Who am I to say what's right or wrong?
But who are you to pull the trigger on their enemies?
Young man joined the front lines to still his stormy soul
Now all that's left are the memories of old

They all fall down
Some won't survive
Trying to escape
The memory of what they became

"I tried hard to be proud of my service, but all I could feel w as shame. Racism could no longer mask the reality of the occupa tion. These were people, these were human beings. I feel guilt anytime I see a mother with her children, like the one who cried hysterically, and screamed that we're worse than Saddam, as we forced her from her home. I feel guilt anytime I see a young girl, like the one I grabbed by the arm, and dragged into the street. We were told we were fighting terrorists... the real terrorist was me, and the real terrorism was this occupation."

Who am I to say what's right or wrong?
But who are you to pull the trigger on their enemies?
Young man joined the front lines to still his stormy soul
Now all that's left are the memories of war

They all fall down
Some won't survive
Trying to escape
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"While all those weapons are created and owned by this governme nt, they are harmless without people willing to use them. Those who send us to war, do not have to pull the trigger, or lob a mortar round; they do not have to fight the war, they merely ha ve to sell the war. They need a public who's willing to send th eir soldiers into harm's way. They need soldiers who are willing to kill and be killed, without question. Soldiers, sailors, m arines, airmen have nothing to gain from this occupation. The v ast majority of people living in the U.S. have nothing to gain from this occupation. In fact, not only do we have nothing to g ain but we suffer more because of it. We lose limbs, endure tra uma and give our lives. Our families have to watch the goldier online! draped coffins lowered into the earth."