

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