

Pennywise, Eighteen Soldiers

18 Soldiers five days away
Caged in silence lying awake
Ragged tirades are dead at the stake
Raging sirens but nobody pays
We got nothing but time
Overacting out in cynical times
When the rain starts coming down
The search for absolution is dry
18 fathers visit the graves
Locked in violence resigned to their fate
Fallen Idols are cracked at the base
Hollow silence alone in their place
Retaliation is blind
With underestimated losses of life
And the stains of blood are bold
And visible beneath the divide
We're caught up in it we can't forget it
Forget your losses and don't regret it