

To the Last Breath of Man and Beast

Hail of Bullets

Ever onwards goes the spook division.
The Blitzkrieg upon France now unleashed.
Strike with clenched fist not with open palm,
to the last breath of man and beast.

[guitar lead: Paul]

Critical the Arras infiltration,
matildas withstanding German Pak.
Efficient in its horizontal modus,
losses mounted by destructive Flak.

Standing in full vision over the Somme,
Inspiring soldiers to the maximum.
Splinters whistling, danger ignored.
Pointing out targets, leading the horde.
Regrouping forces in rectangular box.
Flachenmarsch manoeuvre, passing roadblocks.

Through trackless fields, movement unopposed.
Reaching the Channel, 'Am at coast.'

Racing on towards the Cherbourg structures.
Heavy bombings on the fortresses.
Six weeks war ends in flame and smoke.
Surrender follows after armistice.