Spearheading the Spawn

The world's eyes are getting sore A boot in humanity's face This camp makes your country a target even more A sacrifice (on the altar) of security

The side-effects of your selfish deeds Grew bigger than what you tried to defeat By fighting terror with these means Your enemies only unite and increase

Suicide, torture, hunger-strike Can't prevent you from your path Arrogant monopoly of being right Privilege of the powerful and hurt

Praising the war on terror A great recruitment trigger It all comes back to you You reap the wind you sew

Sow wind - reap storm