

WWIII

grandson

Tell me what I'm supposed to think
When the bullets start to pour
Lie about some greater good
When you ship me off to war
Thousand dead on either side
Is there no one keeping score
I just wanna make it home
When you ship me off to war

We at war we don't know what for
They made up a reason behind closed doors
At the end of the season we leave, make an enemy bleed, hit the seashore with the c4
We don't record, we just reload, if you need more it's a cheat code with unlimited rounds
When you hear the sound start hitting the ground
It's time to go make America proud!
But This ain't as fun as what they claim it be
This ain't a video game you see
I shot the kid same age as me
Cause he ain't from the same place as me
And now the bloodstain stays with me

I'm homesick
And I miss my momma
Can't sleep, I'm living with this trauma
I wanna just believe the dogma
But I can't take it much longer

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Yeah

Watch me spend these billions
Bombing these civilians
Making enemies out of children
Am I the good guy? Am I the villain?
I go back and forth chameleon
My partner next to me
He was 23
When he Went out to check the scene
Then he stepped on an IED
God damn

Teflon, got a bulletproof vest on, but I still wanna hide and flee
Something died inside
When I wondered why they caught him and not me

This shit ain't always what it seem

When they changing the regime
So wake me from this crazy dream
Living in the war machine

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Ship me off to war

Joined Uncle Sam as soon as I turned 18 (Oh no no no)
Try to wash my hands, never gonna get them clean (Oh no no no)
Follow my command, do or die ain't no in between (Oh no no no)
Try to wash my hands never gonna get them clean

PTSD PTSD
I might
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Fuck around and start world war 3.

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