

Endeavor, Nothing More/Burn In Hell

Blood dripping from the waving flag.
The patriotic symbol of a million dead.
Doomed by the perils of war.
Your war is for reasons that shut you out.
You're killing in the name of money.
Kill another hundred thousand for the cause.
The revolution is over.
The redcoats are no longer trying to invade.
Put away your fucking flags, that game is over.
Now they're getting paid.
Burn those yellow ribbons.
Our boys make it back when he commands it.
Our boys make it back when business picks up.
The first to go are the first to die.
Economic distress calls for wartime blessings of thousands of jobs.
Millions more to circulate.
But your war makes me cry.
Your war makes me fucking cry.
That stars and stripes have blinded you.
You can't see the dollar sign that motivates you before your face.
You'll be the first to go and the first to die.
A legal murderer. An assassin for the capital.
A fucking killer is all you are.
Burn in hell.
Down the road you'll realize the cruelty of your pride.
You'll be shocked by the realization and horror of your dreaded patriotism.
You'll realize propaganda controlled you,
brain fucked you into a killing machine - nothing more.
You've killed for money.
You've killed for this country.
You've killed for money