

Story Of The Year, Welcome To Our New War

We fall to our knees raise our hands toward the sky
Bow to the powerful without asking why
We fill our glass with false sense of pride
The ruling class has forced us all to demand what they supply
So welcome to our new war
The rich sell their lies to the poor
Were dying but we dont know what for
So welcome to our new war
In a troubled time, in an age of fear
We place our trust in the insincere
As the waiting mind are misinformed
The ones in charge are just adding to the score
Well, the war profiteers watch as their numbers rise
Their private contracts push profits through the sky
The rest will struggle just to survive
While special interest goes to those with the highest dollar sign
The highest dollar sign, yeah
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So welcome to our new war
Welcome to our new war
This is the price that we pay for living with our eyes closed
And backs against the wall at the top of the hill
Where the powerful thrive
Theres a strong disregard for this human life
When the winds start to change and the meek crowd the floor
And the sirens will sound and at last they will scream
No more, last they will scream no more
No more, no more, no, more, no more, no
The power elite wears the thickest disguise
Setting the rules as the classes divide
They keep their heartless eyes on the prize
Then leave the masses with a lifetime of poverty and crime
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To our new war, war