Story of the Year "Welcome To Our New War"

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We fall to our knees raise our hands toward the sky Bow to the powerful without asking why We fill our glass with false sense of pride The ruling class has forced us all to demand what they supply

So welcome to our new war
The rich sell their lies to the poor
We're dying but we don't know what for
So welcome to our new war

In a troubled time, in an age of fear We place our trust in the insincere As the waiting mind are misinformed The ones in charge are just adding to the score

Well, the war profiteers watch as their numbers rise Their private contracts push profits through the sky The rest will struggle just to survive While special interest goes to those with the highest dollar sign The highest dollar sign, yeah

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So welcome to our new war
Welcome to our new war

This is the price that we pay for living with our eyes closed

And backs against the wall at the top of the hill Where the powerful thrive There's a strong disregard for this human life

When the winds start to change and the meek crowd the floor

And the sirens will sound and at last they will scream No more, last they will scream no more No more, no more, no more, no The power elite wears the thickest disguise Setting the rules as the classes divide They keep their heartless eyes on the prize Then leave the masses with a lifetime of poverty and crime

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To our new war, war

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