Mothers

Antischism

Mothers, don't believe their lies
Don't let them get their hands inside your mind
Open your eyes see through their lies or
they'll take your children and waste their young lives
In a tailor made grave, lost and forgotten in a land far away
And you'll feel no remorse because there are letters in your drawer
Reminding you of what he was fighting for
What was it again? Oh, yes,of course!
For his country.For God. For Democracy.
For his country,for god, for Democracy and the economy
You're allowed to cry but don't ever ask why
just remember there's no better reason to die
So don't read the books, don't watch TV
The fairy tale has got a grim reality
It's a very sad story, all guts no glory
who takes pride in a wasted life [2X]
So I tell you don't listen to those who kill your children

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