

Mercenary

English Dogs

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