

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.