

The Exploited, The Massacre

Heavy street fighting
Been going on for days
Makeshift graves outside city limits
Filled with bodies of slaughtered people
Men women children all dead
The massacre - why
The massacre - why
Eight month foetus
Sticking on a bayonet
Mother's just a piece of dead meat
The massacre - why
The massacre - why
You murdered me with rope
You murdered me with guns too
You massacred whole families
And laughed throughout their pain