

21 Guns

Good Riddance

11th hour's gone
Nothing's resolved
There's no alternative to becoming involved
Strike up the band
Round up the men
Ready to die for nothing

One shred of hope one prayer for peace
One man abandoned, he prays for release
He's bound to his code, dishonor is death
His heart pounding hatred, with every breath
He fights wars a children's game
Back in the world he'd be a criminal
He'd go insane

No sleep for days
He sweats when it's cold
He lives for his orders he does what he's told
No mercy for his enemy
His finger on the trigger of an m-16

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The hours grow long
He's bored and alone
He doesn't need no one
He's never going home
The system made him who he is
Those motherfuckers will fear him

He's gone
His mind is a waste
He hears it
Twenty-one guns
Life imitates death imitates
Twenty-one guns
Honor parades accolades a section eight
Twenty-one guns
A proud servant of this grand republic he got
Twenty-one guns