

Drop the bomb, on the city.
In the night while they sleep.
Innocence, lost forever.
The eve of democracy.
Drop the bomb, little children,
run for cover from the terror of freedom.
When hope is gone, you lose the people.
Without the people who will vote in your chosen one.
Liberty, is what they're saying,
but I don't hear that at all.
Liberty is what they're praying,
does god hear their call?
Spill the blood, start a riot.
Embrace the panic in the streets.
Live in fear, of the colors,
so determined not to run.
All the pain, the suffering.
Did they get what they wanted?
When former friends become enemies,
the only outcome is war.