

# Clawfinger, Warfair

do you know how it feels to be down in the dirt  
with a bullet in your breast and blood on your shirt  
lying in a bloodpool down in a pit  
covered with the corpse and the blood and the shit  
how does it feel to have a gun to your head  
when you know that you'd be much better off dead  
looking right down through the barrel of a gun  
don't try to tell me that you think it's fun  
praying for your mercy don't say you see the light  
what difference does it make if the good lord's right  
at the end of a war the survivors are none  
b'cos war is a loss a war can't be won  
you're just another soldier and you're doing the dying  
you're a symbol of a nation so boy stop crying  
hero of a war such a man so brave  
a medal's worth nothing when you're lying in your grave

do you know the pain  
marching into history marching into war  
can you feel the shame  
marching into misery you function as a whore

5 o'clock in the morning and they shout out your name  
but they don't really care cos you all look the same  
now this is the army and we train to kill  
our job is to give you that fighting will  
so get off your knees and stand straight like a man  
do I have to tell you twice to make you understand  
freedom has a price and that price is blood  
so chase the motherfucker right down in the mud

Chorus

ignore all your feelings just go all the way  
if you don't then death is the price you have to pay  
this ain't peace and love no man this is war  
don't even dare to ask what you're fighting for  
just search and destroy never question a lie  
you don't want to bite the bullet boy you don't want to die  
don't try to tell me that you couldn't kill a man  
that's a load of fucking bullshit boy I know you can

Chorus