

Midnight Choir, Snow In Berlin

What is this war?
What are we celebrating for?
Said the drunken diplomat

What is this pain?
Why is there only pain?
When there's nothing to be gained

All the killing has begun
There is nowhere left to run
There's no bridges left to burn
Every gospel has been slayed
And every killer-man's been paid
There's no answer, only violence

We could order up a drink
You could tell me what to think
There's no bridges left to burn
If Berlin falls tonight
The snow would still be white
With no answer but violence

Who is this war?
It's wasted and unsure
Said the drunken diplomat
There's no answer, only violence
There's no answer, only violence
There's no answer, only silence