

Victims

Cro-Mags

Victims of forgotten wars
Forgotten lives
No one ever hears them cry no
Fallen soldiers under crimson sky
No one ever wonders why

The tanks come rolling in
You know they just can't win no
The politician lies
Innocent people die

A mother watches as her baby dies
A soldier starts to wonder why

Look up into the sky
Hear the bullets fly
Don't feel the horror in their hearts
As bullets tear their lives apart

Bodies burning in the madness
Can you still believe their lies?
Look around at the pain and the chaos
Smell the corpses putrefy

For some so called righteous cause
So many victims die
For the gains of the rich
So many poor must die
No feelings for the pained
Drowning in pools of blood
Never hear the mother's screams
Uncovering her dead child's limbs in the mud

Is a heroes welcome received
When he returns from war
Or just the pain and confusion
Of a guilt that he can't ignore

Unleashed weapons of destruction
Slaughtering the innocent overseas
A soldier comes back half a man
Begging for handouts on his knees

Oh those medals don't mean nothing
To you anymore
It was all for some rich man's gain
Now ask yourself what for

Sticks a needle in his arm
To help him ease the pain
Still hearing the screams of his dying friends
He searches for a vain

Mother stares out in the dark
Still remembers her baby's smile
Calling out her child's name
Living in total denial

The pain has reached both shores now
The system stays the same
Don't you see that we're just pawns
To their power games

Oh we won't take it won't be victims
Of their war
No we won't take it what have they
Got us fighting for?

We're just the victims of their war
We're all the victims of their war