MÃ©diÃ©val

Koffi Olomide

Caught in the long grass, got separated from his company
Those men he thought were friends turned out to be the enemy
Their uniforms were black not brown, they marched to a different step
But he soon tuned in to their frequency
By shifting up one fret
But the one thing that united them
Was they all had life to give
But it wasn't their intention to serve that way, but to kill so they may live
We are sound, we are sound, we are sound
Set them marching, stop them thinking

Psyche them up with your will
Stir them up with frantic rhythm
Send them out to kill, kill, kill, kill kill
We are sound we are sound we are sound
Back in human form, skin tight uniform, caught upon the barbed wire
Back in human form, skin tight uniform, crucified upon the barbed wire
The wire
We are sound

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