

Hill 112

Dismember

Hill 112

Internal tension erupt in war a proud nation is no more
Under siege four long years blood flows with a million
tears

Limit of endurance, civilian dance macabre
Existence of misery, sorrow filled destiny
Broken glass under children's foot
Rivers run red with the blood of the dead

Unseen troops in disguise in positions high above
The hills have eyes, waten you die, sniper the ends of
your Life

Massacre of innocent, targets of opportunity
Hunt the soon to be dead

Run for cover, run for life someone got you in their
sight
The all seeing sniper scope terminate survival hope