

Gorefest, Peace of Paper

Thousand years of hate
Like a hand that's choking you
Forgotten how to breathe
Killed a thousand men
Died a thousand deaths
In your sweat dreams
A symphony of destruction
The agony you conduct
With a video of torture
The downfall of a race
A general rehearsal
Of all great things to come
Reality-TV, delivers to you
On request, your private war
War means business
Even if it's a civil one
It brings together nations
Who try to force down peace
A peace of paper