

## Hill 112

Dismember

Hill 112

Internal tension erupt in war a proud nation is no more  
Under siege four long years blood flows with a million  
tears

Limit of endurance, civilian dance macabre  
Existence of misery, sorrow filled destiny  
Broken glass under children's foot  
Rivers run red with the blood of the dead

Unseen troops in disguise in positions high above  
The hills have eyes, waten you die, sniper the ends of  
your Life

Massacre of innocent, targets of opportunity  
Hunt the soon to be dead

Run for cover, run for life someone got you in their  
sight  
The all seeing sniper scope terminate survival hope