

Les Chiens De La Guerre

Rough Silk

it happened in the gutters
near the dirty river's shore
where the rats were the readers
and on the run
from the rising sun
and the war
they ain't gonna follow their leaders
down the drain
in the pouring rain
anymore
in the chest of someone who just lost his life
with the light of dawn was found a soldier's knife
cold september day - dark and grey
watch out - beware
les chiens de la guerre
tears like raindrops fall - reaper's call
la peine des meres
les chiens de la guerre in the name of the father - in the name
of the gun
in the name of whatever
they'll find a reason
when it's hunting season
and fun
'cause some brains were never
made for thinkin'
and there's still some drinkin' to be done
seas of blood and slime
helmets filled with hate
raise your glass, my friend
it's time to kill your mate
cold september day.....