The Go Set, Welcome To The World

A soldier stands outside a gate,
a barbed wire fence, to protect a foreign land from itself
And bombs of the west rain down on a city
where a family with nothing holds their children to their chests
And everyone is fighting for liberty, everyone is fighting for their God
But I don't know of a God that calls, for genocide is his name and blood
Two men in a garage in the suburbs,
Make a bomb to bring the west to its knees
But 300 thousand children born into pain and hunger
the money spent on bombs cannot feed
An oil rig is drilling for an empty well
The chainsaws are cutting down the trees
And all the while it's getting hotter in here
The money makes it harder to breathe
Welcome to the world, welcome to the world
What's wrong with the picture you see?