

# Good Riddance, West End Memorial

True freedom  
they give us  
no slaughter  
too sacrilegious  
the smoke clears  
on bloated bodies  
I feel safe now  
do they want me service

We fought there  
in the jungles  
I saw nothing  
I felt no ennemy  
we died there  
in the foxhole  
my companion  
lay bleeding in my arms  
so proud

pride so quick to murder  
for prosperity  
hatred  
trained to operate  
manually