

# Touching the Enemy

Tub Ring

There is a field where things will grow  
Between a stream and plots of mud  
And in this field the grass will thrive  
When the rain cleans off the blood

Oh, the orders have been given explicitly  
I know their aim is true  
I'd fire back but I've been touching the enemy  
And any old thing won't do

There is a field where we will meet  
Under a clear judgmental sky  
And when it's time we understand  
It is a time when men will die

All of your cities  
Are blocking our sun  
You know the rules  
(Now orders are orders)  
So kill everyone  
(Kill everyone)

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And any old thing won't do

There is a face, I see it now  
His only goal is not to fail  
And from behind I held him close  
Until I heard his last exhale

My weapon is perfect  
But the safety is on  
Going, going, going, going  
(Going, going, going, going)  
Going, going, going, going, gone  
Gone!

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