

## Massacrion

## Axis of Advance

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

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

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

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