

A Call To Arms

Tragedy

From hands that beat us senseless come offerings of apparent help
From mouths that told judges lies come pleas of disarmament
As we lay wounded in growing numbers with explosive fury
They fly the white flag at half mast
Calling for the laying down of arms
Calling for a truce they must be..
They must be losing it
to think we'll just pick up our bruised bodies and gather at their feet
No truce, no mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more, this is war
!
the midnight hour near's and we prepare for attack
No truce, no mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more, this is war
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