

Front Line Assembly "Angriff"

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Rows and rows of crosses,
standing in the sand,
statues of the fallen,
watching over this land.
The tombs of unknown soldiers,
lay tilted in decay,
another year passes,
on this remembrance day.

There's a hole in the sky,
I've got blood
running in my eye.
I am exposed,
to forged attrition
A battle cry
for remission
the smoke filled air
burns my hair.
Filled with toxic
nerve dispare
there's no way to get back
another order to attack.

Kampfbereit, in der zeit
Commraden derfen wirnisht furgessen
die blunen liegen auf sein korper
das requiem fur den letsten.

Rows and rows of crosses,
standing in teh sand,
statues of the fallen
watching over this land.
The tombs of unknown soldiers,
lay tilted in decay,
another year passes,
on this remembrance day.

The unforgiven run at night,
aiming with their riffle sites.
The give their all,
when their called,
To save the masses,

and take the fall.
It's sad but true,
it never ends.

The constant conflict
without mends.
The final struggled from
within will end up with out misery.

The good, the bad, it's all sad
nothing left but a body bag.

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