

# Fury In The Slaughterhouse, No Mans Land

We're dropping bombs down on the kids  
They can't eat bombs  
And we know this  
But we're doing what we're told  
We're flying around in strategic bombers  
With an afterburner straight to hell  
Where napalms burning love that smell

My little girl she sits at horne  
With my last letter all alone  
She stops to read closes her eyes and then she cries  
My daddy told me he was proud  
My mummy's praying but not too loud  
I wonder if the lord will get the message clear  
Oh mummy be shure i'll come back  
In a wodden box all painted black  
A bullet between the eyes is all what's left for you

Seven times I've asked my head  
But all I've got is nomansland...nomansland...

And if those generals say: don't worry  
Same old assholes same old story  
And it's not true...