

Decayed AGL

"Of Dirt And Blood"

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no voices heard, no cries of pain; all has gone silent
upon reality
the faces of men never met; games of power will
always flare
dying cries of pain can now be heard; boots kick up
blood and dirt
on the terrain of unknown land, on the terrain of
unknown land

born for death, pushing through the fields
born for death, pushing through the fields

the numbness of the soul has to be, in order for the
body to sustain
no time for thought; just to kill; the stains of reality
keep it real
wishing for thoughts of retreat or return now very well
seem absurd
bullets kick up blood and dirt, in heat or cold; snow or
sand

born for death, pushing through the fields
born for death, pushing through the fields

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