

Damaged Man

Gong

Behind the mask of the dictator
I know there is a damaged man
Inside the man there is a frightened little boy
With scary toys
That somebody will make a deal with
On either side there is resistance
To the thought of change
Eventually there is a moment
When one by one the zen machine guns fall to silence
And all the children still alive can then be saved

To turn em into good little soldiers
O Warrior Warrior
Why do you want to kill and kill and kill
The women and the children!
Your mothers and your daughters!
Your very own ancestors!
There is no them and us and them and us at all...
Just other versions of ourselves