

Nonpoint, There's Going To Be A War!

One by one I deal with them.
Take them by the neck.
Drag them around kicking and screaming.
Showing the law of cause and effect.
Everything I feel with,
I tuck and protect from the storm.
And pray for the sake of the people
who make the worst mistakes
of their naturally born lives.
(refren 1)
Snapping bones.
Head down and making holes.
In the walls closing around me.
(refren 2)
Finding out I'm the enemy.
When they're surrounding the enemy.
You're trying to take down the enemey?
There's going to be a war!
I got just enough left to finish this,
and the rest I'm going to use on your friends.
Don't bother screaming for help.
They left you behind to fend for yourself.
Pattern of the mentally battered individual.
Matter that eventually shattered any principle.
Rather than barely getting by on just the minimum,
my decision is to take on the best.
(refren 1 i 2)
Walking away from me is not and option anymore.
(refren 2)