

Day one the first of many dead
As your homes are levelled to the floor
Demons or infidels?
No prayers to go serve to save you from the slaughter
A nation bought to the front lines

Enter the war machine and erase the peasant race
By the words of dictatorship
When masses don't question
They become the sacrificial bodies
To the will of false gods

Engineered to erase your world
And destroy your entire existence as you know it
Demons or infidels? 7
Or just distant enemies?

Homeless and force underground
Under the metal storm falling from the sky
Families caught in the crossfire
Not a martyrs death
Simply one of the dead

Metal shreds flesh with ease dies washed up lifeless
Bone washed up lifeless
Born shattered burnt and torn
Vacant eyes from this shell
How did it end like this
Just the same?

One day of quiet
Amongst many storms
Friends witness friends
Beaten to the floor
Down in the light of day
Pray as they might more must follow
Demons of infidels just the same