

War In The North

Panzerchrist

Honour marched courageous hearts
Through our city streets.
Joyous youth corrupt, defiled,
By the touch of lethal steel.
Boys made men we were sent back then,
To be our lands elite.
To join in battle on foreign soil.
To be the chosen few.

War is War; nothing more.

Violent noise and beating rain,
Hot metal screams, torn flesh steams.
Blood, mud, fear, pain;

War is War; nothing more.

By war's swift touch a life lays broken,
Pleading eyes leave nothing unspoken.
A clutching hand slowly loosens
And when Death shrieks it's triumph,
A boy man answers.

War is War; nothing more.

Some returned, the "Lucky Ones",
To safety, friends, to make amends,
To dull the pain - to feel the same.

To give mother's the lie to light pride's flame.
"He died for us all, no fear - no pain."

Christ! Thy Name is Panzer!