

## Your Military

Icons of Filth

There's a soldier marching down the street  
There's a couple more in the army jeep  
Their guns are loaded - ready to kill  
They can stuff their discipline  
Rank and drill  
You carry your gun like they do in the movies  
You think you're great but you're just a phoney  
They've got you brainwashed to think to kill  
You wouldn't have done it but now you will

Chorus:

You're military  
You're military  
You've got a uniform and stripes on your arm  
You're military  
You're military  
And you die like pigs in your battlefield abattoir

You gouge straw men in bayonet practice  
Well men ain't straw and knives aren't plastic  
You learn to drive tanks  
False targets you hit  
But once you're in the battlefield  
You'll know your face don't fit  
But you look alright in your camouflage jacket  
Gun in hand, grenade in pocket  
Yeah! You look alright with your tommy gun  
Remember? You used to play with one when you were young

Chorus:

Now you play war with real bullets  
At your back theres a guy  
And he's gonna let you have it  
Now there's no asking why  
You signed some papers  
That made you a 'butt' for the enemy  
You've run out of luck  
They've made you a scapegoat to carry their dreams  
They think it's a game but it ends up in screams

Tattered khaki in foreign mud  
For the world war cameras and lovers of blood  
Rifle with bayonet fixed by his side  
His 'glory' permitted  
But his life, denied.