

# Bombfood

## Artillery

All of your life  
You idolized them  
Those men with pride  
Want to be like them  
Never alone  
All parts of a team  
No course of their own  
It sounds like a dream Soldier  
You're not worth a damn  
Take orders - is all that you can  
Obey'em  
They'll teach you ev'ry rule  
Bombfood - you're nothing but a tool made up your mind  
The papers were signed  
Recruited and paid  
For wastin' your time  
The sweat and the blood  
A price you must pay  
Work for your country  
With nothing to say  
The sergeant commands  
To act like a rock  
You had to admit  
You ran out of luck  
It's not out of lust  
It's not even need  
One thing's for sure  
Rocks don't bleed Grenades are hammering down on your head  
You lie in your hole, you wish were dead  
Your partner lies splattered all over the place  
There's no recognition he once had a face  
You want you had stayed at home with your mum  
But you are out here equipped with a gun  
You're feelin' so helpless but what can you do  
'Cause you volunteered, the blame is on you Out in the fields, where battles are fought  
As ordered above, not one human thought  
You sit in your hole, just waiting for death The enemy cause, an eternal threat  
Why don't you go home, why don't you just leave?  
Why not work for things in which you believe?

The orders you take, won't do you no good  
So why don't you split, you ain't nothin' but bombfood!

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