

The God Awfuls "Power Animal"

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We'd been twelve years down so they rallied all around
And they offered up the boys to die
Trading blood for money, selling flags and spinning lies
And business getting better was the battle cry
Its got nothing to do with you
Its not a happy story
You wont see em running the numbers
But you'll see who gets the fucking glory
Urban epidemics always seem much more severe
When problems turn from black to white
And candle-coated vigils always seeming to sincere
Atleast until the end of the night
They're selling flags and spinning lies while sending
someone elses son's to die

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