

T.S.O.L. "Peace Thru Power"

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A lonely teenage daydream
Of things that I might have been
A surreal kind of thinking
Keeps drifting in on me
The Remington Electric
I'm banging on its keys
The words appear before me
Their meaning's guaranteed
A foreboding gloom upon us
Of death ribbons and bows
A gift to our generation from

the men who have gone before
My twisted body is lifeless
Not so their twisted minds
Peace through power is their motto
Power through peace is their crime
A sadistic smile spreads across my face
Amid my mournful wail
For although they killed a world
Their fate was also sealed

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