

Fiction Plane, Soldier Machismo

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 take their throne

I would put them all in a room
Give em all the guns and clips they need
I would put a seed in their minds
That foreigners are based on greed

Soldier machismo and his morals
Who am I to know what
they've saved me from
And what is there to say that if
they all lay down
My home would be gone

I wanna put glue down on your gun
Imagine pointing that thing at your son
When he dies you'll tell us we've won
And there'll be no invasion

Broken shells and twisted metal
Flaming egos, wilting petals
Look outside your eyes are sore
Now tell me who won the war