

# Sin of Innocence

## Artillery

Your fingers they are scarred with the deeds of the pious  
You are fetching the sword for the war inside us

Awaiting the medal for some bravery unheard of  
Offended in arrogance you stand so tall

Innocent - when we sin  
Innocent - when we sin

I see your angry face on the TV  
Damning us all for things we do  
What you fight are demons on the inside  
A blessing in disguise, but you cannot see

Meaningless acts of cruelty you are calling a sacrifice  
You cannot play the game but you still roll the dice  
Shedding blood of daughters and sons unquestioned