

At the Front

Orbit Culture

In war, unsettled dust
The whirlwinds risen from the tank
The roaming bomb
Thick blood, the tearing rust
The world's eye gazing on it all, but yet so calm

Rise
Now
Rise
Now
To the world front

The gaze of the living
We're watching the killing
You'll move
To the front
To the war
No questions asked
You'll kill
For me
I'm war

I've tried so hard to make the bleeding stop
I looked inside to see me die
To the world front
I've tried so hard to find the meaning's call
I looked inside to see us die
To the world front

In war, a thousand gone
Determined rises from the scourge, the moaning starts
Thick oil, from broken bombs
No water's pure, nothing's left, yet winds so calm

The gaze of the living
We're watching the killing
The graves under building
Under scraps we are living
You'll move
To the front
To the war
No questions asked
You'll kill
For me
I'm war

I've tried so hard to make the bleeding stop
I looked inside to see me die
To the world front
I've tried so hard to find the meaning's call
I looked inside to see us die
To the world front

Rise
Now
Rise
To the world front and

Rise
Now
Rise
To the world front and rise