

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 wo
rth

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 dus
t
Orders come down through the line of command, there's no one le
ft 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