

Trail of the Dead

Dismember

The howl of artillery passes overhead
Trailing tongues of fire, spelling certain death
Counter battery bursts raining down on positions
The steel inferno reaps its deadly harvest

I walk among the corpses of the fallen
Fingers curled into claws of rigor mortis

The wall of fire creeping closer
An infernal crescendo that seems not to end

We left a trail of ten thousand dead
I still hear their screams in my head

Feel the caress of hot lead
Fighting a battle we can't win

Hot steel ripping through young flesh
Our numbers are growing thin

Nowhere to run nowhere to go
Wading through human remains
Comrades in pieces friends cut to shreds
The violence of warfare we start to comprehend