

Your Tomorrow

Corrosion of Conformity

Sacrifices must be made to the gods of war again
It's the grunt that pay the price and the profiteers who
win.

Who brought this world of sorrow?
Who stole your tomorrow?
Far from home brought by lies, fighting on you don't know
why.
Death rains drones from on high, while rats get fat good
soldiers die.

They'll greet you there with open arms, you know they'll
welcome you with flowers.
Lies they tell to to ease their mind, all while serving
darker powers.

Who brought this world of sorrow?
Who stole your tomorrow?
Far from home brought by lies, fighting on you don't know
why.
Death rains down from on high, while rats get fat good
soldiers die.

The friend becomes the enemy, while a march to war begins
again.
Politicians eye the polls, while the priests absolve
their sins.

Who brought this world of sorrow?
Who stole your tomorrow?