

# The Crucible

Motorpsycho

In the hours before the fire rained down  
And turned the evening into day  
All was quiet, all was so serene  
And all our thoughts were far away  
With our loved ones, with our families  
A future in a better world  
With the hope that this all would make sense  
Our hearts jumped when the flags unfurled

Not a breeze, not a breath, not a sigh  
All so tense, all so sacred, all stand-by

We were young immortal patriots  
Proudly marching off to war  
In our mind's eye we were heroes all  
We couldn't see what lay in store  
We all saw ourselves on the battlefields  
Proud, with tombstones in our eyes  
Not in this muddy hell of hopelessness  
Paws just waiting round to die

Not a breeze, not a breath, not a sigh  
All so tense, all so sacred, all stand-by

What a waste, what an awful aftertaste  
A travesty embraced  
Soldiers cry but still wait around to die  
Believers in the biggest lie

The never ending awe-inspiring endless nameless grind  
The smell, the mud, the hope you never thought you'd have to find

The endless drone of shelling every day and every night  
And knowing only more wrong ever could make this be right

You keep your head down, and pray to god and hope he hears your voice  
Through drumfire roaring, that makes it feel like your head will explode  
You see your brother disintegrate and rot before your eyes  
You dream of home and you wish you were back there safe and dry

The barrage it left us deaf and blind  
I never heard the whistle blow  
But I followed where the others lead  
Alive with patriotic glow  
In a dream machine guns opened up  
Mowing like the devils scythe  
I saw my peers, my generation fall  
In the mud I watched them die

Not a breeze, not a breath, not a sigh  
All so tense, all so sacred, all stand-by  
To hope, to pray, to wait around to die

No breeze, no life, no breath  
All gone, all gone, all dead  
No breeze, no life, no breath  
All gone, all gone, all dead