

# Poema Arcanus, Armygeddon

Eighteen years , my time has come  
My fatherland calls me to the patriotic service  
Coercive methods applied

No reason is worthy , for these musclehead's flock  
Officials're screaming , youngmen're punished  
Who can be proud?

Chorusx2  
Militia , Honour , Fascist Control!  
The army grows up to mantain the peace  
A peace that4s built with bloody corpse piles

Two years are wasted , with rigid discipline  
a btrainwash by the force , systematically made  
erase my thoughts

Chorusx2