

Metal Church, A Subtle War

Extended hand a friendly man who doesn't trust a soul
I wonder why that meeting eyes could put your life on hold
Do people feel humanity is something of the past?
A kind hello, a favor done, these days could be your last

Bar your windows, lock your doors, choose your colors
And stay down on the floor
Amidst a subtle war that's right outside your door
Amidst a subtle war

You can't go there at night
unless you're feeling immortal
'Cause all of them have guns and knives,
at least that's what we're told
A neighborhood or DMZ, but people call it home
Scared to death of living there, but got nowhere to go

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Pick your weapon
Talk to no one
Paranoia
Can we take this anymore

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