

Puddles Pity Party, WAR PIGS (Black Sabbath C

Generals gathered in their masses
Just like witches at black masses
Evil minds that plot destruction
Sorcerer of death's construction

In the fields the bodies burning
As the war machine keeps turning
Death and hatred to mankind
Poisoning their brainwashed minds
Oh, Lord, yeah

Politicians hide themselves away
They only started the war
Why should they go out to fight?
They leave that role to the poor
Yeah

Time will tell on their power minds
Making war just for fun
Treating people just like pawns in chess
Wait 'till their judgement day comes
Yeah

Now in darkness world stops turning
Ashes where their bodies burning
No more war pigs have the power
Hand of God has struck the hour

Day of judgement, God is calling
On their knees the war pigs crawling
Begging mercies for their sins
Satan laughing, spreads his wings
Oh, Lord, yeah