

Funker Vogt "Friendly Fire"

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Within a few seconds their jets came over the hill
Strafing
the soldiers raining fire on their people
An unintended
sacrifice of their own lives
The soldiers at the front —
killed by their own nation

They all died in friendly
fire
And the flames are rising higher
They are here to
hold the ground

To defend what they have found

A
casualty list in the news will be a helpful tool
Creating
fear and hatred supporters of a war
A necessary means to an
end killing their own soldiers
Publicity for a new war — to
get all the voters

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