

There was no space in my tiny cell
It was as close as can be to Hell
Went to a shrink to get some
Terrorist slayer; kill or be done

Lonely was the sniper
Nice and clean that July day
Patriot hearts were burning
I wonder why we are the plague
And not the salt here on the earth
I'll remember that day, for what that is worth

Turn off the light
Hiding in the desert nights
The sky is on fire
We're out of sight
I still remember
Women and wine, pleasure to find
In the desert night

He wasn't honored with medals of gold
He only did what he'd been told
This will go on forever
Power play justice; kill or be done

Saved by all the violence
Now replaced by someone else
Juveniles on vacation
I wonder why; was he the one
And how come all made the mistake
No one cried on that day he was sent away

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