

M.o.d

"Dictated Aggression"

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Enter, tanks, from blue skies above
Raining down terror on all that you
loved
Majestic hills that roll, under tank treads
Are painted with puddles from the recently dead

Coalitions set up to reign
New conditions, new thoughts to train
Mass solution, we must confide
Is mustard gas, with your ass on rye
Armor divisions, impervious pain
Religious collusion, new gods ordained
Mighty contusion, scarring the land
Dictated aggression, dictated man

Napalm cocktails, served up hot
Claymore showers, soothe your guts
The re-conditioned, show no alarm
We re-conditioned them with our smart bombs

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