

Vendetta

White Heart

Count the locks upon your door; guess Beaver doesn't
live here anymore,
A gun for me, a gun for you - now they're killing
people for their tennis shoes.

Young and old share the fear,
A violent streak is running everywhere,
Ooh, it's hard to say how it got this way.

Feel the anger burning: holy anger rising up in you,
What should we do?

Vendetta against the raging world,
Vendetta against the lies we've heard,
Vendetta led by love, not hate - it's the only way the
pattern breaks,
No.

Quietly we lose the hope, while the media pushes the
envelope,
Hear the warning cries, the siren's blare - I wonder:
do we love enough to care?

Care enough to stand, heal this broken land, and love
the lost at any cost.

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Vendetta, vendetta.