

Bridge To Solace

"These Maps Are Written With Blood"

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This is my song for the hate of this world.
So you wanna see us be the next in line as we march to
the dead with our heads silently bowed.
Let's fucking tear our lives apart, cut our veins so our
blood will serve as the ink for you to redesign the
borders.
Policemen of the world please unite.
Rewrite the maps with our very blood.
Is there anything left for us to deny?
Or our remaining rights are only to die?
This is my song of bitterness and hope.
Laws are silent in times of war, so we'd better shut the
fuck up as well.
This way at least we can be labeled as good people
who serve the purpose of helping the western wind
colonize lands untouched by it's dirty plastic shine.
So you wanna see us be the next in line?
Well, my friend, I really hope that instead of us, you'll
be standing in the line.
In the line of fire.

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