

Sabaton, Price of a Mile

Throw your soldiers into positions once there is no escape, and they will prefer death to flight.

Hear the sound of a machinegun
Hear it echo in the night
Mortars firing rains the scene
Scars the fields that once were green

It's a stalemate at the frontline
Where the soldiers rest in mud
Roads and houses all is gone
There's no glory to be won

Know that many men will suffer
Know that many will die
Half a million lives at stake
At the fields of Passchendaele

And as the the night falls the general calls
And the battle carries on and on
What is the purpose of it all?
What's the price of a mile?

Thousands of feet march to the beat
It's an army on the march
Long way from home
Paying the price in young men's lives

Thousands of feet march to the beat
It's an army in despair
Knee deep in mud
Stuck in a trench with no way out

Thousand of machineguns
Kept on firing through the night
Mortars blazed and wrecked the scene
Gone is the fields that once were green

Still a deadlock at the frontline
Where the soldiers die in mud
Roads and houses since long gone
Still no glory has been won

Know that many has suffered
Know that many has died
6 miles of ground has been won
Half a million men are gone

And as the men crawled the general called
And the killing carried on and on
What was the purpose of it all?
What's the price of a mile?

There's no price for a mile