

Funker Vogt, This World

For centuries and centuries
I walked along their battlefields
Rotten flesh and burned soil
Is all what they have left

A strange desire for destruction
Can be felt at all these places
An awful waste of resources
All for their killing machinery

A world all made of battlefields
A world all drowned in blood
A world which will not last forever
Is all that we have got

A world all made of battlefields
A world all built for wars
And now we take the battlefields
Far out to the stars

They get better year by year
With a frightening efficiency
Killing thousands in one strike
By pushing just one button

So I have been everywhere
From the jungle to the mountain
And even in the deepest sea
I saw the signs of a past war