

# Axis Of Advance, Namination

The men in the bird want to play war

They have zoned us north and south  
By day they roam in hunting packs  
Invincible green giants strong?  
At night we cut them to pieces  
They just run away, screaming

Wretched death to all invaders  
Primitive instinct supreme  
Their filthy lies mean nothing here

They are our playthings, on and on  
Suppression and domination  
Oppress for local control

Conflict of radical arms  
Inner opposing forces  
Combined with a massive assault  
The ultimate alarm  
Execute, no mercy

They will suffer at land, sea and in the air  
They die

At home, they pray for it to soon be over

Hail Tet!

Them men in the birds fall from the skies

Disgraced, they leave our ravaged land  
We will make their pain last  
We will never surrender, never retreat  
We dare them to come back

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