

Blood Warrior

Illnath

Your face buried in dirt not yours but theirs
Just like this war it's not yours but theirs
You will be waiting in your ditch when they come
Hoping to survive though they told you
They win some they lose some

Death marches on, death betrays all
Death marches on, blood warrior

They shot your friends took your mind now you're gone
Slowly feeling the blood taking over no need to stay strong
Careless painless stainless
You will be forever and whenever you need
Not knowing wrong from right they win some they lose some

Death marches on, death betrays all
Death marches on, blood warrior

When they come you need to pull the trigger
When they come you will be the one to pull the trigger