

# Pro-Pain, Make War (not love)

I'm an open wound  
I can feel it in my gut  
I lie face down in my excrement  
And try to belly up  
Unlike a fish  
I can't swim against the tide  
So I keep my head above water  
And try to thumb a ride

{Chorus}:  
Yet only the strong survive  
And the weak shall fall  
The rest will pray

To the likes of a concrete wall  
Destroy the role that fits  
Like a hand in a glove  
And make war, not love

If I were a broken back  
And you were a brace  
Would you let me lay down and die here Or put me back in place  
Like the lamb, too submissive and nice  
You were easy prey for the wolf pack Who made you pay the price

{Chorus}