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