

Dies Irae

Artillery

It began with a fear of tomorrow
We couldn't see, the air full of smoke
Guns and machinery marching on to war
Phantasm of terror in the sky.

The time had come to rise to the challenge
Fighting on in disbelief and through the thrash
With a warrior spirit, march with me
A world like this no one could foresee.

Pain forever
Dies irae
Voices screaming
Dies irae
Pain forever
Dies irae
Demons screaming
Dies irae.

Left out, burned down, what have you done?
Foul ashes, eyes flashes, what can you do now?
Left out, burned down, what have you done?
Foul ashes, eyes flashes, what can you do now?
Dies irae
Dies irae.

Left out, burned down , what have you done?
Foul ashes, eyes flashes, what can you do now?
Left out, burned down , what have you done?
Foul ashes, eyes flashes, what can you do now?

Dies irae
Dies irae.

So what had become our spoken and bound
Sepulchral rites on the wall
And still the air was broken by tragedy
Lay back and die, it's all gone insane.

Pain forever
Dies irae
Voices screaming
Dies irae
Pain forever
Dies irae
Demons screaming
Dies irae.