

Medieval

James

Caught in the long grass, got separated from his company
Those men he thought were friends turned out to be the enemy
Their uniforms were black not brown, they marched to a different
step
But he soon tuned in to their frequency
By shifting up one fret
But the one thing that united them
Was they all had life to give
But it wasn't their intention to serve that way, but to kill so
they may live
We are sound, we are sound, we are sound

Set them marching, stop them thinking
Psyche them up with your will
Stir them up with frantic rhythm
Send them out to kill, kill, kill, kill kill

We are sound we are sound we are sound

Back in human form, skin tight uniform, caught upon the barbed
wire
Back in human form, skin tight uniform, crucified upon the barbed
wire
The wire

We are sound