

# Pennywise, 18 Soldiers

18 Soldiers five days away  
Caged in silence lying awake  
Ragged tirades are dead at the stake  
Raging sirens but nobody pays  
We got nothing but time  
Overacting out in cynical times  
When the rain starts coming down  
The search for absolution is dry  
18 fathers visit the graves  
Locked in violence resigned to their fate  
Fallen Idols are cracked at the base  
Hollow silence alone in their place  
Retaliation is blind  
With underestimated losses of life  
And the stains of blood are bold  
And visible beneath the divide  
We're caught up in it we can't forget it  
Forget your losses and don't regret it