

40 Dead Men

The Cold Stares

I got a letter
Not feeling better
Seven ways to kill your brother
I got to get home before I kill another

Forty men dead, shot in the head
Forty men dead, fields of red

Calling the captain
I need a way back home
Quartermaster, heed my words
I'm gonna burn these fields like the streets of Rome

Forty men dead, shot in the head
Forty men dead, fields of red

Well, I laid down my rifle
And I laid down my sword
And I ain't gonna fight your war
Not anymore
Said I laid down my pistol
And I swore to my lord
I ain't gonna fight their war
Not anymore
Oh, I ain't gonna fight your war
Not anymore