Funker Vogt, Friendly Fire

Within a few seconds their jets came over the hill Strafing the soldiers raining fire on their people An unintended sacrifice of their own lives The soldiers at the front killed by their own nation

They all died in friendly fire And the flames are rising higher They are here to hold the ground To defend what they have found

A casualty list in the news will be a helpful tool Creating fear and hatred supporters of a war A necessary means to an end killing their own soldiers Publicity for a new war to get all the voters