

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...