

Back from the War

Grave Digger

Bloody legs and bloody hands
Bloody necks and bloody heads
A smell of sulphur lays over me
A smell of mould also too

What I see, I know it's true
A battlefield, strewed with dead bodies
Awful sight, please give me peace
Deliver me from evil's work

Is it a dream or is it real
Is it illusion or reality
I'm a man
Not an armed murderer
I must leave this state of terror
I must run far, far away
Please hear my call, I must leave now
I tell no lies that's not a joke

Back from the war
Lay down to the ground
Back from the war
Lay down to the ground

You don't believe, so march to fight
You're gonna die like the other men
I'm a man
Not a devil's soldier
I'm a man
Not an armed murderer
I must leave this state of terror
I must run far, far away
Please let us live, live without war
Please keep the peace, the peace of the world