

Rage, Carved In Stone

I see the young boys, they're standing so proud
In their brand new uniform
I hear their tough voices, no doubt allowed
For god and country they storm

And then they're marching in that war, into death
They catch the bullet with their heads

All that is left now
Is only names carved in stone
Forgotten heroes underground
Not much is left now
Some rusty nails, some rotten bones
The dead heroes' names carved in stone

The politician lives in a white house
The boys have tents in the mud
He's getting richer with weapons and oil
While the young men give their blood

And the deceivers will salute at the graves
Of those betrayed 'bout their own lives

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You won't survive!
No one survived!