

Warhead

The Haunted

Bodies dropped into a grinder of meat, millstones keeping their pace

Columns march as if to a beat, no faces left to trace

The land is carved by trenches deep, like scars upon the earth

Continents turned into battlefields, where life has lost its worth

A shadow cast on society

A thin veneer of civility

From a stone weighed in a primal hand

To a carpet of bombs, the warhead shall remain

Warhead

Cities fall silent under burning skies, smoldering concrete dust

Orders come down through the line of command, there's no one left to trust

Nations stirred and torn apart, the tensions never cease

Bound by fear and greed alone, denying any peace

A fracture deep in humanity

A fragile mask of serenity

From a blade once drawn by human hand

To drones in the sky, the warhead shall remain

Warhead

Stand fast, your country counts on you

Valor at last, courage will see you through

Enemy scouts, plotting your position

Mortar rounds, dropping with precision

Paths are laid by careful aim

The struggle stoked to fuel the game

No peace desired, no victory planned

Endless battle by unseen demand

Warhead

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A future shaped by an iron fist

Frontlines move in their endless drift

No end in sight, just war sustained

Profits rise as the blood remains

Enemy within my iron sights

Then, stone in hand, now, a nuclear pre-emptive strike

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