

Iron and blood,  
Iron and blood,  
And young men who die with their face in the mud,  
Butter and guns,  
Butter and guns,  
We're worse when we measure munitions in tons.

Young and the old,  
Young and the old,  
And the hordes in their helmets that do as they're told,  
Rich and the poor,  
Rich and the poor,  
And police who all laugh at the death by their door.

Heat and the rage,  
Heat and the rage,  
Of the trodden who're down to the last burning page,  
Berries with cream,  
Berries with cream,  
A promise by upstarts with gleaming bright dreams.

Fighting to win,  
Fighting to win,  
But it's too soon to see which new way it'll spin,  
Iron and blood,  
Iron and blood,  
And an old man who died with his face in the mud.