

Warmongers, kill yourselves  
Demonstrate the power of the product  
That you're trying to sell  
Gun wavers, shoot yourselves  
Make a big hole in your head with a shiny shell

What's wrong with that kind of vision?  
What's wrong with that kind of world?  
If I suffered less from indecision  
I'd stand on that platform myself

Chickenhawks, there's a cell  
Down in hell, where you may fight aswell

If I may paraphrase John Lennon  
Why fill this world with more pain and fear?  
To every budding Mark Chapman  
I offer these words most sincere

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Do it yourself