

Death Toll

Hackneyed

He was the cause your life fell apart
You ended his with several bullets through the heart
The acrid stench of puke and smoke
Still tearing through your nose and throat
The numbness gone, shots ringing still
Defying self-disgust you're on to your next kill

Here we are, nowhere to run away to
Death leads the way - you have to pay
No sign of mercy, no hint of ruth
The one with the gun - gets to tell the truth

The roots of this world
Built on honor and family
My all in all - now it's gone
You brought me here
You made me, what I've become
Fighting this war till we're done

Now I've been here a thousand times
Delusion of clarity when the death toll chimes
Your eyes will close, your world fade to black
And you will die with my hands around your neck

Here we are, nowhere to run away to
Death leads the way - you have to pay
No sign of mercy, no hint of ruth
The one with the gun - gets to tell the truth

Here we are, the last of our kind
Is this justice, 'cause our rage has gone blind
My conscience long gone cold and coarse
Into dirt you'll be tossed
No grave and no cross

The roots of this world
Built on honor and family
My all in all - now it's gone
You brought me here
You made me, what I've become
Been fighting this war - are we done?