

# Motorhead, Voices From The War

Where do all the dead men go  
From the battlefields?  
Where are their exploded bones  
Their useless swords and shields?  
In the Hall of Ancient gods,  
Are they now at piece,  
Or are they fighting evermore  
To earn their last release?

Midgard, Heaven, Kingdom Come  
Are they all the same  
Fallen heroes warriors  
The valiant the slain  
Did they beleive or did they die in vain?

Immortal dead, fathers and sons  
When all is said and all is done,  
Running for your life, dying for the cause  
Pawns in the game  
Voices from the war.

The men they march away to fight  
Their fate is never clean  
They never all come home again  
To tell of what they've seen  
In the battles bloody fury  
Is the verdict just?  
Executioner, judge and jury  
Forgotten in the dust.

Valhalla Happy hunting ground  
Are they all the same  
Fallen heroes, warriors the valiant the slain.  
Did they beleive or did they die ashamed?

Immortal dead, brothers and sons  
All is said, all is done  
Fighting to the death  
What did they do it for?  
Soldiers of the cross  
Voices from the war.

The battlefields are silent now,  
The graves all look the same  
The crosses without number  
And so many without names  
In the battles misery  
Drowned in blood and fear.  
A hundred hundred thousand  
For a hundred thousand years

Are they in a better place,  
Or do they lie unclaimed,  
The heroes, the deserters, the cowardly, the shamed  
Did they know or did they die insane?  
Mourn for the lost,  
Stolen from their lives,  
Gone before their time  
No chance to say goodbye,  
Fighting to the death  
How could they be so sure?  
Voices from the grave,  
Voices from the war.