

Through Your Silence "War Children"

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Everyday your son fights an enemy with his weapon
Saves or destroys a thousand worlds
Still with a smile on his face
Her son never smiles
Your son's fears and anguishes leave in your presence
Her sons are alone
Your son can turn the horror off with one finger
Her sons are the horror

Warchildren you are
No future, no past
Their caring mother never lets them down
The best games, the best sounds,
The strongest sensations are all the can get
They don't need anything nor they ask
Born with a gun in their hands
Fed with blood
Used to mayhem and murder
Their mother loves them
The others just ignore 'em

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