

## Scars

Flotsam and Jetsam

Stare up into the sky, who's in charge  
Will it matter which bills are paid when she decides to do us harm

Forces of nature destiny control  
Even the rich can't buy their lives  
When death becomes her toll

No conscience no love a heartless dare  
No matter where you hide she's there  
Rape the land, bite the hand that feeds you  
One day gonna take it away  
Feel the chill from her icy stare  
No self control, it will take its toll  
The life we're living here

Scars on her face, filth in her hair, pollution in her eyes  
We kill the creatures she creates  
Then we wonder why she cries  
Scars on her face, filth in her hair, pollution in her eyes  
We kill the creatures she creates  
Then we wonder why she cries

With the power she possesses, wipe clean the slate again  
Mass operation or daddy's cash  
It just won't matter who's your friend