Crucifix, No Limbs

we dont condone your mass murder
we dont believe in this human torture
we wont tolerate the coming pain
in your fucking
war nothing's gained
your iron fist is clamping down
make the poor work the ground
till the soil with your bombs
and
fertilise it with your blood
is the
unborn child tob the next unknown soldier

<font size=1>Thanks to Auntie War (inmyangrychair@collegeclub.com) for these lyri