Trail of the Dead

Dismember

The howl of artillery passes overhead Trailing tongues of fire, spelling certain death Counter battery bursts raining down on positions The steel inferno reaps its deadly harvest

I walk among the corpses of the fallen Fingers curled into claws of rigor mortis

The wall of fire creeping closer An infernal crescendo that seems not to end

We left a trail of ten thousand dead I still hear their screams in my head

Feel the caress of hot lead Fighting a battle we can't win

Hot steel ripping through young flesh Our numbers are growing thin

Nowhere to run nowhere to go Wading through human remains Comrades in pieces friends cut to shreds The violence of warfare we start to comprehend