

# Their Finest Hour

Jungle Rot

Go  
Invading forces  
have breached our walls  
supporting squadrons  
the heed our call  
on land or on sea  
or ground we gain  
we fight this battle  
what is our aim

victory  
survive  
at all cost  
no hope is lost

forced to retreat  
battalions converge  
they'll know defeat  
hold them at the front  
stay in control  
injuries sustained  
what is our goal

we fight  
they die

victory  
survive  
at all cost  
no hope is lost  
invaded  
we fight

panic, despair  
to their disappointment  
morale is high  
fail not, our war justified  
this is our finest hour  
to serve the force allied

endure the toil  
wage war, no surrender  
a new dark age  
suppressed with all our might  
ride out the storm  
defeat is not an option  
defend til death  
with all our power and might

long months of struggle  
most greivous kind  
in spite of terror  
our foes maligned  
intense vigilance  
since we began  
our enemies fall  
this is our plan

victory  
survive  
at all cost  
no hope is lost  
invaded