

## War

Rebeka

My son died from the war  
And your sons died from the war  
Two days ago  
And you must know  
My son died two years ago  
What can I say  
Well I'm just standing still  
In my corn field

He lost his gun  
He lost his sword  
He hit the ground  
He hit the ground  
Quite easily

Gone  
You have my word  
He hit the ground  
He lost his crown  
Hope he's busy