Gorefest, The Glorious Dead

Blood on your hands as you put them
Near the hole in your chest.
Where the bullet struck and threw you
Flat into the mud.
"Come on lads" the bastards soon will be defeated
God is on our side was what you heard
When all went black

For god and the country we raise our heads
All real heroes die the glorious dead

From this point of view it all looks very different
As you cough up blood and an intense cold
Runs up your spine
No one ever told you that it could be like this
Dehumanised, no respect for life, you want to cry

For god and the country we raise our heads
Or ideals that weren't yours the glorious dead

Misguidence was your undoing
Death stares you in the face
Memories, past times flash by
As they declare you dead

For god and the country you raised your head
Who remembers your name the glorious dead