

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