

The End

Manic Drive

War no there isn't any war
It happened years ago
But I don't see it anymore
Most of us would like, would like to think so
But where it's needed most
We tend to ignore
We admit defeat and I wonder if we know
Who's really in charge here is questionable
We stand on battlefields no soldiers to be found
Only silhouette of martyrs, martyrs lying on the cold ground

Considering today my friend
This just might be the end
Why don't you move, don't you do something?
Take a stand
This just might be the end
Why don't you move, don't you do something?

Fire, fire can refine
What's worst than being scorched
Is being burnt alive
Through this painful process
Yes we'll find our holiness
We'll pick up temple scraps
And try to rebuild our bases

With a little bit of H-E-L-P
We're under attack dispatch the infantry
We're out numbered and worn to say the least
And half our men are still asleep
Militia attack, stay strong
I've been wounded but I'm moving on
Bite the had that feeds us lies
And we'll starve and we'll know we're alive

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