

No Guts! No Glory!

Phil Campbell And The Bastard Sons

Sounds of mortar rounds still ringing loud in my ears
Pull the trigger reload the gun your world disappears
An eye for an eye a bomb for a bomb
Danger dances within and the war rages on
Kiss our sons and daughters as we march off to die
For god! For country! We fight for a lie
Roll the dice and wish me well
Reporting for duty Sir I've spent my time in hell

Surround them
Attack them
Divide them
Then destroy them
Watch as the bullets fly
We'll make those bastards die
You wish for peace as I prepare for war

If heaven calls my name please tell them I am not here
I'm the voyeur of certain death the bringer of fear
When I took the oath I carved my own tombstone
I'm baptised by the fire and submerged in the brimstone
Gather up the corpses and then bury the dead
No retreat! No surrender! Was the last thing they said
Roll the dice and wish me well
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Corroding from the inside out rusted from the rain
No guts! No glory! Grit your teeth through the pain
Roll the dice and wish me well
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