

Black Sky

Meden Agan

Waiting to make a movement
I'm ready to break this silence
Hidden under this burning sand
Lost in a no man's land

I defend my position
To protect my nation
The thousand miles from my wife
So close to lost my life

Death, Bombs, Guns,
What am I doing?
Death, Bombs, Guns,
What should I do?

I want to die
Under the black sky

Corrupted by the industrials
You're used to lie to take control
No respect for the nations
You plead the war that's so fucking