

# Culture Kultur, War Is Over

i heard the news down there in my foxhole  
something hurt me deep inside forever  
i wonder if the dead can now walk free  
will the suffer dissappear like nothing

the smoke of burning cities is on the skies  
the radio is playing music for the people  
graveyards for the heroes are so cheap  
in the stations, flags don't move forever

the war is over. is over  
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brother, the war is over. is over  
brother, the war is over. is over  
brother, the war is over

the final wind of thousand dead is raging against the liars  
we are proud, we are loud but the end is coming higher  
there's no escape and there is pain and nothing can stop my crying  
i'm no one, an infantry man, a piece in the desire

the war is over