

## Fate

# "Chibulitude (Trained To Kill)"

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["On entraine les jeunes soldats r tirer sur des hommes, mais leurs officiers ne les autorisent pas r ecrire MERDE sur leurs avions parce qe c'est obsccne."]  
[Colonel Walter Kurtz]

We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Cuddled up to eah other  
The pighead full of straw(s)

The whispers we exchange  
Are devoid of meaning  
Army must have moral men  
Able to use their instinctive pulsions to kill

Without any emotion(s)  
Without any passion  
Without any judgement  
I commit hundred(s) (of) horrors

Horrors you've seen

But you refuse to see  
Cause they get too much  
For the ordinary men

Words are powerless to describe  
Clearly what is necessary  
For those who don't know  
What the real horror means

You've (got) no right to call me (an) assassin  
But you've (got) the right to kill me  
You've (got) the right to do it  
But you've (got) no right to judge me

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