One lonely Man Picked despite his Will To fight for his Country Supposedly Born and Bred to Kill He was afraid to Die To Kill, or to Fight He had the Love of Jesus Blinded by the Light You'll Fight or Die So Dominate, you can't Hide It's Do or Die, before it's too Late Far away from Home, his Mission Is to Kill, there is no Sanctuary, for the Coward's Spiteful will, all others they Will follow, the Leaders of the Pack Death is their Future in this World The Leaders Scream Attack You'll Fight or Die So Dominate, you can't Hide It's Do or Die, before it's too Late Smell of Death grows Stronger As Blood begins to Flow Every man's a Hunter And to Kill is all they know War Machines keep Pushing Metal falls like Rain Stench of Bodies Burning This man has reached his End This man's war he Lost And no one's felt the Pain No mercy and no Sorrow Only Countries Gained But far away from home, his Mission was to kill Still no Sanctuary, for the Cowards Spiteful Will You'll Fight or Die So Dominate, you can't Hide It's Do or Die, before it's too Late