

Art Of Violence

Tracedawn

Red sand on the shore I stand
Rain of fire is falling down
All must answer the call
Weak break and the mighty fall
Men burn in the flames of war

Carry on and on
To the point where all stand alone

Red sand on the shore I stand
The waves are dead my heart is black
Men march to their deaths
Wife's weep their sons are next
Old men take the glory
Young men take the toll
Set all aside
For honor and fame
Make men burn in your art of war

Carry on and on
To the point where all stand alone

Carry on and on
To the point