

## Art of War

## Pop Evil

A nation, no admission  
No excuses, flip and learn  
Should they [?]  
This is the point of no return

It's a mixed sight, try and sleep tight  
Let your nightmare show you the way  
You're a victim, go convict 'em  
You're always selling that same, that same

Old bullshit, bite the bullet  
Without a vote no voice to complain  
Rolling over, is it over  
4 years till another campaign

They supply, we demand  
To win our breads  
Sustain the pain  
Of way more bloodshed

There are no sidelines here  
It's just a battle now  
Starve the mind in the classroom  
To feed the same cash cow  
Movements come and movements go  
Until we lose control  
It's life or death, till they want more  
It's the art of war

Broken, rip me open  
Consequences, no concerns  
Revolution, no emotion  
This is the point of no return

It's a mixed sight, it's a dogfight  
Let the torment chase you away  
No condition, just submission  
They're always laying us down

In that same old coffin, way too often  
Without a voice they keep us contained  
Send him over, never over  
Standing still and nothing to gain

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Fuel the fire, ignite the flame  
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