

Artillery, Bombfood

All of your life
You idolized them
Those men with pride
Want to be like them
Never alone
All parts of a team
No course of their own
It sounds like a dream

Soldier
You're not worth a damn
Take orders - is all that you can
Obey'em
They'll teach you ev'ry rule
Bombfood - you're nothing but a tool

made up your mind
The papers were signed
Recruited and paid
For wastin' your time
The sweat and the blood
A price you must pay
Work for your country
With nothing to say
The sergeant commands
To act like a rock
You had to admit
You ran out of luck
It's not out of lust
It's not even need
One thing's for sure
Rocks don't bleed

Grenades are hammering down on your head
You lie in your hole, you wish were dead
Your partner lies splattered all over the place
There's no recognition he once had a face
You want you had stayed at home with your mum
But you are out here equipped with a gun
You're feelin' so helpless but what can you do
'Cause you volunteered, the blame is on you

Out in the fields, where battles are fought
As ordered above, not one human thought
You sit in your hole, just waiting for death

The enemy cause, an eternal threat
Why don't you go home, why don't you just leave?
Why not work for things in which you believe?
The orders you take, won't do you no good
So why don't you split, you ain't nothin' but bombfood!