

Wounded World

Mission of Burma

I'm a puppet, you're a puppet too
A dancing fool, jiggle me at my joints
Once, you were on my side
But I will make you wish that I had died
I had died
I had died
I had died
I had died
Wounded

Oooo

Thanks for all of your health and perfection
Oh yeah
The machines
We have built
For the end

Another year, another friend or foe
Burn their cities, scorch the earth below
The times have changed and so too have our needs
This time it's you on which the fire feeds
Fire feeds
Fire feeds
Fire feeds
Fire feeds
Wounded

If you laugh at my jokes
You will pay for it, oh yeah
When your friends are enemies
You'll be sold

Thanks for all of your health and perfection
Oh yeah
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We have built
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