

Brodka, Can't Wait For War

Can't wait for war
Do you know when we're falling
The tension grows
And the man knows what's coming

How can we know
Might is right
Mistakes they grow
Before the great divine
I'll break your fall
And if I die
I'll try to be again
The same as always

Can't wait for war
Put your gun on my shoulder
White planes hang low
Let me know when it's over