

Pro-Pain "Death Toll Rises"

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Out of the dark, into the light
In god we trust, for god we fight
Clutching our guns, lusting for wealth
Trusting no one, especially oneself
Hundreds of planes inflicting pain
Pledge to make dust out of all that remains
Family of six caught in the mix
Mission fulfilled, all six are killed, and the death toll
rises
Death on all sides, fewer allies
Moments of peace wither and die
Combing debris, unreny slows
Day after day, insurgency grows
Troops underpaid, orders obeyed
Thousands are slain, all died in vain
Armies of hate guided by greed
Open you up, take what they need, and the death toll
rises

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