

The Negotiator

Parkway Drive

Tell me how does it feel.
To watch a child bleed to death.
From a weapon you designed.
You've spilt they're blood.
Is your pride really worth this?
Such a mindless slaughter.
Bow down to greed.

Bloodshed.
Your lies cut their throat.

Such beauty.
Such innocence.
Set to self destruct.
As you nail their coffin shut.
With your hammer of hate.
The flesh is torn.
Hate remains.
The. Flesh. Is. Torn.
They bleed.
Bloodshed.
Broken by your hand.
Who will bleed for you now.