

Lost Generation

ADX

Fright is familiar and death too common
Bullets are shot through drunken bodies
The war has awakened the good old demon
The short-timers became creepy-crawlies

The great war has proved thirsty and hungry
The profiteers were after their money
The backliners wouldn't stop the production
Of the weapons of the lost generation

Though they went on the path to glory
The short-timers ended up in the trenches
And there sure was no room for mercy
So many corpses but so few inches

Nothing new on the Western front
They swore it should be the last blow
Suddenly the earth stopped to grunt
There sure will be no jam tomorrow

The backlines wouldn't stop the production
Of the weapons of the last generation