

Violent By Nature

Atrophy

Morbid fascination instilled within our young
Raised and weaned on cold steel, the damage it has brought
Little plastic war toys always within reach
Replicas of war, what lessons do they teach

Minimal control, that's why this land is great
Accidental death, the lesson learned too late
Escalating tensions sweeping 'cross our land
A gun beneath your pillow you fail to understand

Images of violence flicker on the screen
Taken in by young eyes unsure of what it means
Violent heritage echoed in their games
Countless shattered lives, no one learns their names

Violent by nature

Children raised on violence
Soon no place to run
Setting fights with bullets
The nightmare's just begun
Staring out the window
Your child plays with friends
Waving plastic pistols
The circle never ends