

# 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