War Supply

Bathory

War. The ultimate. The pinnacle of friend or foe.
Always declared by the high and fought out by the low.
Elevated to the state of honourable feud.
Fought to capitulation or death. Either him or you.Cannon fodder dressed up proud to fight or even die.Carrying cross of Christ, the star of David, Swastika or
word of God, the hammer and the sickle or banner
splattered with your blood. Camouflaged and drilled
you await all hell in confidence, at peace. Blown apart,
one could not tell your brains from your feet.As your spirit slips away and Earth drinks from your blood.
The irony is that the last thing you'll think is - "Oh my God!".When your...
War Supply. War Supply. War Supply.
Not until that mine has torn you in two you'll think just fucking "why".At the bottom of the crater in a burning deaths terrain.
You grab your head as if to keep yourself from goin' insane.
Tracers cut a million burning tracks above your head.
Staring at your support weapon, wishing that you'd dare.Just one delicate press on the trigger and it's all gone.Ask yourself if your one life is worth spending this way.
Tell me where's all glory you seek among countless young
men slain. Indoctrinated as you are by church, school, government
and your command you'll think more of how your death
will contribute and benefit your land.In uniform you look all swell as you march off to war.
From now on your damn rubber body-bag will be your style forever more.War Supply. War Supply. War Supply. War Supply.
War Supply. War Supply. War Supply. Not until that
mine has torn you in two you'll think just fucking "why".

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