

Motorhead, War For War

Ridin fast out of the sunset,
Devils and horses advance,
Thunder and lightning and honour,
The army of saber and lance,
Every man somber and focused,
Each man looks to the fore,
Death is the life we are living,
Hungry for battle and war,
War for War, saber in every fist,
Where we were and are once more,
Out of the dark and the mist,
War for War. Determined for victory,
Over the line they drew there,
Honour the cavalry.

Howling for blood, the leaders,
Into the soon-to-be dead,
Chopping them down like leaves as,
The grass of the field turns red,
We are a band of brothers,
Disdaining the cares of the earth,
All we have is each other,
And that is all we are worth,
War for War, the saber swings into the face,
Shake the enemy to the core,
Lost in the lust of the chase.

War for War, we do not bend the knee,
We are the worst of the best now,
Honour the cavalry.

Reaving and laughing and slaying,
Leather and metal and blood,
How could anyone do it.

We did it the best that we could,
Over the fields of corpses,
Over the broken and maimed,
Over the enemy's banners, beaten and trampled and shamed.

War for War, into the shot and the shell,
Into battle we go once more,
The standard-bearers of Hell,
War for War, the best and last of the free,
Sworn unto Armageddon,
Honour the cavalry.