

Fischer-Z

"Bataillons Of Strangers"

Visit "[Bataillons Of Strangers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The map has gne.
It's burning in the afternoon.
The smell's so strong.
No chance to waft away.
Gold medaillons for the proud men in khaki.

Bataillons of strangers, Bataillons of strangers.

No one wants to lead the way.
Be the first death of the day.
Leave his family behind.
It must all be in the minds of

Bataillons of strangers, Bataillons of strangers.

The sound of guns has given way to children's cries.
The war has come home.
The black smoke and the hordes of flies.
Gold medaillons for the citizens who stand and wait.

Bataillons of strangers, Batailloins of strangers.

No one wants to lead the way.
be the first death of the day.
Leave his family behind.
It must all be in the minds of

Bataillons of strangers... Bataillons of strangers

The voice of calm from Moscow to the Pentagon.
Sound the alarm, and try to back the better one.
Gold medaillons for the men who must negotiate.

Bataillons of strangers... Bataillons of strangers.
Bataillons of strangers... Bataillons of strangers.

...Out.

Visit [Fischer-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

