

Bombarding its cavalry, across the river they sleep  
Bayonets running through the line, cutting the men in half, divide  
Muskets fire with powder, weak willed men desert and cower  
Hark, the sound of thunder, waning the general's plunder

Leading the charge  
Running them through  
Soldiers death be true

Cannons fire as civil conflict, bridles drenched blood crude  
In this battle the screaming war, cries that hear no truce  
Charge on horseback breaks through the line, grey and blue Death's truce  
Hark the sound of thunder, waning the general's plunder

Leading the charge  
Running them through  
Soldiers death be true