

W.M.D.s (Weapons of Mass Deception)

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"IT'S A RICH MAN'S WAR AND A POOR MAN'S FIGHT -
JUST A METAPHOR FOR MAN'S DARKEST NIGHT.
WHEN THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED JUST WHO STOOD TO GAIN,
WOULD THE ONES WHO CHEERED, NOW CARE TO EXPLAIN?"

DID SOMEONE PROFIT AFTER I WAS KILLED,
SOMEHOW BENEFIT WHEN MY BLOOD WAS SPILLED.
WAS IT FOR 'FREEDOM' - ON SOME FOREIGN SOIL,
OR DID WE NEED 'EM TO GIVE UP THE OIL?

WHAT WAS THE REASON THAT I WENT TO WAR -
THAT KILLING SEASON - WHAT WAS I FIGHTING FOR?
DO THE PEOPLE KNOW WHY I HAD TO GO?
DID WE "STRIKE A BLOW", OR JUST OVERTURN,

ONE "EVIL REGIME" TO INSTALL ANOTHER -
WAS IT JUST A "SCHEME" WE WILL DISCOVER?
FOLLOW THE MONEY! SEE WHO STOOD TO GAIN
FROM DIS-HARMONY, IT WILL ASCERTAIN.

WHEN A TRILLION BUCKS HAS SOMEHOW BEEN SPENT,
FOLLOW ARMORED TRUCKS TO SEE WHERE IT WENT
WHEN A TRILLION BUCKS HAS BEEN EXPENDED,
AND THEY SAY "OH SHUCKS!" - HOW DID THEY SPEND.

NOT PATRIOTIC? - MATERIAL GAIN?
WOULD BE PSYCHOTIC, CAUSING SO MUCH PAIN.
THEY SAY "OOPS! MY BAD." W.M.D.s
WERE NOT IN BAGHDAD ... BUT THOSE MAFKADIES

That those folks once had, namely, THE Saddam
 who was 'oh so bad' for ALL ISLAM
 ER... RER... Um - He's gone,
 'Mission Accomplished!'

By the way - That land, now covered with blood,
 hope you understand, before Noah's flood
 held Eden's Garden - So scriptures relay.
 "I beg your pardon, what did you just say?"

Where Abel was slain, near Naseriah,
 by his brother Cain, that first pariah.
 Where the blood cried out 'from beneath the ground,
 there can be no doubt it was heaven bound.

But the echo's here - whispered ^{IN} my head
 And that voice is clear - it fills me with dread.

"Where was my brother, where was my keeper?"
 Who will discover the real grim reaper?
 What of my mother - did I cause her pain?
 Tell her I love her - that love will remain.

Was my 'enemy' just a man like me
 with a family - only twenty-three.
 I was much too young - I was fancy free,
 like a song 'un-sung' - what a tragedy.

Tell my fiancée not to cry too much
 we have yesterday - she will read just
 And the memories of the times we shared,
 are embroideries of that love declared.

LIKE A TAPESTRY - AN IMMORTAL SCROLL
FOR ETERNITY, HUNG UPON MY SOUL...

IT'S A RICH MAN'S WAR AND A POOR MAN'S FIGHT
AND A METAPHOR FOR MAN'S DARKEST NIGHTS.
NOT PATRIOTIC? - JUST MATERIAL GAIN?
WOULD BE PSYCHOTIC CAUSING SO MUCH PAIN

WITH GUIDED MISSILES AND MIS-GUIDED MEN
WARSHIPS BRISTLE LIKE A LION'S DEN.
LIKE RAINING FIRE - FROM A CLOUD BLUE SKY,
A FUNERAL PYRE - STROKED A MILE HIGH...

SO MUCH DESTRUCTION... WHAT A TRAGEDY,
AN INTRODUCTION TO DEMOCRACY,
YES - DEMOCRACY - SENT TO FOREIGN HANDS
FOR THEIR 'LIBERTY' - BY OUR BLOODY HANDS.

I WANDER IF THEY APPRECIATE IT?
DO YOU THINK THEY SAY - 'WE'RE LIBERATED!'
JUST A RICH MAN'S WAR AND A POOR MAN'S FIGHT.
A BAD METAPHOR FOR MAN'S DARKEST NIGHTS

"Why, my fellow Americans, is there any man
here or any woman - let me say, is there
any child here - who does not know that
the seed of war in the modern world
is commercial and industrial rivalry."
WOODROW WILSON 9/5/1919

Sad to say, some things never change -
Gary