Battalions of Hate

Primal Fear

Blood is running down the street
The war's still going on
The soldiers are marching to the beat
They never will come home

Fear and terror mutilate Your personality So be prepared to die Find your tranquility

Emotionless they fight and kill Destroying is their only will

Battalions of hate - gloryfied crime Battalions of hate

Aggression, anger, hatred, pain We're sick of all your lies War is just a senseless game And we must pay the price

War is like a prison cell It's a room without a door It is like living in hell No one really knows

Look into the eyes of death Battalions have taken your last breath