

Stoatmakker "Fogs Of War"

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War, pestilence, and famine.

Don't you hear your mothers crying

"Why couldn't my son ever be good be good be good
like everyone else's son?"

But mama everybody else's son is dying

When you make your life in the fogs of war

Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble

When you make your life in the fogs of war

Nobody will ever see you stumble

Lucifer hardly made his mother proud

He never listened to her advice no no

"Son, you'd best good be good be good like everyone
else's son"

Yeah mama but everyother soon is gonna die

When you make your life in the fogs of war

Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble

When you make your life in the fogs of war

Nobody will ever see you stumble

But did I say that was a good thing?

But did I say that was a good thing?

But did I say that was a good thing?

No no no...

When you make your life in the fogs of war
Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble
When you make your life in the fogs of war
Nobody will ever see you stumble
But did I say that was a good thing?
But did I say that was a good thing?
But did I say that was a good thing?
No no no

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