

Violent Work Of Art, Wars To Win And Wars To Lose

After ages of war I try to compensate,
for the lives that I took in anger.
Sad reminder of death's been so hard to erase.
Might as well just go with hatred.

My failure, my failure, my failure was I killed my saviour.

Nothing left to win, nothing left to die for.
Nothing left but sin, and a wish to die.

Celebration of peace is just hypocrisy, as it's not my real intention.
I'm reloading my guns to go another round.
I see death as my own invention.

Creation, creation, creation of my own damnation.

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Innocence, my innocence is gone.

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