

## Caramelos De Cianuro

### "The War Was In Color"

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I see you've found a box of my things -  
Infantries, tanks and smoldering airplane wings.  
These old pictures are cool. Tell me some stories  
Was it like the old war movies?  
Sit down son. Let me fill you in

Where to begin? Let's start with the end  
This black and white photo don't capture the skin  
From the flash of a gun to a soldier who's done  
Trust me grandson  
The war was in color

From shipyard to sea, From factory to sky  
From rivet to rifle, from boot camp to battle cry  
I wore the mask up high on a daylight run  
That held my face in it's clammy hand  
Crawled over coconut logs and corpses in the coral  
sand

Where to begin? Let's start with the end  
This black and white photo don't capture the skin  
From the shock of a shell or the memory of smell  
If red is for Hell  
The war was in color

I held the canvas bag over the railing  
The dead released, with the ship still sailing,  
Out of our hands and into the swallowing sea  
I felt the crossfire stitching up soldiers  
Into a blanket of dead, and as the night grows colder  
In a window back home, a Blue Star is traded for Gold.

Where to begin? Let's start with the end  
This black and white photo don't capture the skin  
When metal is churned. And bodies are burned  
Victory earned  
The War was in color

Now I lay in my grave at age 21  
Long before you were born  
Before I bore a son

What good did it do?  
Well hopefully for you  
A world without war  
A life full of color

Where to begin? Let's start with the end  
This black and white photo never captured my skin  
Once it was torn from an enemy thorn  
Straight through the core  
The war was in color

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