

# Killing Fields

## Scanner

They are soldiers too blind too see  
Fighting for their own damnation  
See the honour and pride in their chests  
Targets feeding guns  
There's too much hate to hear the warning  
On killing fields where nobody wins  
No denying they are the strongest  
Blowing out their mother country  
Independence - What is the value?  
What has made them pay the price?  
It's much too late to hear the warning  
On killing fields where nobody wins  
All men of steel and hearts of ivory  
See the comrades side by side  
Under fire seems like eternity  
A game, sinister  
The souls are sold where is the ecstasy?  
Where are the bold? Times change  
Is there a need for all the wasted youth?  
They call it war! The souls are bold, a newfound ecstasy  
The guns are sold, values change  
The sirens howl a short infinity  
The airforce whispers  
The war was cold, now it has turned to flames  
Nobody knows the reason why  
Is there a need for all this wasted life  
There must be more!  
They never wait to hear the warning  
On killing fields where nobody wins  
There's a fight on the hill  
Even time is standing still  
But they never will know the score  
(War is just a game of tools  
Still it's the same, still it's the same  
War is made by leading fools  
Nothing remains, nothing remains)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.