

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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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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