

Gunshot Wound "We Got The Bombs"

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Your terror keeps on,
Our pleas for peace gone.
How many must die before you fuckin' realize the
truth?
By going to work and paying your taxes
You're feeding his fire to murder the masses
Push back and forth, who will strike first?
Under this flag, I feel helpless and cursed.
War is so useless, is life just a game?
Hate's fueling the fire and greed is the flame.
We'll kill the children, the fathers and moms
Why keep the peace, man, when we've got the bombs?

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