

The Grind

Miracle Of Sound

I was born a simple man
Educated just to fight
But I got soul, I got conviction
And a will to put things right

We lived our lives on grinding metal
For our people we have bled
We take comfort in the rhythm of machine guns spinning lead

Grind for the dawn!
Backbone and brawn
Survive as the last of our kind
Cause the way out is through
Kickback's long overdue
Grab your gear, grab your gun
Join the grind!

GRIND!

To my friends and fallen brothers
You have offered us a chance
To build a future from the wreckage
In this desolate expanse

We won't let this world forget you
We got so much here to mend
You were soldiers for a while but you'll be brothers to the end

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Survive as the last of our kind
Cause the way out is through
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GRIND!

We didn't stop cause we were brothers in blood now...
We'll meet again now at the end of the line...

Grind for the dawn!
Backbone and brawn
Survive as the last of our kind
Cause the way out is through
Kickback's long overdue
Grab your gear, grab your gun
Join the grind!

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