

Mulder

War from a Harlots Mouth

It's so cold here
And dark
There has been war for years
Behind closed doors

Not even a half-hearted try
To put the weapons down
It's raining lead
And, as always, the wrong ones die

This is a conspiracy
I'd like to call it a misery
Dear Martyr: Is that you?
I bet you know you're me

Pater familias? Pater judas!
Black clouds between us
In your case doom means salvation
If there's a day of redemption

One last breath for justice
One last glimpse for my release

What did he say in his defence?
Guess what: nothing!

Let me sleep!
The never-ending fight is tiring me
Give me quiet, give me strength
For a new war