

## 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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