

The Few, the Proud, the Broken

Kreator

They're marching
They're marching
They're marching into violence
They're killing
They're killing
They're killing for the tyrants

Forever born to kill, tools of warrior race
Bloodshed, torment everywhere
Collateral murder becomes their game

As the circle is closing
And the seeds have been sown
Words of glory unspoken
For the few, the proud, the broken

They're hateful, so hateful
A breed of liquidators
Psychotic, traumatic
When pride is all that matters
Their act of sworn allegiance
Is slaughter of the weak
I hear philippics of leaders echo
In a dying infant's scream

An assault to the senses
For this battle is real
Now the spirits of war are awoken
By the few, the proud and the broken
Nation after nation
Broke the pride of men
Indoctrinate the heritage of Cain
Mental devastation
All who will come back
Are turning into dehumanized wrecks

All the corpses
All the pain
All the struggle was in vain
All the fury
A cause manmade
We mourn their lives as they fade

As the circle is closing
And the seeds have been sown
All the rage, all the rage
Warrior race

Forward march Warrior race
You're the few, the proud and the broken