

## Ryan Harvey "Open Song To The U.S. Occupying Forces"

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The war is over, that's what they say? And they're making sure the media presents it all that way

You see they learned from the war in Vietnam that you don't let the people see what's really going on Some say they blundered, some call it a mistake, as if they'd thrown a bottle down and didn't think that it would break

They didn't fail, there was no contest, they planned to colonize and conquer, they made complete success

So while the victims families search for answers in the dust, there's recruiters in the high schools building up trust

It's the story that you're heard so many times, children marching off to battle for collective suicide They're fooled by glory, embracing patriotic myth, and there's 1,500 dead troops who started out like this And what for? To be buried by your friends? Politicians will use any means to achieve their ends That's their job

Now if if you back track, just a few years back, you'll see they planned to take Iraq before the terrorist attack

And they we're jumping, on 9/11, what a perfect time to implement the plans that they had drawn

Plain faced, they swiftly lead us into war, they used the victim's names to justify 100,000 more It's economic, it's a long-term scheme, they've learned from years and years of practice how to get away clean And there they go

The weapons weren't found.
..well it's no surprise to me,
now the Iraqi's have no water, but at least their
market's free
And look they voted, it was such a stepping stone,

all the profit-politicians we're delighted here at home It was a scam, another Trojan Horse, an election organized by the occupying force How is that progress? They voted for their chains.
.. Just look at Afghanistan, They did to them the same

And the soldier's coming home, they're trying to look ahead, having been to war and back they've seen the faces of the dead

They can't erase them, no it's etched too deep, and they're already being diagnosed with PTSD Here are the heroes, no longer standing proud, awaiting refuge in the shelters asking pennies from the crowd

They trusted politics, now they're seeing what's in store, once the victors, now the victims of the same exact war Just like before!

What happened? Well it's not too hard to see! It's a broken-record war, a repeating history The same thing, as in 1991, as in 1917, no war is ever won

We keep forgetting these things you'd think we would have learned, and so the stories keep repeating, and the tables never turn

We sit by watching, as the tragedy unfolds, and that's the problem, we're afraid to take control

But we could...

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