

Gunya Down

Pro-Pain

Genocide is looming out over the east
So catch a ride in the belly or the back of the beast
They burned down the church
And the preacher had died
He was a man of the cloth with a gun at his side
Bang, bang, bang, friends are dead
With the fragments of bullets inside theirs heads
Now they lie in a ditch where the bodies are dumped
And they were stripped of the clothes
Which the bullets were pumped
We must forgive but not forget
The choice to kill we will regret
The shells will rock the tiny town
When neighbor come to gunya down
Dogs of war are declared on the loose
Put a rope round your neck and tighten the noose
Radical pigs huddle safe in their slop
While the rats will starve in the cage till they drop
Here we go again
Just remember Somalia, flashback Vietnam
Rwanda's a lesson that need be learned
They put the gas to tyhe flesh to the match till they burned
Terror beyond what we can see
As history repeats
No way to protect or to defend
What we can't comprehend
The end