

# Betrayed Battalion

Metal Inquisitor

Like a shadow of my past life, the years, like grains of sand  
The blood shed at the front line, the brave, their last stand  
Should we fulfill the body count, to pay the butchers bill?  
Could it be intention, could it be gods will?  
It begins, to dawn on me, the order is a despite!

We are lost, betrayed!

Pounding guns are growing louder, we all must take the blame  
A hidden metal warlord crashing down in sheets of flame  
Should we fulfill the body count, to pay the butchers bill?  
Could it be intention, could it be gods will?  
It begins, to dawn on me, the order is a despite!

We are lost, betrayed!

I see soldiers slain, splashed to the four winds  
I stagger through, agonized, expecting nothing but death  
Should we fulfill the body count, to pay the butchers bill?  
Could it be intention, could it be gods will?  
It begins, to dawn on me, the order is a despite!

We are lost, betrayed!