Passchenhell

1914

Morning starts with killing a rat
They crawl around in the trench
Gobbling those of us who didn't
Drown in mud asleep
Wounded and emaciated
We're waiting for the whistle to blow
Our captain right here in front of us
Lies dead in the shell hole

Ashes to ashes - dust to dust
Bayonets to rifles
Counterattack

Like a Golem of ashes and clay
We arise from a ruined trench
Our lives worth no more than
The bloody mud of Passchendaele

We shall move out of our holes
Like worms of the earth

I lay down in a flooded shell hole
Our counterattack has failed
There was only one last clip
With 5 British .303
Jerrys sing their song in the trench
And slowly comes my night
If you're stuck at the no man's land
Soon you will feed the rats

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