

The Ballad Of Clay Carmine

Miracle Of Sound

Well now.. Welcome to Delta, boys!
The first rule of the Cog is...

Boy get your head down!
Boy get your head down!
Boy get your head down!

Born to a world of struggle
Raised with my brothers three
As I boy I learned through a burning world
That nothin ever comes for free
As soon as I could hold a gun now
I was out on the killing fields
Fightin in a war to save my home
From a foe that will never yield

But we won't stop because we're brothers in blood now
We'll meet again now at the end of the line
Try not to think about what fate throws before me
Reporting for duty, sir!
'What's your name, son?'
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)

Boy get your head down!
(You're a gear now, son!)

On a cold and cruel morning
Under a burning sky
My brother Ant took a bullet to the head
Never even got to say goodbye
The very next year as the battle raged
Got a letter from my brother Ben
It was signed by a 'Sgt Fenix'
I knew I'd never see him again

But we won't stop because we're brothers in blood now
We'll meet again now at the end of the line
Try not to think about what fate throws before me
Reporting for duty, sir!
'What's your name, son?'
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)

Now the cities are laid to ruin
And we fight on through the years
No end in sight no light of hope
Man, don't it just grind your gears

But we won't stop because we're brothers in blood now
We'll meet again now at the end of the line
Try not to think about what fate throws before me
Reporting for duty, sir!

'What's your name, son?'
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)
Private Clay Carmine
(You're a Gear now, son!)
Private Clay Carmine
(Don't it just grind your gears now)

Back in your hole!

Boy get your head down!
Boy get your head down!
Boy get your head down!
(You're a Gear now son!)