

## Dry Bones

Witchery

From the watch I can see them all  
Precious, living things  
One by one, they each will fall  
Food for the worms...  
... and good deeds for the dead unsung

Arrow's head, tread of the tank  
Human flesh for the wolves of war  
Piece by piece the machine will eat  
In what god's name should we kill for?

So cold and clean  
And white as death  
These bleached, dry bones... are all that's left

Into the fire of the enemy line  
For faith or flag, they're ready to die  
Flash of the blade, a twist of the knife  
Sends them to their grave and the afterlife

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And white as death  
These bleached, dry bones... are all that's left  
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Crack of the whip, the Behemoth screams  
Annihilation time for the pawns of war  
Snap their necks, burn their flesh  
An addition to the heap of deeds that are these bones  
That are these bones

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