

## 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