

# Iron Maiden, Paschendale

(Smith/Harris)

In a foreign field he lay  
Lonely soldier, unknown grave  
On his dying words he prays  
Tell the world of Paschendale

Relive all that he's been through  
Last communion of his soul  
Rust your bullets with his tears  
Let me tell you 'bout his years

Laying low in a blood filled trench  
Kill 'til my very own death  
On my face I can feel the falling rain  
Never see my friends again

In the smoke, in the mud and lead  
Smell the fear and the feeling of dread  
Soon be time to go over the wall  
Rapid fire and the end of us all

Whistles, shouts and more gun fire  
Lifeless bodies hang on barbed wire  
Battlefield nothing but a bloody tomb  
Be reunited with my dead friends soon

Many soldiers eighteen years  
Drown in mud, no more tears  
Surely a war no-one can win  
Killing time about to begin

Home, far away  
From the war, a chance to live again  
Home, far away  
But the war, no chance to live again

The bodies of ours and our foes  
The sea of death it overflows  
In no man's land, God only knows  
Into jaws of death we go

Crucified as if on a cross  
Allied troops they mourn their loss  
German war propaganda machine  
Such before has never been seen

Swear I heard the angels cry  
Pray to god no more may die  
So that people know the truth  
Tell the tale of Paschendale

Cruelty has a human heart  
Every man does play his part  
Terror of the men we kill  
The human heart is hungry still

I stand my ground for the very last time  
Gun is ready as I stand in line  
Nervous wait for the whistle to blow  
Rush of blood and over we go

Blood is falling like the rain  
Its crimson cloak unveils again

The sound of guns can't hide their shame  
And so we die on Paschendale

Dodging shrapnel and barbed wire  
Running straight at the cannon fire  
Running blind as I hold my breath  
Say a prayer symphony of death

As we charge the enemy lines  
A burst of fire and we go down  
I choke a cry but no-one hears  
Fell the blood go down my throat

Home, far away  
From the war, a chance to live again  
Home, far away  
But the war, no chance to live again

See my spirit on the wind  
Across the lines, beyond the hill  
Friend and foe will meet again  
Those who died at Paschendale