

THE GAME OF WAR

Chorus:

Chessboard battlefield anything goes
All's fair they don't care everyone knows
Diplomats sittin' back order you to die
Another brave little soldier doesn't ask why
Put bullets in the air drop bombs from the sky
Laws of the game cause him to comply
The cost of the loss the price of the game
The game never changes it just stays the same

Play with death and pain
Slay or be the slain
For honor for power for personal gain

Scores of young men toss themselves to the flame
Homosapien creatures bare the mark of Cain
Rocket propelled grenades blow apart your brain

Thanks for playin' the prize is a folded flag
If you come back alive at least you get to brag

But you're not really whole
Cause the game took control
This competition swallows the player's soul
The player might survive but the game takes it toll

Kill people and stay alive is the basic goal
Poker faced politicians don't know when to fold.

Chorus

Gambling with human life like throwing a pair of dice
And you gotta pay to play so ante up cause here's the price
Broken minds unspoken crimes unseen global crises
Civilian body counts and antipersonnel devices

Friendly fire barbed wire bullets rip into your flesh
Shellshock flashback posttraumatic stress

A letter of condolence mailed to your home address
Holding a fellow player while he's bleeding from the chest
You know he's gonna die but your hoping for the best

Kill more and die less
Cause the house takes all
In this contest of human chess the game pieces fall

And they never get up
Cause it's all just a setup up
Gunfire never let up and the king goes unseen
The pawns do the dirty work so his hands are clean

Surviving in the game just to play another day
The rules are the same, kill or get blown away

Chorus

Kill or be killed
Shoot or be shot
Still or be stilled
Fight or be fought
Pawn or be pawned
Play or be played
Bomb or be bombed
Prey or be prey
Take or get took
Shake or get shook
Lose or be lost
This is the cost

Answer the beckoning call
Dancin' with death and they fall
Crimson carols sung from the barrels of guns
And the treads of their tanks
Leave the dead in their ranks
Official letters of thanks

Government martyrs in wooden boxes
Botolonin toxins
GI's end up like Christopher Walkken
Incapable of talking
And the bombs they droppin ain't stoppin'

When did this game begin?
Before man was war waited for him
The justification of sin
Ends justify the means
Stars and stripes on the seams

Machiavellian shrouds
Orwellian clouds
And the days of darkness dawning

The gamekeeper can't control who the game is pawning
A new breed of man is spawning for the final round
Let's put it all on the line
Let's battle for whats left and leave nothing behind

So the memory of this game will totally define our time
In defining our time mark the end of an era
The last days of mankind on the planet terra

Kill or be killed
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Fight or be fought
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Take or get took
Shake or get shook
Lose or be lost
This is the cost

Answer the beckoning call
Dancin' with death and they fall

Cost of the loss
The price of the game
The cost of the loss
Is just the price of the game
The cost of the loss
Is the price of the game
The game never changes it just stays the same

Chorus