

Dry Bones

Witchery

From the watch I can see them all
Precious, living things
One by one, they each will fall
Food for the worms...
... and good deeds for the dead unsung

Arrow's head, tread of the tank
Human flesh for the wolves of war
Piece by piece the machine will eat
In what god's name should we kill for?

So cold and clean
And white as death
These bleached, dry bones... are all that's left

Into the fire of the enemy line
For faith or flag, they're ready to die
Flash of the blade, a twist of the knife
Sends them to their grave and the afterlife

So cold and clean
And white as death
These bleached, dry bones... are all that's left
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Crack of the whip, the Behemoth screams
Annihilation time for the pawns of war
Snap their necks, burn their flesh
An addition to the heap of deeds that are these bones
That are these bones

So cold and clean
And white as death
These bleached, dry bones... are all that's left

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