Construcdead, To War

A nation in turmoil, a city in grief. I can't see the sun for the smoke cloud.
Familiar street unrecognizable for the debris. I stumble through destruction.
Inside I scream for retribution, to ease the pain and grief I feel.

[Chorus]
Some would say that I've lost my way, well what do they know?
I can not tell if I'm lead astray by myself,
but when what's sacred to me is brought to it's knees, when they've
struck at the core of my security; my society, I go to war.

Children carrying flags to be placed on their fathers' graves,
starvation and disease is the aftermath, the till, the prices to be pain
for religious and political power games.
So what should I do?
Sit in silence as they burn everything I hold true?

[Chorus]

Violence breeds violence, sure, I'm aware of that,
but still we carry our predatory genes.
Eat or be eaten, kill or get killed-it's the way of the world,
but I doubt still as I go to war.
Death, burnt flesh is left in my trail. In self-defence I maim.
Crawling in me, a leering demon, consuming my humanity
day by day.

In my mind the accusations drone.
In my mind I am never alone, never alone.