

Atheists In Foxholes

Paint It Black

Wipe that smile off your face.
This is not happy hour.
I'm not in the mood to celebrate, no.
You're mixing cocktails while we're mixing concrete.
Fortifying bunkers and preparing for the retreat.
You'll keep playing word games to disguise the cost.
Just keep us entertained, we won't recognize the loss.
And now it's bombs away, but we're not OK.
It keeps coming over and over again.
When "us vs. them" is hard-wired into the brainstem.