

Trench Tactics

Jungle Rot

Waves of our finest soldiers, their bayonets are raised
Crawling through the bloodstained furrows, inhuman death maze
Into a maelstrom of fire leading to near-certain death
Endure prolonged bombardment, the casualties immense

Glory! Quick and painless
Over the top.. Trench tactics

Stalemate struggle maintains, no chance to overcome
Hot shrapnel fragmentation, the mind has gone totally numb
Dispatched to no mans land, straight into enemy fire
Bullet-soaked bodies of comrades entangled in barbed wire

Glory! Quick and painless
Over the top Trench tactics

Down in the trench, I lay there shaking
Wounded, psychologically breaking

Well aware, my next breath could be my last
I ponder all of the deeds from my past
Needless slaughter in appalling conditions
Worn down by a battle of attrition
Stinking corpses embrace my body
My resting place has been prearranged for me

Deep in the ditch, my body aching
Left for dead, my life forsaken
Realize that I never had a chance
I hope and pray my platoon can advance
Distant screams from fallen soldiers
Gunned down, but the lines are bolstered
One more corpse among the casualties
My resting place has been prearranged for me

Glory! Quick and painless
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