

Dispatched "Motherwar"

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[Daniel Lundberg/Daniel Lundberg]

In fields and forest, a war are fought to win
In rain and storms, the warfare goes on
In battle after battle, that no one really win
Leaves behind 'em, destruction and death

Motherwar
Kill n' get killed
Spreads like a disease
Motherwar
Cracking ya down
Splitting your soul

You've lost your brother, house 'n wife 'n child's
To the mother, the greatly mother war

She's ruthless and reckless, malicious to your souls
You kill and die, by her dirty hands
Bullets 'n ammo - riffles 'n guns
The instruments of evil, they are putted in your hands
Orders 'n compulsion - to make you a machine
There is no life, no wonder, just kill the next in line

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