

Poison Fog

God Dethroned

Dominate, new technologies dominate the war
Exterminate, overthrow the enemy
Asphyxiate, the call for retribution

Vicious death creeping across the fields
Mustard gas, a deadly hellish fiend
A choking grip is locked around your neck
Vomit blood. Your face turns grey. You are dead

Nauseate. Malicious pain ripping through your lungs
Degenerate. The weary crucifixion
Hallucinate. Inhale, exhale

Feel the wind blow in your direction
Breath of death. Fog thickens the air
No code of honor, you dogs of war
1917, we're gasping for air

I cannot breathe, I cannot see
Poison fog. Poison fog
Inhaling mustard gas. It kills me in my sleep
Poison fog. Poison fog.

Exhaustion, dehydration
The water is foul with decay and excrement and something dead
It's covered with sour mustard gas

As I watched them in bright daylight
When crawling through the poison clouds, I saw them burn away
My name should have been written between theirs on stones
In dreams I still see, hear and smell them every single night

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