

We act on animal instinct
Survival of the primitive
Invade your camp, then set up a perimeter
Interrogate the prisoner, ransack your residence
Order from the President to document this evidence
Company commander, this is my version of capital
Punishment scars from carving out shards of shrapnel
Attacking with passion, the movement of murderous intimate
In hand to hand combat or atomic bombs that disintegrate
Let me reiterate, in a state of neurosis
A license to kill, plus an expert with explosives
Assult forces, feel the shell shock
Section eight sounds great, give me a cell block
As sure as hells hot, I'd rather go there
Crouched down, jungle fatigue, guerrilla warfare
On watch, think about the bullets I've dodged
Light a smoke and post it up for the night in camouflage

I make my face stick with paint stick
Todays the dawn of the infected insect
Bees, butterflies, beetles, and panzer dragons
There's danger of ganzes in roaming in my squadron
We hate them all, that's why we made the eight ball
The milk and water tastes like typhoid and protocall
Sleep deprivation, magic carpet bombing ride
Talking to my gas mask, walking down the thin red line
You're currently tuned in to NBC
The only channel that you get is from my M-16
Unlace my boots and place my troops
I'm more terrified of mosquitoes than I am of the paratroops
I'm in the shitbox, reading Alfred Hitchcock
Five minutes later I'm bleeding out my snot box
I see the witch doc, he says it's rice grains
Dropped from airplanes, sprayed with anthrax
Operation Peking, take the ground back
It's found in brown rats
And in the toilet paper issued in your ruck sack
Agent N, Agent X, before fade to black
Camoflage

["Military Minded" scratch]