

No Faith

Defeater

It can be heard
In every man, every bullet, every shell
In every word, ink and pen
Every family torn, every post marked stamp wishing them well

I'm a man of no faith
But I'm familiar with hell

It can be seen
On every kid scared to death
The wear and the pain on their face

We march on into snow, into rain
Our friends and our holes and our early graves

I'm a man of no faith
But I'm familiar with hell