

Bonegrinder 1916

Cryptic Wintermoon

The smell of poison gas - fills the air
No need to search for death - he will find you there

Soil drained with blood - cities pulverized
Dead bodies twisted - humans carbonized
Bonegrinder - grinding bones - eating them alive
Spitting them out dead - no one will survive

War is the only answer
My gun spreads bullets like cancer

Bombs like rain - day and night - moving out - suicide
Death angels - from the sky - descent from hell - thousands die

Machinegun fire - detonations - rifle rounds - devastation
Grinding bones - artillery shell - draining blood - here is hell
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Fire, roaring thunder - will be my coming signs
Planting death and havoc - among the defense lines

Thousand bodies - lay ripped and torn
The sound of cannon fire - roars like thunderstorm

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