

Conflict Primeval

Tank

Somewhere in the desert, there's a line in the sand,
Both sides are alert to incursions in theirs or thine lands,
Someone lost the roadman along the way,
So how are they going to get back to 1948?
What to tell an innocent mind, tell it truth, or tell it lies?
Tell it to go out there and fight. Conflict primeval.
There goes another waste of life for the cause,
Couldn't wait for the mother of wars to end all wars.
What to tell an ignorant mind tell it truth, tell it lies?
Or tell it to go out and fight.
Wait for an air raid siren to sound,
For an Al Kassam missile,
That's when Merkova prowls,
The the Filth Hounds howl.
Conflict primeval.