

# World War Four, D.H.P

I see you call your little games, change the rules and change the blame

But nothing ever stays the same, the more you live the more things change.

I see you crawl across the floor, washed in shame you beg for more

But tell me who its all been for, make your peace then close that door.

And their snakes begin to twist, they slither and they hiss

And the poison that they spit, smells like  
death and hate and piss.

I never died before today,  
never lived with so much pain

And as the world forgets my name, I know we'll never be the same