

My hands are shaking holding the gun
Why god sent me here to the front line
Politician's war I'm not a part of this
I bet that they won't take a bullet for me

All those nights I've cried in my bed
The fear of dying doesn't make any sense
The rain baptizes me in this bloody hell
When will they appear? I can't tell

Lightning, thunder and rain
Our lives are wasted in vain

Rising sun
It will come to enlighten me
The war has begun
Will I kill to survive in this?
Game of death
We are pieces played by someone else

Now my life passes before my eyes
In my childhood I used to play dead
With a wooden gun in my hand
Learning this horror innocently

Bullets, bombs and a flare
Soldiers shooting everywhere

My hands are tired of holding this gun
I let it fall down, hitting the ground
My eyes are blinded by the rising sun
I cry the death of all those around