

Witch Hunt "Blood-Red States"

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When the world is bled until there's nothing left
The meek will inherit the stench of death
As progress stubles diplomacy crumbles
They'll still rejoice in their choice of four
more years of state neglect
These open wounds will not heal as
your children die at home and abroad
It's a perpetual cycle
It's a downward spiral in the name of religion
From New Orleans to Baghdad their agenda
is clear; no one gets in the way
They'll manipulate your choice and wane your
life on false hopes so you'll never go astray.
One by one the states turn blood-red
Held hostage at the whim of a madman
Destiny-driven, the future is blood-red
State of denial, render unto madmen
The ballots punched
The crosses borne
The flag held high
The war goes on
And people have died for this choice of
four more years It goes on and on
People have died for this choice.

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