

Killing Ground

Funker Vogt

They do the things all soldiers do
While they're waiting to die
Writing letters to their friends
That will never be delivered
They have dreams about escaping
Getting away underneath the fence
And being, once more reunited
With their families and friends
Chorus:
Sitting calmly in the barracks
From where they watch the guards
Standing at the main gate
Smoking and playing cards
But this remains just wishful thinking
Deep inside they all know
There's no escape from this place
A dead end is as far as they can go

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