

Taking in all I can see  
I can't see what's ahead and I don't want to see what's lying behind  
No way out and no way to stay  
My reason is blind my reason is blind yeah  
Always claim the road revenge  
But the cry for vengeance only seems to lead to spilling more blood  
Who can say how it began  
What really counts is that nobody can say how it will end

You live in hell - you create hell  
I ask you why, you say - I don't know

All your brooks they speak of peace  
But, murder and death seem to be the only things you want done  
Must be something out of Kafka's dreams  
A never ending cycle of blood  
Making men killing machines  
Whose only goal is to add to the rising body count  
You claim to kill in the name of god  
For a god of peace he seems to revel in the seasons of blood

Never think about the end it is easier to hate than to live on in peace  
Unleashed a violent rage  
You don't seem to mind and you don't seem to need a good reason why  
Looking for someone to hate  
I see these lives I see to many lives wasted this way  
All your leaders they are the same  
Now one seeks peace not one seeks peace