

Expendable Goods

Agathocles

Marching towards your grave
of your country you are a slave
you don't mean shit to them
expendable good in their cash flow plan

Nationalist thoughts drilled in your brain
like your country is some holy grail
forced and pushed for the kill

Expendable goods

What has your country ever done for you?
except pushing you and twisting the truth
and pulling you out of your neighbourhood

Expendable goods

So march on to your fucking death
or choose life and fucking object
no state ain't worth to die for
let the bastards fight their own wars