

# Caught in the Crossfire

The Berzerker

Shoot one of them, one of us  
Another hit in the chest  
Stare them down  
Torn between, burying my friends

War can be a peaceful place  
Fallen soldiers everywhere  
Guns spray the hate towards you  
Time and time again

Throw your pride away  
It's dispensable  
Before you pull the trigger on yourself

Lost and confused  
Can't think clearly  
Thoughts of home are  
Running through your head

No more goodbyes  
Prepping the trigger and  
Sending the pain... the pain  
Forced into so called shame  
There mission  
Under... Under, order they obey

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