

Year of the Rat

Good Riddance

A fool's crusade a proxy war
We justify we keep the score
With millions dead too blind to see
The cryptic clash of world war III
Did your country's sons and daughters
Die to make this world a safer place
Or do we just defy
Flesh and blood become one
The stakes keep rising the time has come
The band performs a martyr's verse
And the dominoes fall in reverse
The lines are drawn don't you see
It's too late to turn back now
We won't abide a stalemate
The end is predicated on the loss of life
What's so sinister?
We're only trying to do what we think is right
Conscience administered
By the ones with the shortest sight