

# In Frozen Fields

Mors Principium Est

Called to arms  
Not our war  
But still our destiny

Ripped from our homes  
Torn apart  
Misery for all  
Where no flowers grow  
Gunfire will light up the night

We are the living, marching to war  
In the fields of the dead

There shall be  
With that rich earth  
A richer dust concealed  
Washed by the rivers  
Blessed by the suns  
Eternal minds pulse

We are the dead, not long ago  
We lived and were loved and now we lie  
In the fields of the dead, where great souls die  
The air becomes light

Smoke fills the sky  
We feel death's grip upon us  
All too young to die  
Our souls are taken from us

When the snowfall is blinding  
You try to find your way  
Back to the place where you belong  
Back to your loved ones  
And when the snowfall is blinding  
You try to find your way  
Back to the place where you belong  
Back to your loved ones  
But death defies you

Lost in trenches  
Trying to find a way out  
Breathing gasses  
Just trying to survive  
So much acid  
Death falls like rain

Called to arms  
Not our war  
But still we die for this cause  
Ripped from our homes  
Torn apart  
Senseless, our part in this war

We are the dead

Smoke fills the sky

We feel death's grip upon us  
All too young to die  
Our souls are taken from us

When the snowfall is blinding  
You try to find your way  
Back to the place where you belong  
Back to your loved ones  
And when the snowfall is blinding  
You try to find your way  
Back to the place where you belong  
Back to your loved ones  
But death defies you