

Tragedy

"A Call To Arms"

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From hands that beat us senseless come offerings of
apparent help
From mouths that told judges lies come pleas of
disarmament
As we lay wounded in growing numbers with explosive
fury
They fly the white flag at half mast
Calling for the laying down of arms
Calling for a truce they must be...
They must be losing it
To think we'll just pick up our bruised bodies and
gather at their feet
No truce, no mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more,
this is war!
The midnight hour near's and we prepare for attack
No truce, no mercy, no surrender, no rest, no more,
this is war!

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