

# Funker Vogt, Killing Ground

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