

Front Line Assembly "Retribution"

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The smell of ether
An orange flare
Confined submission
Fills the air

Hope and glory
Unreachable now
Nervous glances
Collide somehow

Plasma fluid
Quiets the thirst
A dead calm rises
Who will be first

The fading signal of distress
Counting the wounded, no time to rest
A final prayer, this ship's going down
Faces lie forward, hands are all bound

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Burned with gas
The mask goes on
Subversive warfare
No right from wrong

Stepping forward
Into the unknown
Stepping forward
Restricted zone

Frozen water
Reflecting the light
Setting the enemy
In our sights

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