

# Lack, Ritornello

God has no favourites  
And blood is spilled on holy hands  
Parents lose their children  
And yet fail to understand  
Why they're denounced as terrorists  
When they fall by a terrorist hand

They're dying again  
And I think I see nods of approval

And history repeats itself  
When the sons and daughters haven't learned a thing  
From the logic of the death camps  
Victim becomes the oppressor

Can't forget, so we repeat

Now there's a boy with a bomb under his shirt  
Where once just a stone and a sling  
But there's a thousand rifles  
And a million thirsty bullets

They're dying again  
And I think I see nods of approval

And history repeats itself  
When the fuckers in power stay clear of the blood  
that taints their every want  
To remove the Unwanted

Can't forget, so we repeat

If it's sleep that you want  
then sleep tight  
Sweet dreams

Meanwhile the peace that they know  
Is not the peace that we know  
It's just the silence before yet another storm

And a red sun rises  
Listen! In the dawn of the wretched  
The lonely sound of a promise:  
If they deny us our live, let's grant them our hell

And by this we're dying again and again  
And again  
And again  
And again  
Again