

## World War

The Cure

Dressed in Berlin black  
I was only playing  
Disguise my words to fool you  
From what I was saying  
Mud trench  
Meat stench  
The fatherland is looking on  
Grip you in a luger lock  
This will be the big one

World war  
No one would believe me  
No one's a winner  
No one's a loser  
Just a dead friend

Heaven heaven  
Give me pride  
Give me a golden hand  
Smash them with an iron rule  
Spit them out like sand  
Sit and wait  
Then run like hell  
Run like hell one time again  
Sow the seeds of hate  
Underneath destruction

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