

Front Line Assembly, Retribution

The smell of ether
An orange flare
Confined submission
Fills the air
[Chorus]
A fading signal of distress
Counting the wounded
No time to rest
A final prayer
This ship's going down
Faces lie foward
Hands are all bound
Hope and glory
Unreachable now
Nervous glances
Collide somehow
Plasma fluid
Quiets the thirst
A dead calm rises
Who will be first
[Chorus]
Burned with gas
The mask goes on
Subversive warfare
No right from wrong
Stepping forward
Into the unknown
Stepping forward
Restricted zone
Frozen water
Reflecting the light
Setting the enemy
In our sights
[Chorus repeat]