

March of the Damned

Vicious Rumors

Fire in the hole, the wretched smell of death
Maniac on the frontline, and napalm on your breath
Let the bell toll...

Tortured by the visions, the haunting of your dreams
It seems like yesterday, can't you hear the screams?

Heartless soldier, the crimson martyr
Can't atone your own disgrace
Find your own death before dishonor
Sacrifice, your saving grace...

But you've got no rules, no rules to keep you sane
You're a prisoner of pain...

But you've got no rules, no rules to keep you sane
No way to win
Still a prisoner of pain...

Heartless soldier, the crimson martyr
Can't atone your own disgrace
Find your own death before dishonor
Sacrifice, your saving grace...