

Pro-Pain, Make War (not love)

I'm an open wound
I can feel it in my gut
I lie face down in my excrement
And try to belly up
Unlike a fish
I can't swim against the tide
So I keep my head above water
And try to thumb a ride

{Chorus}:
Yet only the strong survive
And the weak shall fall
The rest will pray

To the likes of a concrete wall
Destroy the role that fits
Like a hand in a glove
And make war, not love

If I were a broken back
And you were a brace
Would you let me lay down and die here Or put me back in place
Like the lamb, too submissive and nice
You were easy prey for the wolf pack Who made you pay the price

{Chorus}