

# Megadeth, Architecture Of Aggression

Born from the dark,  
In the black cloak of night  
To envelop its prey below,  
Deliver to the light  
To eliminate your enemy,  
Hit them in their sleep,  
And when all is won and lost,  
The spoils of wars are yours to keep

Great nations built from the bones of the dead,  
With mud and straw, blood and sweat,  
You know your worth when your enemies  
Praise your architecture of aggression

Ensuing power vacuum,  
A toppled leader dies  
His body fuels the power fire,  
And the flames rise to the sky  
One side of his face a kiss,  
The other genocide  
Time to pay with your ass,  
A worldwide suicide

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