

Sore Loser

Bigwig

I'm guessing some things never change
Sore losers they've just lost the game
Trying to win the battle lost
Some just can't accept it
Some just wanna reject it
Their hearts have been consumed by hate
It takes me back to the kid who had someone fighting for him
Brings me back to a game we played when we were kids
I never played
My mom can beat up your mom
My dad can beat up your dad
My god can beat up your god too
All of the treaties are the same
Were millions of lives worth the gain
The governments using them for
They had children fighting for them
The post-war wont support them
Sugar-coated poison called crusades
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