

Batmobile

"Verdun Meat Grinder"

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It comes to stalemate on the western front
Bogged down into trenches
Falling citadel
1916, the year all hope declined
Millions into war
Terrible casualties
By command of the German chief of staff
Erich Von Falkenhayn
A battle of attritions is the road to victory

Winter chill of February breathes
A million shells, three army corpses draw near
Artillery bombardment fires spree

Flamethrower simmer corpses into mud
French soldiers falling back by the attack
Failure and communications down

Come into the war, three days of retreat
Impending defeat, two more days are gone
Old or new relief, into combat flee

Commander general Ptain
Orders infantry to hold defence
Tenacious, bayonet between the teeth

Battle sector of village douamont
Heavy snowfall helps the allied cause
Four regiments are virtually destroyed

Come into the war, one month of retreat
We reject defeat, nine more months await
Thousands it will take, hill of le mort homme

The french must hold the flanks
Unable to progress
Three months for a stroke of land
General Nivelles
Village small we fight to death
Rats we eat and shit we smell
Bying comrades fellow man

Wade through the thick of guts and maim

Poison gasses
Diphosgene mince heat
Humand feed meuse mill

Take the battery
Of thiaumont and the village of fleury
Capture fort souville
German advances is stopped right here
Seal french factory
This lands is an ossuary
Bones and skulls to tread
Piles of human scruff to burn

Come autumn, sound the fall
For douamont back in our hands
Hunt the Prussian army to the death
Swift infantry strikes and heavy bombs
Execution style, soldiers go
Into the wringer of Verdun
A million march to the abattoir
Into the grinder of Verdun

Douamont ossuary

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