

# Cry War

Kreator

All night you can feel

all the blood it runs  
dying from the death of the machine gun  
crying on a field without mercy  
death in your eyes you have never seen

tormentor all the priests on earth  
quartet all the enemies tonight  
nail all their corpses to the cross  
choose your dirty laughing from your fate

cry war

flashlight is taking all the flash from your face  
torture feels like the fastest black race  
dying everyday it is the same  
laughing about the corpses in this game