

Architecture of Aggression

Megadeth

Born from the dark,
In the black cloak of night
To envelop its prey below,
Deliver to the light
To eliminate your enemy,
Hit them in their sleep,
And when all is won and lost,
The spoils of wars are yours to keep

Great nations built from the bones of the dead,
With mud and straw, blood and sweat,
You know your worth when your enemies
Praise your architecture of aggression

Ensuing power vacuum,
A toppled leader dies
His body fuels the power fire,
And the flames rise to the sky
One side of his face a kiss,
The other genocide
Time to pay with your ass,
A worldwide suicide

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