

# Big Sky Theory

Dozer

Say it once  
Today  
Let the weight  
Drop dead  
Well I should...

Wonder why  
Don't dare  
Let your grief  
Away  
Well I could invite you all in this war...

Arms control  
A waste  
Just a wreck  
No spare  
Let it fold...

So refuse  
To die  
Broken clouds  
The end is nigh  
Well we could invite you all in this war...

This end won't justify the means  
The truth has been a little bent  
Your men will turn into machines  
Is that the letter of intent?

And still we march right into war  
Like serpents trying to feel warmth  
And soon it all will just implode  
This nuclear storm will leave you cold...