

## Play Dead

Andromeda

Preemptive attack as a matter of fact  
Let no one escape, leave nothing intact  
Eye for the eye they might try to scratch  
They won't stand a chance  
There'll be no rematch

Just keep on going, drive over them  
I saw a boy throw a stone, I think  
Drive over them  
Rip apart the walls  
Blast away all running civilians  
Then try to cover it up, but it can't be done

'Cause everything is painted in red  
Yeah - starting to show  
All the things you don't want us to know  
Talking head  
Yeah - shaking us so  
As all we can do is play dead

Still, lie still  
And try not to breathe

Scorched the earth, the scars run deep  
An infected tattoo, an oasis of blood  
Do you expect us to look the other way  
When nothing is more obvious

And everything is painted in red  
Yeah - starting to show  
All the things you don't want us to know  
Talking head  
Yeah - shaking us so  
As all we can do is play

there, one o'clock.  
Haven't seen anything since then.  
Just fuckin', once you get on 'em just open up.  
All right, firing.  
Let me know when you've got them.  
Let's shoot.  
Light them all up.  
Keep shootin'.  
Keep shootin'.  
Roger.  
Got 'em.  
Oh. sorry what was going on?  
God damn it, Kyle.  
All right, haha, I hit 'em.  
Got a bunch of bodies layin' there.  
Oh yeah, look at those dead bastards.  
All right, we got about uh eight individuals.  
There's one guy moving down there but he's uh,  
he's wounded.  
Come on buddy.  
All you gotta do is pick up a weapon.  
Come on, let us shoot!

Come on.  
Clear.  
Clear.  
Nice.  
Nice.  
Good shootin'.  
Thank you.

Silence - nothing but silence here  
Tears fertilizing the sand  
Still nothing is growing  
Silence  
And we sleep under stars with the roar  
Still fresh in our memory  
Remembering a time  
When everything was fine

There was approximately four to five individuals  
in the vehicle moving bodies.  
Looks like a kid. Over.  
I got a wounded girl, we need to take  
her to Rustamiyah.  
Could you tell the battalion that two civilian  
children casualties are coming back to  
Rustamiyah in the Bradley. Over.  
I've got uh eleven Iraqi KIA's, one small child  
wounded. Over.  
Roger. Ah damn.  
Well.  
Oh well.  
Well it's their fault for bringing their  
kids to a battle.

Strike them hard, backstabbing allie  
Weaken and starve them  
With unreasonable sanctions  
Then try to sell that with limited resources  
They've developed new weapons  
Of mass destruction

Trojan horse of Kuwait worked out well  
Sent Glaspie to smile and Nayirah to cry  
Do you expect us to look the other way  
No nothing is more obvious

Yes everything is painted in red  
Yeah - starting to show  
All the things you don't want us to know  
Talking head  
Yeah - shaking us so  
As all we can do is play dead

I think he just drove over a body.  
Did he?  
Yeah.  
Maybe it was a visual illusion, but it looked like it.  
Well they're dead, so.  
We're shootin' some more.  
Hey, you shoot, I'll talk.  
Engaging with Hellfire.  
You're clear.  
All right firing.  
We're not even going to watch this fuckin' shit?

Target it.  
And firing.  
There it goes, look at that bitch go!  
Paloosh!  
Roger. Building destroyed. Engaged with three  
Hellfire missiles.  
Nice missile.  
Did it look good?  
Sweet.