

## Stoa

### "Fogs Of War"

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War, pestilence, and famine.  
Don't you hear your mothers crying  
"Why couldn't my son ever be good be good be good  
like everyone else's son?"  
But mama everybody else's son is dying  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody will ever see you stumble  
Lucifer hardly made his mother proud  
He never listened to her advice no no  
"Son, you'd best good be good be good like everyone  
else's son"  
Yeah mama but everyother soon is gonna die  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody will ever see you stumble  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
No no no...  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody is gonna be there when you crumble  
When you make your life in the fogs of war  
Nobody will ever see you stumble  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
But did I say that was a good thing?  
No no no...

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