Dying Fetus, Abandon All Hope

Valor they instill to face certain death in conflict Win the war through discipline, trained to follow orders Dilettantes of war, torn apart

Send them all to be slaughtered, standard training set In a dark, distant, foreign shithole, wretched torment Approaching the vile sphere of contention, breathing the smoke, the dust Blood-soaked earth, stained red oceans, four your insides

Sudden hail, gunfire, half the men drop dead Troops lost in transport, waste of lives

Terrified grunts die confused Send them all to be slaughtered Insufficient base munitions Compelled by force to fight until death

Certain causualty, amateurs who all die before they learn to fight Ruthless commanders order them to rush upon their imminent, abrupt ends Strategy of attrition, mobbing them, flailing corpses use up ammunition Bravery cut in half by enemy artillery, or cowardice punished by friendly fire

Charge ahead, expending divisions Impotence, gaining no ground Bodies thrown, conduct in war, useless Primitive, only two ways home

Terrified grunts die confused Reluctant and afraid to attack How will anyone survive this? Only hope, victory or death

Certain causualty, amateurs who all die before they learn to fight Ruthless commanders order them to rush upon their imminent, abrupt ends Dying in a dump, ordinance, erode tactics, know what you must do to survive Hiding in the dead, lying still, bare cover, strike in stealth and then disappear

Forge ahead, retiring their forces Spilling their confounded blood Undermine their efforts to defeat us Running gun, only two ways home

Dig in and fire until the way is clear Pounding the ruins, storms further defaced Snipers take heads, harass your progress Take them out, pierce their eyes through their scopes

Die for honor, motherland, strewn about, piles of corpses Losing every last brave man, better than surrender Inescapable nightmare, resolve unflinching Never bow to tyranny Make them pay for every step they take