

Pessimist "Tunnel Rats"

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Fire in the hole!
Waiting for the blast
Vibrations in the earth
Before the smoke can clear I'm diving underground
Searching through the dark I hunt the Vietcong
Feel the acrid smoke ripping through my lungs
Morality is gone... to kill is to survive

Morality is gone... to kill is to survive
Drive my body forward knowing what I'll find
Drive my body forward through this passage to hell,
I crawl among the bodies and piles of human waste

Then I hear sound and lift my gun to aim
Thunderous exchange, reeling from the pain
Twisting on the ground, tasting my own blood
People running by, they don't try to help
I'm afraid to die... so afraid to die!

So afraid to die
This cannot be true
People running by, thinking I have died
People running by leaving me to die
Casualty of war
Body on the pile

I lie alone, but still refuse to give my soul up to this hell
Flashing back from hell, returning to the world,
Hearing my own screams tearing through the night
Clutching at my chest, my fingers trace the scars
Somehow I've got to end these visions in my head
Bottle in my hand, barrel in my mouth

Bottle in my hand, barrel in my mouth
Somehow I've got to end visions in my head
Fought so many years, this war for sanity
I cannot go on this ends for me today

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