

Bitter End

"Profits Of Doom"

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These tanks roll off the line
And though I make them, they ain't mine
I make my life from sales of death
I feel no guilt, I'm just here to collect

It seems so useless to put up a fight
You're on their treadmill and there's no end in sight
They've got us trapped in dead end lives
No hope or promise, we fight to survive

Well, we see them as they see us
Perceptions clouded by fear and mistrust
We miss the point, we're all the same
Each wants the other side to take all the blame

Nothing is sacred, nothing is clean
Defiled and tainted, completely obscene
They speak of truth with lying eyes
We've reached the level of those we despise

Well, men on top they roll the dice
They play their games and we all pay the price
And if the truth can set you free
We're all enslaved by this hypocrisy!

You hear the warnings of pain, doom and strife
Can you imagine a fate worse than life?
Living this life, you live their lie
Live for today for tomorrow we die

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