Killing Ground

Funker Vogt

They do the things all soldiers do While they're waiting to die Writing letters to their friends That will never be delivered

They have dreams about escaping Getting away underneath the fence And being, once more reunited With their families and friends

Sitting calmly in the barracks From where they watch the guards Standing at the maingate Smoking and playing cards

But this remains just wishful thinking Deep inside they all know There's no escape from this place A dead end is as far as they can go