

Now I know now I know  
That you're coming with your guns ablazing  
There's nowhere to go  
In the end it's gonna be hell your facing

No, no...  
1944, surrounded by Fritz somewhere in France  
I'm locked and loaded with the devil in my hands  
I think of my wife and unborn child  
It starts inside, it's something wild

Now now you're you're thinking thinking like a dying man  
Who would question this world  
Now now you're you're thinking thinking like a dying man

Just before the storm  
I asked God what is life and why are we born?  
He didn't say a thing  
To hell with peace I'm coming out blasting

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I can hear German voices  
Coming through the fog  
This is it  
This is it, this is my last stand  
One clip left and a sharp bayonet  
I think of my wife and unborn child  
It starts inside it's something wild

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