

Soldier Boy

Fates Warning

Little soldier, plastic pistol
Aiming for the head
Now you see me, now you don't
You missed me, you're dead
Laughing, hiding in the bushes
Scatter for your life
Little soldier tripped and fell
Get him with your knife
Electric eye is loaded
It shows them it's okay to kill
They eventually will
Mother calls you in for lunch
Put the war on hold
Too rough to play with other kids
How many times you've been told
Laugh at pain it's silly
He'd make the soldiers bleed
Break the flesh, twist the bone
Bring them to their knees
You don't throw stick and stone
You leave the little girls alone she said, leave them alone
First sight of blood at ten
Fell off the swing and cracked his head, it's all red
A still and quiet conscience, regardless of their doom
The victims play, they're on their way, soldier boy
No sense they have, of ills to come
Nor care beyond ills of today, they've lost their way, soldier
Playgrounds into battle fields
Diapers into greens and stripes
Mold plastic into steel, the war is real
The soldiers fight tonight
Little soldier falls once more
Sees red glow like the sun
Mother calls him back to
Arlington, in Washington
You don't throw stick and stone
You leave the little girls alone she said, leave them alone
First sight of blood at ten
Fell off the swing and cracked his head, it's all red
A still and quiet conscience, regardless of their doom
The victims play, they're on their way, soldier boy
No sense they have, of ills to come
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