

Nuclear Assault, Third World Genocide

They come to rule and not by chance
Aided by a bloodied lance
No elections needed here
Such things mundane are not their way
A thousand rivals lying dead
And their families starved, decayed
No relief by foreign aid
A poisoned dagger is their way

Government by those who kill
And then collect from U.N. tills
They live on aid and ask for more
When all it does is pay for way

So carefree
Your killing spree
I must be blind I can't see
Tell me what is human life worth

The skies cry bloody tears