

Funker Vogt, Child Soldier

My parent passed away, and then i came to fight

His parents died
shot in the head
killed by his unit alone at night
they took the kid and gave him drugs
they gave him guns, taught him to kill

Still a child, but now a soldier
can't comprehend what's going on
Still a child, but now a soldier
can't comprehend what's going on

The guns weights almost too heavy
for his tiny little hands
all he learned has no more value
and he's lost all his friends
only soldiers now surround him
kids who used to be his pals
but the past is now forgotten
he just went straight to hell

his mind is drugged
the feelings left
the perfect killer
always
now he's killing the innocent
to get more orphans for recruitment

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Straight to hell (echoes)

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