

Caught in the Crossfire

The Berzerker

Shoot one of them, one of us
Another hit in the chest
Stare them down
Torn between, burying my friends

War can be a peaceful place
Fallen soldiers everywhere
Guns spray the hate towards you
Time and time again

Throw your pride away
It's dispensable
Before you pull the trigger on yourself

Lost and confused
Can't think clearly
Thoughts of home are
Running through your head

No more goodbyes
Prepping the trigger and
Sending the pain... the pain
Forced into so called shame
There mission
Under... Under, order they obey

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