

Curse of Weapons

Blessed Death

Up from the sea of man
Crawled life cro Magnon man
To hunt, fuck, kill and die
Weapons of life he must rely
One man sick and evil
Grabbed that stick, rock or bone
Used it to kill for his own
The first to use a weapon
Blessed with the curse of weapons
One man sick and evil
Tought to kill, kill with weapons
Millions of years have come and come
Now you wonder what went wrong
Man is animal he kills for life
The curse of weapons shall remain