

Send away from a home made war  
Plan to kill the country's poor  
Use the weapons all paid for  
And create a martial law

It's a waste of time and money  
Lives as well and that's not funny  
All the lives of the innocent  
Slaughtered by some foreign cunt

Supply the arms  
To kill the men  
But the innocent  
Can't take revenge

Signed, sealed, delivered overseas  
Brought in like some strange disease  
Paid for killing at their will  
Brought up to learn to kill

Country says it's all paid for  
Now you too can kill our poor  
Smash the rebels if you may  
Can't make do with the army

Religion don't say who should die  
But tell the warplanes in the sky  
It's greed by a mercenary aid  
Don't care what so long as he's paid

Now you've had you home made war  
The cost in lives I just deplore  
You could have settled this dispute  
But all you knew was how to shoot