

I Just Got Orders To Kill

Baby I wanna come home,
Don't want to fight no more,
Too many hurt,
Way more dead on the floor.

I've laid down my guns,
And became an easy target,
No use for these weapons,
That our government markets.

Baby It's hard to fight,
No less kill,
I love these people,
For some it's a thrill.

Baby I wanna come home,
Don't want to kill my friends,
I know we are their enemy,
But when does it all end?

No sympathy here,
But will forgiveness amend,
Fights from the past?
Or will darkness descend?

I'm ruining lives,
And the wives do cry,
A whimpering sound,
Throughout the night.
And the children do fear,
That a missile will shear,
Their only home,
And a family stitched so tight.

So much destruction,
Among the reconstruction,
But what about lives,
You can't rebuild.
With so much massive,
Amounts of sadness,
How could I....wait,
I just got orders to kill.