

Torment

"State Of War"

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Hearing bad news on the radio
Telling you that you have to go
Smelling the pungent stench of war
As if from a thousand liters of gore
You hear it loud in the street
Thousands of marching feet
Hearing the sirens screaming shrill
Telling you about the creeping kill
State of war
State of war
Machine guns bark their killing song
About political decisions witch were wrong
Feel the unbearable pain in your head
Now you're wishing that you were dead
If you go out for the fight
It will be suicide
Women and children cry out in pain
The creeping fear drives you insane
State of war
State of war
We're millions and we cry out loud
Now you'd better take a doubt
Politicians know how to make a big score
They're crying for a new world war
You'd better believe that it's too late
The end in near this is your fate
It's better for you to believe it fast
That this war's gonna be the last
State of war
State of war

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