

On all sides we're fighting all the time  
And there is no escape  
We all make it that way  
Social grace hides jealousy and hate  
Of what we may achieve  
Or believe in or praise  
Sometimes it makes me feel like  
Dying, dying  
'Cause dead men don't care  
Soldier, hey! Soldier  
You don't have to choose  
To win or lose, it's the same  
Soldier, hey! Soldier  
Everywhere I turn  
No-one will learn  
It's a game  
Only strong men can survive for long  
Against all odds it seems  
And the schemes that we make  
All men must return once more to dust  
Then realise too late  
All the hate was in vain  
Sometimes it's hard to keep on  
Fighting, fighting  
And playing these games  
Soldier... etc...