

## Pantommind

### "Lumps Of Rotting Clay"

Visit "[Lumps Of Rotting Clay](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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!

Visit [Pantommind](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.