

# This World

## Funker Vogt

For centuries and centuries  
I walked along their battlefields  
Rotten flesh and burned soil  
Is all what they have left A strange desire for destruction  
Can be felt at all these places  
An awful waste of resources  
All for their killing machinery A world all made of battlefields  
A world all drowned in blood  
A world which will not last forever  
Is all that we have got A world all made of battlefields  
A world all built for wars  
And now we take the battlefields  
Far out to the stars They get better year by year  
With a frightening efficiency  
Killing thousands in one strike  
By pushing just one button So I have been everywhere  
From the jungle to the mountain  
And even in the deepest sea  
I saw the signs of a past war

Songwriters

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