

# The Price Of A Mile

Sabatón

Hear the sound of a machinegun  
Hear it echo in the night  
Mortals firing rains the scene  
Scars the fields  
that once were green

It's a stalemate at the frontline  
where the soldiers rest in mud  
roads and houses  
all is gone  
there is no glory to be won

know that many will suffer  
know that many men will die  
half a million lives at stake  
Ask the fields of Passchendaele

And as the night falls the general calls  
and the battle carries on  
How long?  
What is the purpose of it all  
What's the price of a mile?

Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army on the march  
Long way from home  
Paying the price in young mens lives  
Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army in despair  
Knee-deep in mud  
Stuck in the trench with no way out

Thousands of machineguns  
Kept on firing through the night  
Mortars placed and wrack the scene  
Guns the fields  
that once were green

Still a deadlock at the frontline  
Where the soldiers die in mud  
roads and houses since long gone  
still no glory has been won  
know that many men has suffered  
know that many men has died

Six months of ground has been won  
Half a million men are gone  
And as the men crawl the general call  
And the killing carry on  
How long?  
What's the purpose of it all?  
What's the price of a mile?

Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army on the march  
Long way from home  
Paying the price in young mens lives

Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army in despair  
Knee-deep in mud  
Stuck in the trench with no way out

Young men are dying  
They pay the price  
Oh how they suffer  
So tell me what's the price of a mile

That's the price of a mile.

Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army on the march  
Long way from home  
Paying the price in young mens lives  
Thousands of feet march to the beat  
It's an army in despair  
Knee-deep in mud  
Stuck in the trench with no way out