

# James, Medieval

Caught in the long grass, got separated from his company  
Those men he thought were friends turned out to be the enemy  
Their uniforms were black not brown, they marched to a different step  
But he soon tuned in to their frequency  
By shifting up one fret  
But the one thing that united them  
Was they all had life to give  
But it wasn't their intention to serve that way, but to kill so they may live  
We are sound, we are sound, we are sound  
Set them marching, stop them thinking  
Psyche them up with your will  
Stir them up with frantic rhythm  
Send them out to kill, kill, kill, kill kill  
We are sound we are sound we are sound  
Back in human form, skin tight uniform, caught upon the barbed wire  
Back in human form, skin tight uniform, crucified upon the barbed wire  
The wire  
We are sound