

Neaera "Spearheading The Spawn"

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The world's eyes are getting sore
A boot in humanity's face
This camp makes your country a target even more
A sacrifice (on the altar) of security

The side-effects of your selfish deeds
Grew bigger than what you tried to defeat
By fighting terror with these means
Your enemies only unite and increase

Suicide, torture, hunger-strike
Can't prevent you from your path
Arrogant monopoly of being right
Privilege of the powerful and hurt

Praising the war on terror
A great recruitment trigger
It all comes back to you
You reap the wind you sew

Sow wind - reap storm

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