

Pro Patria Mori

Black Comedy

Have I no thoughts nor sympathy?
Am I ready to kill my enemy?
Gun clutched in my fist
Why do I put my life at risk?

Stand tall, and fight with grace
Today, its death you'll face
Neither way you'll climb that wall
For thy country you'll live or fall

Control? What self-esteem?
Today, no one will win
See the light, I just dig down
A shallow grave upon this ground

Fields lie, fields lie cold of men's souls, freedoms fall
Fields lie, fields lie cold of men's souls, freedoms fall

Soldier! Hold thy ground
Commanded by the proud
With every life you're willing to take
Wars are to be won, you're here to annihilate

Down cold, no time to run
Look up, your time has come
Seal the fate of those who die
Pro patria mori, I live the lie

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So it's this you call GLORY?
Up until this day I'll be sorry...

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