

# Friendly Fire

Funker Vogt

Within a few seconds their jets came over the hill  
Strafing the soldiers raining fire on their people  
An unintended sacrifice of their own lives  
The soldiers at the front -killed by their own nationThey all died in friendly fire  
And the flames are rising higher  
They are here to hold the ground  
To defend what they have foundA casualty list in the news will be a helpful tool  
Creating fear and hatred supporters of a war  
A necessary means to an end killing their own soldiers  
Publicity for a new war - to get all the voters

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>