

## **Cryptic Wintermoon "Bonegrinder 1916"**

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The smell of poison gas Â– fills the air  
No need to search for death Â– he will find you there

Soil drained with blood Â– cities pulverized  
Dead bodies twisted Â– humans carbonized  
Bonegrinder Â– grinding bones Â– eating them alive  
Spitting them out dead Â– no one will survive

War is the only answer  
My gun spreads bullets like cancer

Bombs like rain Â– day and night Â– moving out Â–  
suicide  
Death angels Â– from the sky Â– descent from hell Â–  
thousands die  
Machinegun fire Â– detonations Â– rifle rounds Â–  
devastation  
Grinding bones Â– artillery shell Â– draining blood Â–  
here is hell

Fire, roaring thunder Â– will be my coming signs  
Planting death and havoc Â– among the defense lines

Thousand bodies Â– lay ripped and torn  
The sound of cannon fire Â– roars like thunderstorm

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