

## Still the Pipes Are Calling

SuidAkrA

So long he is gone  
With a pale servile face  
His way led him through  
A cold bloody haze

His yell pierced the cold ghastly morning  
As he raised his sword to fight evil

So like millions before  
He died in his gore  
And those who survived  
Died in their minds  
For those who failed to care  
Were dead before  
Who loves his sword even loves war

Four children he left behind  
With a mournin`mother  
All their dreams return nevermore  
Their world got lost - killed in war

There on the field, with dew on his eyes  
His empty face stared up to the sky  
One final breath curses his foes  
No blessing for his beloved ones