

# Soldier Machismo

## Fiction Plane

I don't wanna fight anyway  
I don't wanna take the things you own  
I don't wanna put myself at risk  
So someone else can take their throne I would put them all in a room  
Give em all the guns and clips they need  
I would put a seed in their minds  
That foreigners are based on greed Soldier machismo and his morals  
Who am I to know what they've saved me from  
And what is there to say that if they all lay down  
My home would be gone I wanna put glue down your gun  
Imagine pointing that thing at your son  
When he dies you'll tell us we've won  
And there'll be no invasion

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