

Fate, Chibulitude (Trained To Kill)

[backing vox : Feutse]

["On entraine les jeunes soldats r tirer sur des hommes, mais leurs officiers ne les autorisent
[Colonel Walter Kurtz]

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Cuddled up to eah other
The pighead full of straw(s)

The whispers we exchange
Are devoid of meaning
Army must have moral men
Able to use their instinctive pulsions to kill

Without any emotion(s)
Without any passion
Without any judgement
I commit hundred(s) (of) horrors

Horrors you've seen
But you refuse to see
Cause they get too much
For the ordinary men

Words are powerless to describe
Clearly what is necessary
For those who don't know
What the real horror means

You've (got) no right to call me (an) assassin
But you've (got) the right to kill me
You've (got) the right to do it
But you've (got) no right to judge me