

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