

Voivod, War And Pain

In the smoke of combat
No gods give you the guts
You see the fire in the sky
The bombs fall by your side
I put powder in my gun
Let me free, let me run
Armed with swords and hash
I run, kill and fight
I remove the knife in your sore
I believe in the death's call
I live to kill, create war and pain
You die for fire, burns in flames
Our disaster is not complete today
We make no different because
You fall in fate
The war punishes, and pain resists
The wildness shouts
The blood burst out
We're going in hell tonight
For another loud attack
And you see in the mist
Black flag is on my mast
The cannons creep
In your desert to kill
And no defense, no forces
You're the bloodlust victims
In the smoke of combat
No gods gives you the guts.