

# Storm The Beaches

Fozzy

[I - Prologue:]

It's June 6, 1944  
I turned 19 two days before  
Pride and bravery I can't ignore  
Representing my country in this World War

[II - Eisenhower's Letter:]

The Great Crusade Eisenhower decrees  
To bring an end to the Nazi war machine  
Eliminate the German demon seed  
Insuring that the Lord's free world stays free

True honor and glory I'll receive  
When I protect the USA  
My Mother will be so proud of me  
I'm the hero of the day

Kill 'em all let God's will decide  
The demise of Hitler's reign  
I'll take my shot and death will arrive  
When I splatter their rotted brains

The freedom of all good citizens  
Lives forever on through me  
I'll defend every one of them  
From sea to shining sea...

[III - Able Company:]

...The sea once shined with the light of the sun  
Now it flows bright red with the blood of the sons  
They were the chosen ones  
Now their tour is done

First platoon to tread on Omaha's sands  
Stricken down by the shells before they land  
Attack poorly planned  
Completely outmanned

First to go  
Last to know  
First to go  
Last to know

No shingles no shields  
No shell holes to hide  
No cover no walls  
No chance to survive

Noble is my mission  
The good Lord at my side  
No cover no walls  
No-one stays alive

Jump off the AM ramps the surf is waist high

Blitzed by the mortars that fall from the sky  
Waterlogged packs that make them sink like a rock  
Troops being slaughtered can't fire a shot

First to go  
Last to know  
First to go  
Last to know

No shingles no shields  
No shell holes to hide  
No cover no walls  
No chance to survive

Noble is my mission  
The good Lord at my side  
No cover no walls  
No-one stays alive

Ripped from crown to pelvis  
Soldiers devour the lead  
Hidden Nazi snipers  
Choreograph the dance of the dead

In less than half an hour  
The mission has been ceased  
Only six survivors  
Wading in the sea...

[IV - Baker Company:]

...The sea it swallows my vomit  
As I puke up over the side  
Spews out like a comet  
Terror replacing my pride

Crying out for my mommy  
Bravado disappears  
Forgetting all of my orders  
What am I doing here?

Clouding smoke and dust  
Screams build to a roar  
Portrait of pure hell  
Painted on the shore

Bobbing bodies drift  
Crimson running tide  
Real apocalypse  
Will I be the next to die?  
Be the next to die

First to go  
Last to know  
First to go  
Last to know

No shingles no shields  
No shell holes to hide  
No cover no walls  
No chance to survive

Noble is my mission

The good Lord at my side  
No cover no walls  
No-one stays alive

I scramble off the Higgins boat and trip into the crest  
Each man who tries to follow me brought down by Hitler's best  
It takes me an eternity to reach the beach unhit  
Explosions all around my head I'm sure my skull has split  
I'm sure my skull has split

I snag a piece of driftwood  
And navigate my path  
Through washed-up bloated bodies  
In a death face mask  
Heart racing like a perishing tank  
I rise up from the wave  
And dash across the battleground  
To reach the barricade

Weak  
From the seasickness and shell-shock  
Crawl  
To the levee of the seawall  
Climb  
To the concrete pillbox heave a desperate last grenade  
Hide  
Potato masher assaults me  
Pain  
Bullets puncture my body  
Fear  
I'm drenched in my own blood  
Close my eyes and drift away  
Close my eyes and drift away  
Close my eyes and drift away...

[V - Requiem:]

The tide rolls in to wash my sins away  
I gasp out my last breath  
My soul escapes through ragged wounds  
The D today means death