

Witchery, Cannon Fodder

Feed the gun
Feed the guns

Marching for my country,
Marching off to die
Fight for king and glory,
Fight to stay alive
Storm another stronghold,
Kill another man
Rush the field before us -
With steady sword at hand
... with steady sword at hand!

The dead now count in legions,
But more will surely die
Sent into the action,
With no thought of human lives
Casualties are mounting,
From the guns upon the hill
God, they need to be silenced -
Charge them now we will
... Charge them now we will!

Feed the gun
Feed the guns

Meatgrinding projectiles,
Blowing through our ranks
Shrapnelridden soldiers down -
Bits and pieces all around
Rip the silence - Cannons brawl -
Bloodsoaked troops still dashing on
Shellshocked victims fall behind -
Keep formation on maintain the line

A thousand gun barrage
Drifts of men lie dead
Craters fill the landside
Juggernauts of Death

Cannon fodder
Cannon fodder