Got on chance, infiltrate them
Get it right, terminate them
The Panzers will, permeate them
Break their pride, denigrate them
And their people, retrograde them
Typhus, deteriate them
Epidemic, devastate them
Take no prisoners, cremate them

Going to war, give 'em hell D-Day, next stop Normandie Beginning of the end WE know how to and sure as shit we'll win War is peace sure man A retreat for the damned A playground for the demented A haven for those who walk this world Bereft of heart and soul Love and war they say all is fair Take his life But won't take his hair Your body has parts your Country can spare By the way son here's Your wheelchair

He once had to be all he could be
Now he's nothing for no one nowhere to see
Funny thing, he's like you & me
It's a funny thing, a funny thing
Tears streak his solemn stare
Abandoned for wreckage nobody cares
No one knew what would happen there
No one spoke no one even dared
Don't ask what you can do for you country
Ask what your country can do for you
Take no prisoners, take no shit