

Pagan's Mind

"Bonesaw Bonanza"

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Thrown into the battlefield
Where steel and flesh collides
Forced to draw my battleaxe
And join the boiling chaos

Hunted through the hills
On our scornful retreat
Yet I escaped and
Lived to tell of this warfilled hell

Bonesaw bonanza
They sever our rotting limbs
Bonesaw bonanza
Gangrenous we twist and turn and die

Bonesaw bonanza
The battlefield took kits toll
At least I saved my head
And didn't have it roll

Wounded by a battleaxe
That cut my arm in two
I now lay down to rest
Among the wounded rest

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