

Frozen Pain

Burden Of Grief

Nights dark face of spoil shines bright
Over the fields of our hateful war
I feel weary and sick
Fear nothing but death

I want to break out to quit and surrender
Master's rotten voice
Commands and guides me

My thoughts drift away
Certain warmth touches my mind
Last summers souvenirs
Memories of faded days

I feel the chilly winds of death
Creeping up my back
and taking control of me

When the night falls down on me
I hear the screams of death
When the cold wind touches my face
I smell the seents of death
I can smell it, I can hear it
I can see it, I can feel

Now its our time to fight
Shells and balls of fire
Leading us to our grave
Maybe just some yards ahead

I stumble my way through the mixture
Of barbed wire and blood
I forget to think, to react or to fight
Waves of soldiers rise and fall

The last thing I feel
Is the frozen pain of death
Opening me the gates
Of Satan's glowing hell