

On This Battlefield

Tryhardninja

They blame the pain on the arms race
That bled the globe for four years straight.
They went to war but the war changed
This was The Great War as they say.

So let's play propelled plans and flame throwers,
Obtain the trains, tanks, it ain't over,
Ordain the campaign for take over,
Maintain your flanks or it's game over.

Unchain the sword play and slay soldiers,
We purvey their doomsday and reign over.
A stray grenade breaks your face and sprays in your brain gateway to a hango
ver.

Trenches sculpted leave a torment that will never heal.
Lead them bolted down for slaughter on conveyor wheels.
Every country's sons and daughters know how cattle feel.
Even winners lose themselves on this battlefield

Legends born
Lives are torn
When the world
Goes to war

Populations set to wane.
Nations decay as their flags wave.
No sun today, smoke from Zeppelins
Make black holes of skies gentlemen jettisoned.

Sometimes I feel like the dirt walls are closing in again.
The lines of sight have not been kind to many fallen men.
The smells of chemicals breeds devils in my abdomen.
Pretend like this is not the end
My hope becomes my medicine

I jump sending my bones
To hurdle a stone's throw
Up over this cold earth
Choke and then go prone
I'm met with a flame blazing holes in the ozone
Just like that my only moment of courage is postponed
But I'm pushing forward
The hell with this bell toll
Winning this thing's my only key from this hell hole
The way out's a long road paved solely in dead foes
It's their souls or mine and I'm gonna get home

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Tensions tear tendons through despair
Heroes born and bred on this battlefield.
Stand at attention and prepare
To march to your death on this battlefield.

Melee a brave man parade
Blunt force maces cave on this battlefield.
Sending them all to the grave
So we can walk away from this battlefield.

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