

## **Knocked Out Cold "Selfish War"**

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A missile pierces through the stormy sky  
A beautiful sight, through our nation's eyes  
Missiles headed from oceans away,  
To a successful leader that they hate.  
He is out picking up his son, clueless of what's about to  
come.  
The missile violently hits the ground, destroying almost  
all the town

Whooooa whooa  
People die, the target was missed.  
His son is dead and now he's pissed.  
Gives an order to send a missile back.  
Hateful war is now intact.  
Missiles fill the cities skies.  
Streets covered with screams and cries.  
Knowing there's no hope, within seconds they'll all be  
dead.

Whooooa whoa

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