

Tales From The Trenches

Cryptic Wintermoon

With the night comes the silence no cannons roar
But still far from peaceful this is war
Cries of all the wounded screaming for hours until they die
Crouched down in this trench of mud always asking why

And we believed in all those lies dying in fields with shining
sunlight
Dying for our beloved fatherland
Constant death blinds my eyes kills my mind
It is hell on earth that we find

Pain pain so much pain clouds are crying endless rain
I think that it will never stop again
Pictures burned in my mind never to forget
This is all that is left from the life I had

I can remember back seems like an age ago
The weapons call
We were young we did not know
What was waiting for us all

Suddenly out of nowhere the attack begins
Flashing detonations roaring sound
Hear the hissing of the gas grenades
Donning the gasmask blood and dying all around

Enemy like living dead out of the night
I pull the trigger
Killing all that come in sight
Without remorse

Killing firing living dying

In the end cannot win
Sing the song that dead men sing
Dying in the mud in the rain
End of life end of pain

Mercy came to me as a sudden death best gift you can ever have
No fields of gold no sunlight cold and night
No one to hold my dying hand no one to care
Only me and my old friend death he is always there