

# Fiction Plane, Listen To My Babe

I don't wanna fight anyway  
I don't wanna take the things you own  
I don't wanna put myself at risk  
So someone else can their thrown,  
I would put them all in a room,  
Give them all the guns and clips they need,  
I would put a seed in their minds,  
To follow as it breaks down greed,

Soldier Machismo,  
And his morals,  
Who am I to know what you save me from,  
What is it to say that if they all lay down,  
That my home would be gone,

I wanna put glue down your gun,  
Imagine pointing that thing at your son,  
When he dies you tell us who won,  
And there will be no invasion,

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The children just imagine,  
Flaming eagles built in patterns,  
Look outside your eyes and soul,  
Now tell me who won the war,

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