

Watchtower

"License To Kill"

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Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth he can do with it
as he please
And if things don't change soon, he will.
'Cause man has invented his doom,
The first step was touching the moon.

Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sits there as the night gets still.
She says who will take away his license to kill?

Now, they take him and they teach him and they groom
him for life
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill,
And they bury him with stars,
Sell his body like they do used cars.

But there's a woman on my block,
She just sits there facin' the hill.
She says who will take away his license to kill?

Now, he's hell-bent for destruction, he's afraid and
confused,
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill.
Until all he believes are his eyes
And his eyes just tell him lies.

But there's a woman on my block,
Sitting there in a cold chill.
She says who will take away his license to kill?

Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled.
Oh, man wants it all his own way,
And he is opposed to fair play.

But there's a woman on my block,
She just sits there as the night grows still.
She say who will take away his license to kill?

