

# 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