

Darkest Hour, The Sadist Nation

One nation under the gun
Where forward thinking is shunned
A morbid tradition
Of archaic value systems
Where violence justified
Is just another pride
Under the surface lies
A holy plastic empire
With guarded golden fences
Where misfortune
Shelters decisions
A pain wrought from blood flowing green
The myth of protection
Is a sick fascination
A culture of violence is what you are feeding
Fear is an heirloom
And hate is contagious
A nation of sadists is what you are breeding
It's everywhere
It's everywhere that you see
But who decides
If you watch or turn the other cheek
And only in your mind
Is it your given right to be armed to the teeth
It's a common disease
The only immunity is to disarm
This holy plastic empire disease