

Voices from the War

Motörhead

Where do all the dead men go
From the battlefields?
Where are their exploded bones
Their useless swords and shields?
In the Hall of Ancient gods,
Are they now at piece,
Or are they fighting evermore
To earn their last release?

Midgard, Heaven, Kingdom Come
Are they all the same
Fallen heroes warriors
The valiant the slain
Did they beleive or did they die in vain?

Immortal dead, fathers and sons
When all is said and all is done,
Running for your life, dying for the cause
Pawns in the game
Voices from the war.

The men they march away to fight
Their fate is never clean
They never all come home again
To tell of what they've seen
In the battles bloody fury
Is the verdict just?
Executioner, judge and jury
Forgotten in the dust.

Valhalla Happy hunting ground
Are they all the same
Fallen heroes, warriors the valiant the slain.
Did they beleive or did they die ashamed?

Immortal dead, brothers and sons
All is said, all is done
Fighting to the death
What did they do it for?
Soldiers of the cross
Voices from the war.

The battlefields are silent now,
The graves all look the same
The crosses without number
And so many without names
In the battles misery
Drowned in blood and fear.
A hundred hundred thousand
For a hundred thousand years

Are they in a better place,
Or do they lie unclaimed,
The heroes, the deserters, the cowardly, the shamed
Did they know or did they die insane?
Mourn for the lost,
Stolen from their lives,

Gone before their time
No chance to say goodbye,
Fighting to the death
How could they be so sure?
Voices from the grave,
Voices from the war.