

Smash The Statues, 175564

He has been there, sixty years ago, as he stands face to face with the gate of death
He looks small and crumbled
And he never will forget, no he never will forget
And the scar on his forearm bears the ink, which intends to dehumanise
He stands as a symbol, a monument, for the victims of genocide

And he's tired of walking here all this way
Still terrified, but he can't deny there's still a fire in his heart
But he's tired, he's tired of living it all the way

"This war just really lost all sense to me
I just lost all perspective
On what seems righteous and okay
I really want to mention now
My legs are tired
And I don't see another way but just walk into my grave"

60 years ago, but the war drags on, our selective minds only hear the cries
from the regions that provide us with wealth. Or the people in our own lives,
but at the same time

Who are Rightwing skins and self-made hooligans to deny him his fate?
What are world leaders but criminals?
More lost life with every debate
The numbers keep counting
Who are we to refrain
Who are to say nothing and look the other way?