

**D.B.C.  
"Mia"**

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Delivered by night to a foreign jungle  
Fighting a war you don't understand  
Intense, it's kill or be killed  
Who are you fighting for?  
Scared, your mind is in shock  
This is no drill, the threat is for real  
Run, there's nowhere to hide  
You're better off dead than captured alive  
Ambushed at night, a bloody massacre  
You're still alive, the lucky ones died  
Intense is the pain of our wounds  
Who were you fighting against?  
You won't be living for the rest of your life  
Missing in action, say goodbye to your wife  
You've got chains on for the rest of your life  
You keep hoping for rescue but they'll never arrive  
As years go by  
Thoughts of escape have left your mind  
You've come to accept your sentence  
Of life in this prison of vines  
Don't think of home  
It only makes it that much worse  
They torture flesh  
But it's your mind that really hurts

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