

## This World

Funker Vogt

For centuries and centuries  
I walked along their battlefields  
Rotten flesh and burned soil  
Is all what they have left

A strange desire for destruction  
Can be felt at all these places  
An awful waste of resources  
All for their killing machinery

A world all made of battlefields  
A world all drowned in blood  
A world which will not last forever  
Is all that we have got

A world all made of battlefields  
A world all built for wars  
And now we take the battlefields  
Far out to the stars

They get better year by year  
With a frightening efficiency  
Killing thousands in one strike  
By pushing just one button

So I have been everywhere  
From the jungle to the mountain  
And even in the deepest sea  
I saw the signs of a past war