

War Games

Pythia

You sour everything you do
Your memory is torn in two
They came into a broken home and all your love was made of stone

They think that God will let it go
Their selfish dreams of violence
They think their people do not know
The legacy they've given

There's a broken ring, for the girl who would be queen
For the girl who is a child of war games
There's a fallen star for the boy who would be king
For the boy who is a child of your war games

They disregard the common tool, and play their country like fool
Of Mother Nature's good intent they toy with balance and with sense

You think their bruises will prevail
But every day you push them back
Your strength and purpose will not fail
You will persist

There's no shame in wanting to live life in beauty and in harmony
We cannot go on in bloodshed with our integrity