

Never Understood

The Mob

I love the sound of blood that trickles from my head
And stains the bodies of the people lying dead
Who gave their lives to something never understood
They don't know where
They don't know when
It's happening again

My shadow pulls across that empty floor
Discarded remnants of that age and more[?]
Who gave their lives to something never understood
They don't know where
They don't know when
But now it's happening again

And as I fight to find an empty place
The yawning gap amongst the bodies fits my face
I gave my life to something never understood
never understood
never understood
never understood