

Behind the stormy fields  
A path of skulls aside  
Wind surrounds the cross  
There hang and bleed the blind  
Marching drums fill the air  
Legions hail in pride  
Hate spill from the deepest void  
I hate you foolish blind

A new race rose inside  
From beneath pain and sights  
Distance and demarcation  
Silent observation

Grandmother  
And no one can change the past  
Forever  
Number 5188 Battallion 4

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[2x]

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