

# 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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