

The Thirty Years War

"Flesh Storm"

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Take a deep breath
'Cause it all Starts now
When you pull the fuckin' pin
The shrapnel burns as it tears into your skin

Ever wonder what it takes
to be crushing in your face
This is what its like when
It happens every God damn Day

Violence is a way of life

Shards of life
Like confetti in the air
The flesh storm grows
As it breeds despair

You hear the screams
in the distance, fighting the resistance
Not cries of war
These are just the sounds of pain

Its all just psychotic devotion
manipulated with no discretion

[Solo]

Killing takes time
it is now a main event
The cameras are hard
for the daily bloodshed
Like a junkie
Hungry for a fix of anything
The media devours and feasts upon the inhumane

Violence is a way of life

It's also fuckin' clear
we can never coincide
select your dreams of genocide
All the venom aside

Pour it on the arcane
In times of war everything
is bound by pain.

It's all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion
Warfare knows no compassion
thrives with no evolution
Unstable minds
exacerbate unrest....fear peace.

[Solos]

There's no future
The world is dead
So save that last
Bullet for your head
Only the fallen have won
Because the fallen can't run
My vision's not obscure
For war there is no cure
So hear the only law
Man can't admit for someone else's cause
It's all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion
It's all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion

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