

Colony 5, Reinforcements

We stood on our toes
With our faces against our foes
I put my hands to my chest
wishing it all away

Even the thought of them making it all the way
on one of those awful, dreadful days
Makes my heart collapse and skip a beat
Inside napalm it's less heat

We saw them coming in
Waving a blood red flag
Our hope was wearing thin
Their victory was in the bag

Desperation breaks our spirit
and crushes our fighting will
We call for reinforcements
and brand new means to kill

We rush towards the frontline
To take back what they stole
To take back our motherland
Victory is our only goal