

Gillan, Born To Kill

PART ONE

You take a piece of wood
You join it to another
Piece of wood and then
You do it all again
Until you've got a house
A little wooden house

You get a piece of land
Or just a patch of forest
Where you hunt some meat
So you can sit and eat
And when you're warm and fed
You can go to bed

For this you were born to kill

You find a woman who
Will make you feel so good
And she will share your life
And will become your wife
And when you're warm and fed
You can go to bed

For her you were born to kill

It's just a simple life
And when your children grow
And they just want to play
In golden fields of hay
And when the sun goes
The light from your house glows

One day a band of strangers
Knock you to the ground
And take your land from you
Your wife and children too
Tears and blood will mix
You can fight guns with sticks

For this you were born to kill

Life brings
Confusion
Conscience conscious
Mankind
The futurists
The forward path's
Locked in our past
When wise men
And leaders
Sent our young braves out
To the hills
To test their skills
To become stronger
Live much longer
For peace and stillness
They were born to kill

PART TWO

Hear the bastards screaming
They wake you from your dreaming

Can you feel it
Primitively
Positively
Definitely
Just protection
Born to kill
Natural selection
Born to kill
Sophistication
You don't have to cry
Racial menstruation
You don't have to die

Hear the sound of firing
It's politics expiring

PART THREE

It's your house
It's your life
Your kids and wife
Extensions
Of your own seed
Just how far
Do you need to breed
So draw the line
With reason
And understanding
But be sure
That you're not part
Of someone else's
Private planning
Life brings
Confusion
Conscience conscious
Mankind
The futurists
Sent our young braves out
To the hills
To test their skills
To become stronger
Live much longer
We were born to kill