

False Flags

Primal Scream

My name is McDonald, I'm from a small town in Scotland
Like my fathers before me, I would've gone down the mines
But the war against the Unions, destroyed our communion
When I came of age there was no work to be found

I left school aged sixteen, couldn't hold down a job
For more than a few weeks
A friend of a friend told me I should apply
For a career in the Army, "You'll be set up for life"

I went down to the office, put my name on the list
Recruiting Sergeant said "we'll make a man of you yet"
With rifles and bullets and bayonets they taught me
The ways of a soldier, in my innocence they caught me

Proud of my Regiment, uniform and gun
Swore an oath of allegiance to the Crown
I was so proud to serve, salute and enlist
To give my life for the country of my birth

False flags are flying
Young men are dying
For a cause that means nothing
Just a trick on our souls

They sold me a lie, like many others I bought it
They conjured a war, I served and I fought it
Sowed murder in cities, mountains and deserts
The lucky ones stayed there, some came home blind and legless

Out on patrol, we found a boy named Mohammed
He shook like a wee frightened bird
An Officer said "let's play Russian Roulette"
We hooded the boy, put a gun to his head

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When I came home there was no work to be found
No qualifications, Fourth grade education
Now I drink through the days, so that when night-time comes
I won't think of the things that I saw and I done

I took off my uniform, threw it in the bin
For it could not protect me from the demons within
From the war that is raging inside my head
If this is living, I'd be better off dead

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While false flags keep flying and mothers keep crying
No more will their young men come home anymore