

## For The Fallen

Tim O'Brien

The seeds of this war were sewn in our father's time  
And every bomb will plant some more fear and hate  
Let's break this chain of history before it gets too late

How many men will choose to run with the mad dog  
How many more will have to die at his bloody hand  
And who will shield our children from this plague that kills our land

I close my eyes and ears, don't want the news  
I will not watch them play the scenes again  
Don't ask me who's side I'm on, or what I think about it  
Cause I don't want to play that game, I'm not buyin in

What do you need to get through the daytime  
What do you need to get through the night  
Who made these rules and who's to say who's wrong and who is right