

Raised Fist "Disbelief"

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A new divorce, I want to separate myself
From all these endless cold blooded wars.
I close my eyes but wherever I turn myself
I find another source of no remorse.
Moving towards the verge of collapse
And I can't force you or anyone else to help me to
restore.

And I despise, when we act like all this came as a
surprise
And we don't see why.
The skies filled with bombers.
And we have to bear in mind,
That children die in the third world because of lies.
What a surprise, the suddenness of the crisis demands
us all to rise.

Disbelief, sadness and guilt.
Breaking down everything beautiful we built.

And the residents, flooded out of their houses
By the thousands as the sky went black.
Another conflict is evolving and there is no turning
back,
We shake our heads in disgust as we see the almost
dead people,
Keep begging for water and bread.

The stealth bomber will find it 's way, sneaking up on
it's pray.
It 's fairly depressing to conclude, that this is just
another bad day.
And we have to bear in mind that children die, in the
third.

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