

Between the crosses, row on row  
As they went up to die  
In foul dugouts, anguished by rats  
Startled by the moving tides  
They marched in fateful fellowship  
A certain cure for bloodlust  
They saw a thousand Christ go by  
For what is dead they'll hardly fight  
Bursting gas shells ringing  
While birds still bravely singing

Sane insanity  
Sane insanity

Where hate throbs out in endless pain  
Flash revealed the toxic rain  
This war is justified with sane insanity  
When death returns with scary shades  
Dying heroes' senseless deeds  
This war is justified with sane insanity

At some disputed barricades  
A rendezvous with death  
Merciless retribution  
Countless rounds in heads and chests  
Where love gets lost in blissful sleep  
On frightful slopes of battered hills  
The iron storm tears bloody wounds  
We can't escape the pack of hounds  
The armistice rejected  
Decay in our trenches

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