

We've got a message for the D.O.D.
We've come to question their integrity
Eyes opened and bodies charred
We're turning in our values cards

No heart and all of the power
They smoke cigars in the Victory Tower
Never ever had to pay their dues
Tax collectors dressed in ACUs

So lost in your dementia
This world is out to get you
How will you ever find your way back home?

Stop-lossed for your retention

Guess they forgot to mention
Once you're in country you can never go home

A young widow puts her son to bed
Too young to know that his daddy is dead
He joined the Guard for the G.I. Bill
Now he's a number on Capitol Hill

How could we ever let it go this far?
The lonely target of an S&R
Blood stains on his uniform
His body's cold, but his gun is still warm