

## 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