

Jacks Of All Trades, What You Have Sown

so much stress god bless
I hate the way you fake this
and hope to get the sympathy
I think it's time to break this
and just play it like a symphony
empty promises rule the scenes
alcohol and kerosine run thru your
vains as you in hail the black
smoke that you then spit in the
face of the innocent I hate to
watch you fall but love to make
you crawl if you want death well
deth is what you'll get act like
a fool and you'll die soon any
thing you do can be used against you

you reap what you have sown yo
may the hand of God be upon you

world full of war so much gore
little bit of love is too much
asked as brothers kill eachother
everybody gets blasted I don't hate
you don't wanna break you cuz I
love you dearly dont have to fear
me I only wanna show you the
kindaman I am do you wanna know
who made me what I am He's the
one who reaps us one by one
and He wants you so throw away
your gun cuz if you show some love
it can do no harm it's about the
real art of war in our hearts