

# Killing Fields

FGFC820

This war is a lie  
Quote the righteous from their place on high  
But I wonder who they'd blame  
If their ivory towers were set aflame

And how did it seem  
To watch 911 on a tv screen  
While we lived through it  
City's burning in a fiery pit

We march across the killing fields  
We set the laws with swords and shield  
Our funeral pyres light up the sky  
We send our children off to die

Treacherous paths we walk alone  
Our hands and hearts have turned to stone  
These are the chances that we take  
The sacrifices we must make

Now a shaky hand  
Brings the news from a far off land  
This man, they cut him down  
Spilled his blood on foreign ground

His loss should be a sign  
Of valor for those left behind  
The end, the letter read  
I'm sorry, ma'am, but your son is dead

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