

Stuart McNair**"Casualty"**

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He was a soldier of fortune, force to die
For you and me
He's just a number to his country
And so I'll tell you his story

He's 18, fresh outta school, Just a young man
When the Red, White and Blue put a cocked gun in his
hand
And told him to go fight for your land
Make em' bow down son
MAKE EM' BOW DOWN!

Soldier for another's greed
He lives his life by his orders
Boy you gotta make em' Bleed, Bleed
He puts his life on the line for the dollar sign
And as he's pumping rounds he'll watch another man
die
Feels like I'm burning on the insideâ€¦

He's asking why
Feels like I'm burning on the insideâ€¦

Fox news says it's alright, so you would think it's o.k.
But he dropped 25 people today and shot a little kid his
younger brothers age
The hot sun leaves him red in the face
Dry mouth, questioning the American state
Is this war to free a people or to put gas in our tanks
So grab you gun kid
GRAB YOUR GUN KID!!
Feels like I'm burning on the inside
And that's what he did
Feels like I'm burning on the insideâ€¦

They told him fight
You have toâ€¦
Fight
They made himâ€¦
And it took his life

In the blink of an eye
You'll have em' on the front lines
Fighting for the pigs, fighting for the blind
Fighting for you cash and American Pride
So Suck It Up, Suck It Up

In the blink of an eye
You know that they'll be dieing
Dieing for the pigs
Dieing for the blind
Dieing for your Benz and American Pride
So Suck It Up
You have no conscience of consequence

For 3 days there was nothing
72 hrs. and all I saw were the dunes glaring in the sun
Then the sound, Like fireworks, July 4
Except this is not my Uncle's backyard
And the land of the free seems half a million miles
away
The sand, small, buzzing, mosquito like
Stings my hands as I press my back into the stone wall
â€The only thing that separates me from going home
in the embrace of an American Flag

Pieces of brick fly like moths above my head
As I wait, return fire, wait breath deep
1, 2, 3,
And then the sensationâ€
I'm riding my bike for the first time without training
wheels
My skin parts like a body of water
At the will rifle wielding Moses
I watch as a rawhide ball flies long and high over the
right field fence
My organs snuggle around this pain
Holding it tenderly, like a Mother
I feel her skin beneath me, against mine
Her heart beating quick, her breath catching
This Is Love
As it exits, this pain, this feeling
I wonder if this is right, if this is real
My mother is at my right side, My father at my left
My robe brushes the grass, And I smile for the camera
flash
When they dig this thing outta me
This pain, this bullet
I hope they send it to you, to you Mother, To you Father
To you my love
This pain is for you, this bullet is for you
This burning is for you

I'm burning on the inside

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