

Born In Chaos

Legend

Lesson one, aim your gun, learn the art of killing
Childhood past, die is cast, be ready & be willing

The child believes the cause is just, the reasons for it true
And knowing not of childhood, what else is there left to do

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Now you're ten, war again, fighting's your tradition
Aim your gun, kill the one, fail not is your mission

The child believes the cause is fair, the reasons for it right
And never tasting freedom, what is there to do but fight

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Just a boy, with his toy, deal in retribution
Aim your gun, watch them run, from your execution

The child believes the cause is good, it comes from god divine
And never knowing wisdom, dreams of truth & death sublime

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