

## The Divine Comedy

### "War Torn"

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Bred and trained to kill, hate begins to grow  
No more Mr. Nice Guy, no mercy on your soul

Never surrender, fight until the death  
Bleeding profusely, choke on your last breath

[Chorus]  
For God for country, prepare to invade  
Command to conquer, die under your blade

Sky is filled with blood, ligaments explode  
Bred to act not to think, stench of feces flow

Penetrate hot steel, through military flesh  
Adrenaline pulsating, your last kill still fresh

[Chorus]  
War Torn

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[Chorus]  
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[Chorus]

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