

The acrid stench of rotten flesh travels fast
Along the muddy earth
The corpses dangle sickly from the razor wire
Us against them, the rain and the rats
Waiting to die, wounded mounting in piles of
Moaning, writhing, wasting life
Nightmares spawned by endless explosions
Young and old recruits scramble over the top
Insanity now we survive, inhumanity the rule of life
No defense and all alone
We fall in groups eventually one by one

Contorted view of survival and loss
A horrid reminder in that smell
We have no relief until a leave
That always seems so far away

Burn Massacrion Run

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Burn Massacrion Run
Hide Massacrion Die

The nightmare

The king considers not his pawns
He worries instead of his reign
Both sides have their rooks and knights
And the bishops and queen sit back and laugh

We die for nothing
We die for no one
No one will remember
No one will care at all