

Dream Child, Same Old Song

We think we die for our ideals,
We only die for business deals.
One,two,you march,
One,two,you die !!!
Oohohoho! Oohohoho!
Oh,noooooo... Right!

Nations say they don't want war,
Why do they build weapons for,
If it's not to even the score?

They want to increase their industries
Giving birth to new technologies
That will end people's life.

Their mouth is full of lies,
When they need you and I.

Their needs of power,
Will set the world in fire.
If we don't stand,we'll reach the end,
So understand,come on my friends...

When will they realize,
That all they do is wrong,
We'll refuse to hold their guns,
To satisfy their will,
It's just the same old song,nooh...

For them it seems it's just a game
Every day their rules are more insane,
Leading us to pain.

They like to build and to destroy,
Treating us just as their toys,
They easily employ.

For them the agony,
Was just necessary !

They will make,the history,
Just repeat again.
If we don't stand,we'll lose our aim.
So understand,come on my friends...

Is there someone out there,
To stop this road to nowhere.
Do the power,change the wise men
In merciless greedy men?
It's just the same old song...
Just the same,old !(six times)
It's just the same old song...

What will be left for children,
If war's an education ?
Will they be,heartless prsons,
That just need a gun ?

Money is,just the name of,
The game they play so well,
They want us to stand,
For their pure ideal,
But their Heaven is just Hell !
It's just the same old song...

(S.O.S)
The Same Old Song...