

# Brothers In Arms

## Famous Last Words

The fire falls down from the sky!  
The order's in,  
And we'll be bringing them the fight.  
God bless my brother back home with my father,  
Give me the strength to beat this night.

Sweat, ache, blistering heat,  
Pain in each step I take with my bleeding feet.  
This air it's so hard to breathe,  
Through the dust and the smoke and the torrid debris.

Marching forward, towards the murder

These homes are breaking,  
The ground and the walls are shaking,  
I hear children cry.  
No time for goodbyes,  
So I hold my head high,  
As the fire falls down from the sky.

Fire falls down from the sky!

And the blast consumes,  
Fire ignites and burns our flesh,  
As we face our doom,  
Never to see our homes again.

And we struggle and we strive,  
In the fight to stay alive,  
And the hope that we'll survive,  
Will we make it through the night.  
I'll be going down, but I'll take them out.

Insurgents are all around,  
They're burning the world to the ground.  
But if I'm going down, I will take them out.

Slums these poor homes,  
Are now our war zones.  
Together we're marching forward,  
Towards the murder.

These homes are breaking,  
The ground and the walls are shaking,  
I hear children cry.  
No time for goodbyes,  
So I hold my head high,  
As the fire falls down from the sky.

My brothers beside me (beside me),  
Are strong and not one is breaking.  
We stand side by side.  
We fight or we die, and we hold our heads high,  
As the fire falls down from the sky.

We die,  
We fight or we die.

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