

Big Sky Theory

Dozer

Say it once
Today
Let the weight
Drop dead
Well I should...

Wonder why
Don't dare
Let your grief
Away
Well I could invite you all in this war...

Arms control
A waste
Just a wreck
No spare
Let it fold...

So refuse
To die
Broken clouds
The end is nigh
Well we could invite you all in this war...

This end won't justify the means
The truth has been a little bent
Your men will turn into machines
Is that the letter of intent?

And still we march right into war
Like serpents trying to feel warmth
And soon it all will just implode
This nuclear storm will leave you cold...