

## Mercenaries

### Pain Confessor

This is the world I hate  
Everything is built by wars with minds of greed  
We are slaves, our lives not worth living  
It's time to kill  
Kill all your thoughts  
Do it now erase your will  
That is what they want

Sick twisted circle we tread on the ground  
Year after year  
Searching deeper and deeper for answers  
To mend our minds  
Dreaming for something better  
That will never carry on  
Dreaming a life that will never be this hard

We all are mercenaries paid to fight someone else's war  
We all are mercenaries fighting just to survive

We feel our lives grow weaker day after day  
Sometimes we think of ending all  
Still we try to carry on  
It's time to kill  
Kill all your thoughts, do it now  
Erase your will  
That is what they want

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I have lost my dignity  
I don't pray to a god, it never worked  
'Cause there's nothing to believe

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