

Napalm

The Crimson Armada

You can only hold your breath so long
Staring down the length of your lifeline alone
You've put a price on your neck
Loading the last of your ammo
This streak of deceit ends now

I've got five names in the grave
You've got every reason to be alarmed
When you see the fire in my eyes
You'll know that it's the napalm

You'll know that it's the napalm
Strike!
You'll know that it's the napalm
Strike!

This is every man for himself
There's no cowards way out
This is every man for himself

This is every man for himself
There's no time to waste
The next time you take a second to blink
You'll wake up to sky and 30 rounds in the face
There's no time to breathe
Every passing second is seconds closer to you bleeding
I've got to clear my head
This is a match to the death
No turning back when
It is every man for himself

Your numbers up
I've got the blood of eleven on my hands
Time to sit back
And watch the dogs tear apart the flesh of every man

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Napalm Strike!
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