

## **A Maddel "United Soldier"**

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Tell me the number of people you will kill  
Tell me the number of kids in ecstasy over your steel.  
You are dreaming to come home like hero  
But being home to go to hell.  
Your eyes are empty, and only fire that makes you fell.  
You are useless in homeliness.  
You are a war son, war is calling you  
Ready to start the mortal game against people like you.

United soldiers of the world  
And you will say this world's last word  
United soldiers of the world  
And you will say this world's last word

When you peacefully look at your family photo  
With the happy faces during your holiday life  
It comes to you that those times have gone  
And nothing can be done.  
nothing can be done!

Dying father asked to fuck that other's war off,  
Crying mother cuddled you seeing you off,  
Brother didn't care as he went the same direction to  
death,

With the difference that his ammunition was dope.

And those who laughed at each other were both.  
But now both are dying one in a den like a worm,  
The other like hero in a trench, trench, trench.  
And you, brothers, are watching the same photo

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