

# Esqarial

## "Toy Soldier"

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Wrong choice's been made  
And I should have taken chance  
Instead of being on both sides of the fence  
When soaking wet I find the shelter from the rain  
The victory's claimed but life is slowly draining away

Head or tails? Not a game  
In this crowd you feel alone

Save your skin Pretend to win  
World's just a stage that we act upon

Playing dead I cut thread  
To keep me away from all the things you've said  
A bigger part of wishbone's pulled  
By those who always scream for more  
After the whole damn trip I've drowned almost  
reaching the shore

Vengeance  
Tastes better when served cold  
Lunatic Lie in ambush  
God knows I must get even with you

Fed with the promises  
Honour and pride  
This is your big chance my little boy  
Now everything's painted black  
Fetters are broken  
One word never spoken  
That old dog can only bark

Head or tails? Not a game  
In this crowd you feel alone

Save your skin Pretend to win  
World's just a stage that we act upon

Courage Is what you're made of  
Now I'm weak and feel betrayed

Stabbed in the back

Toy soldier who's always been a cannon-fodder

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