

## Carved in Stone

Rage

I see the young boys, they're standing so proud  
In their brand new uniform  
I hear their tough voices, no doubt allowed  
For god and country they storm

And then they're marching in that war, into death  
They catch the bullet with their heads

All that is left now  
Is only names carved in stone  
Forgotten heroes underground  
Not much is left now  
Some rusty nails, some rotten bones  
The dead hero's names carved in stone

The politician lives in a white house  
The boys have tents in the mud  
He's getting richer with weapons and oil  
While the young men give their blood

And the deceivers will salute at the graves  
Of those betrayed 'bout their own lives

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You won't survive!  
No one survived!