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Untitled

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Untitled // Brennen Lutz

I think there's a special mode of the mind
A certain self-destructive intention
That is contained within the stress and grind
Of the momentary lifestyle of destruction.
I see them shooting up on love and hate.
Do they know that pain will always follow?
Oh when the bullets drop, how is that great?
You shall see love has always been for sorrow
But still we send our kids to fight for those
Who should by now have known the pain they cause.
Helen was never worth the exchanged blows.
If God is love, to fight should give you pause.
And yet we go to war each day. Let's kill.
The sight of blood has yet to make us ill.