

## Full Frontal Assault

### Massacra

The gathering smell of rottenness  
Is cutting through my brain  
Slicing up my friends  
And then killing the pain  
Gathered here together for our final day  
Never ending strain  
Fighting tooth and nail  
Short on munitions  
The say <sup>3</sup>War is hell<sup>2</sup>  
Slaughtered for the objective  
In the thick of the battle  
Going on an onslaught  
In a desperate struggle  
Blind suicide, pain and suffering  
On the other side  
There is no reason why  
In this viscious circle  
Surely one will die  
War cry fix bayonets  
In the face of death  
No time for regrets  
The brunt of the attack  
Full frontal assault  
Suicidal rampage  
Families !  
Corpses strewn upon the battle fields  
Memories !  
An old wound never heals  
The gathering smell of rottenness  
Is cutting through my brain  
Slicing up my friends  
And then killing the pain  
Gathered here together for our final day  
Political corrupts and hypocrites  
And fanatical religiousness  
Commit us to die for who<sup>1</sup>s country ?  
So who is the real enemy  
Puppet<sup>1</sup>s and leader<sup>1</sup>s  
And pawn<sup>1</sup>s in the game  
Victim<sup>1</sup>s of the high command  
Sacrificed in vain  
Full frontal assault  
Suicidal rampage  
Life is too serious to take seriously  
<sup>3</sup>Greg Conan<sup>2</sup>