

# Tales From The Trenches

Cryptic Wintermoon

With the night comes the silence no cannons roar  
But still far from peaceful this is war  
Cries of all the wounded screaming for hours until they die  
Crouched down in this trench of mud always asking why

And we believed in all those lies dying in fields with shining  
sunlight  
Dying for our beloved fatherland  
Constant death blinds my eyes kills my mind  
It is hell on earth that we find

Pain pain so much pain clouds are crying endless rain  
I think that it will never stop again  
Pictures burned in my mind never to forget  
This is all that is left from the life I had

I can remember back seems like an age ago  
The weapons call  
We were young we did not know  
What was waiting for us all

Suddenly out of nowhere the attack begins  
Flashing detonations roaring sound  
Hear the hissing of the gas grenades  
Donning the gasmask blood and dying all around

Enemy like living dead out of the night  
I pull the trigger  
Killing all that come in sight  
Without remorse

Killing firing living dying

In the end cannot win  
Sing the song that dead men sing  
Dying in the mud in the rain  
End of life end of pain

Mercy came to me as a sudden death best gift you can ever have  
No fields of gold no sunlight cold and night  
No one to hold my dying hand no one to care  
Only me and my old friend death he is always there