

Tragedy

"Confessions Of A Suicide Advocate"

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Born to the sound of gunshot fire,
Shells scatter the floor
And in the distance there's the chiming of bells
From empty churches where no one worships anymore
And the feeling in the air is a feeling of war
You can die in their hands but not of your own
They declared it while we slept on nightmares of death
deprivation
Unable to put an end to this painful ringing in the ears
that hear nothing
We can't hear nothing
But propaganda and commercials, sermons and
machine gun fire
Loaded and cocked, the guns in our hands
Serving only one function
Only one function
And suicide is not an option: it's illegal and punishable
by death
Suicide's not an option

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