

Scanner, Killing Fields

They are soldiers too blind too see
Fighting for their own damnation
See the honour and pride in their chests
Targets feeding guns
There's too much hate to hear the warning
On killing fields where nobody wins

No denying they are the strongest
Blowing out their mother country
Independence - What is the value?
What has made them pay the price?
It's much too late to hear the warning
On killing fields where nobody wins

All men of steel and hearts of ivory
See the comrades side by side
Under fire seems like eternity
A game, sinister
The souls are sold where is the ecstasy?
Where are the bold? Times change
Is there a need for all the wasted youth?
They call it war!

The souls are bold, a newfound ecstasy
The guns are sold, values change
The sirens howl a short infinity
The airforce whispers
The war was cold, now it has turned to flames
Nobody knows the reason why
Is there a need for all this wasted life
There must be more!

They never wait to hear the warning
On killing fields where nobody wins

There's a fight on the hill
Even time is standing still
But they never will know the score

(War is just a game of tools
Still it's the same, still it's the same
War is made by leading fools
Nothing remains, nothing remains)