

Fury In The Slaughterhouse "No Mans Land"

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Seven times I've asked my head,
But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
We're dropping bombs down on the kids,
Mechanic bombs, and we know this,
But we're doing what we're told.
We're flying around in strategic bombers
With enough to burn us straight to hell,
But can bombs burn what love's about at all?
My little girl, she sits at home with my last letter all
alone.
She stops to read, closes her eyes and then she cries:
Seven times I've asked my head,
But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
My Daddy told me he was proud
And Mommy's praying, but not too loud.
I wonder if their Lord will get the message clear.
Dear Mommy, be sure, I'll be coming back
In a metal box, all painted black.
A bullet between the eyes is all that's left for you.
Seven times I've asked my head,

But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
Seven times I've asked my head,
But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
And the generals say they're sorry.
Same old asshole, same old story, but it's not true?
They say, "Mommy, please don't worry,
'cause your son just died for glory, so don't feel blue?
Seven times I've asked my head,
But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
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Seven times I've asked my head,
But all I got was no man's land, no man's land.
No man's land, no man's land?

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