

The Piass, Solidier

Cold guns teach you how to kill
You become a soldier with your arms
Slaughter and death waiting for you
You like as a sacrifice for nation's lines
Can't take back humanity in guilty times
Can't take back humanity in trap
Muzzle teach you to more than kill
You become a beast in loud shot
Slaughter and death ever day affair
You life as a sacruface for nation's power
No close your eyes, no cover your ears from tragic song in Killing fields
There's no joy of life, there's no if mind
No close your eyes no cover your ears from tragic song in Killing fields
There's just a heap of corpses in cold mud