)

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Like a speeding train that'll never stop
Just a twist of a knife for a bastard son
It's a mother's love in a war that can't be won
In a war that can't be won
It can't be won
In a war that can't be won

Take the weight off your shoulders
Our cross is to bear is to bear
There's a black sun rising
You can feel it in the air
When we make our way to those pearly gates
Will we walk right in?
This is judgement day

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Just a twist of a knife for a bastard son
It's a mother's love in a war that can't be won
In a war that can't be won
It can't be won
In a war that can't be won
It can't be won