

# March of the Damned

## Vicious Rumors

Fire in the hole, the wretched smell of death  
Maniac on the frontline, and napalm on your breath  
Let the bell toll...

Tortured by the visions, the haunting of your dreams  
It seems like yesterday, can't you hear the screams?

Heartless soldier, the crimson martyr  
Can't atone your own disgrace  
Find your own death before dishonor  
Sacrifice, your saving grace...

But you've got no rules, no rules to keep you sane  
You're a prisoner of pain...

But you've got no rules, no rules to keep you sane  
No way to win  
Still a prisoner of pain...

Heartless soldier, the crimson martyr  
Can't atone your own disgrace  
Find your own death before dishonor  
Sacrifice, your saving grace...