

Pawns Of War

Miracle Of Sound

Across the savage skies
And through the fissures in the fields
The rumble of the engines
And the trundle of the wheels
Through hell and horror trudge
And yet our spirits never yield
Will they sing of these forsaken pawns of war?

Hoist the flags, hold the lines
Lessons ever lost to time
Now we sing for you
Departed pawns of war

My Bonnie lays afar
Upon a lonely eiderdown
While I dream of rats and tar
Within my burrow in the ground
Infernal gaping scar
Of boiling mud and thundering sound
They won't sing of this forsaken pawn of war

Hoist the flags, hold the lines
Lessons ever lost to time
Now we sing for you
Departed pawns of war

Death on the dunes
We feed the deserts
Blood of the empires
On the sand

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