

Warmongers, kill yourselves
Demonstrate the power of the product
That you're trying to sell
Gun wavers, shoot yourselves
Make a big hole in your head with a shiny shell

What's wrong with that kind of vision?
What's wrong with that kind of world?
If I suffered less from indecision
I'd stand on that platform myself

Chickenhawks, there's a cell
Down in hell, where you may fight aswell

If I may paraphrase John Lennon
Why fill this world with more pain and fear?
To every budding Mark Chapman
I offer these words most sincere

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Do it yourself