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 throneI 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 greedSoldier 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 goneI 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 invasionBroken shells and twisted metal
Flaming egos, wilting petals
Look outside your eyes are sore
Now tell me who won the war

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