

Panzerchrist

"Lumps Of Rotting Clay"

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NO Man's Land is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale gray light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man s Land from edge to edge,
And never a living soul walks there
To taste the fresh of the morning air;
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man s Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
From the eastern hills

Christ - Thy name is Panzer!

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