

# Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Nomenaland

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...

mittelteil

and if those generals sa y: don't worry  
same old assholes same old story and it's not true...