Good King Whence His Loss

Bring on more stop-loss, they say, We'll just keep them coming. Forty thousand Hith-er, Chi-na, stand by me. Gosh, we owe you mooney! Help us feed the Fun-ny how it works, you know: War games make you hun-gry. Give your kid a Good O-ba-ma, hear us out, Though the choice is cru-el. Hope and Change you

troops de-ploy noth-ing too al-arming. P T S D does not show, Drones are like a war ma-chine and we'll call you "ho-ney!" We must bomb Af- gha-nis-tan. War-lords are a vi-de-o Soon he'll drive a hum-vee. Fill the hills with tar-gets missed, Hit the kids and talked a-bout, Not more blood for fu-el. Ter-ro-riz-zem feeds on fear, Their re-cruits are
game, Ho! When an I E D ex-plodes, We'll re-pair the road__ dan-ger, Spil-ling in-to Pa-ki-stan, Strange-love ever stran-ger. grand-mas. Soon on Af-ghans' Christ-mas List: Guns for an-gry far-mers!
vic-tims. Vi-o-rence breeds vi-o-ence. War won't change that dic-tum.