

Warfare

Fit For An Autopsy

When the fuck did everyone decide to become a politician?
Cannibals with causes armed with opinions
All you do is talk like you forgot how to fucking listen

I try to sleep but the dogs keep barking
Must be the tension in the room
It builds a rage in the back of the teeth
A distaste for civility
Compromise is cheap, conflict is sweet

The space between us fills with dead air
Party lines drawn in the sand
We could never cross it
Bastards of social warfare
We had the chance to survive but we fucking lost it

Traitors turning fiction to fact (Turning fiction to fact)
The ones who play the saint put the knife in your back (Put the knife in your back)
Daggers rain down on the disciples
Daggers rain down on the disciples

All we know
Warfare

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Herdsplitter, left and right
Bring an army of fools to a winless fight
Herdsplitter, rich and poor
Turn a nation of fools into a nation at war

We go for the throat
We do what we're told
Another day in the minefield
Another lie is sold

And we buy in
Playing the penny slots while they high roll
Another day in the minefield
Another lie is sold

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