

How bright are the fires of thought  
In a chain of command  
How bright is the medical torch  
When it's put in our hand  
My microbes and I  
Can't wait to lay down and die  
We realise that we must be spent  
Like the cells that dissolve when a brainwave is sent  
How bright are the fires of thought  
In a chain of command  
My bloodgroup and me  
A body of soldiers are we  
To the wound we quickly flowed  
And we fought with the weapons in our  
Chemical code  
How bright are the fires of thought  
In a chain of command