

# 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  
    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 toolmade 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 bleedGrenades 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 youOut in the fields, where battles are fought  
    As ordered above, not one human thought  
You sit in your hole, just waiting for deathThe 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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