

## A Subtle War

Metal Church

Extended hand a friendly man who doesn't trust a soul  
I wonder why that meeting eyes could put your life on hold  
Do people feel humanity is something of the past?  
A kind hello, a favor done, these days could be your last

Bar your windows, lock your doors, choose your colors  
And stay down on the floor  
Amidst a subtle war that's right outside your door  
Amidst a subtle war

You can't go there at night  
unless you're feeling immortal  
'Cause all of them have guns and knives,  
at least that's what we're told  
A neighborhood or DMZ, but people call it home  
Scared to death of living there, but got nowhere to go

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Pick your weapon  
Talk to no one  
Paranoia  
Can we take this anymore

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