

Battalions of Hate

Primal Fear

Blood is running down the street
The war's still going on
The soldiers are marching to the beat
They never will come home

Fear and terror mutilate
Your personality
So be prepared to die
Find your tranquility

Emotionless they fight and kill
Destroying is their only will

Battalions of hate - gloryfied crime
Battalions of hate

Aggression, anger, hatred, pain
We're sick of all your lies
War is just a senseless game
And we must pay the price

War is like a prison cell
It's a room without a door
It is like living in hell
No one really knows

Look into the eyes of death
Battalions have taken your last breath