Skeptix, So The Youth

Fighting a war on the Russian front
A war of ice, blood, and cold
The attacks were vicious, we bore the brunt
The position we had was to be held

Shells whistling through the air
Maiming and killing on both sides
But do the governments really care
The grief of families will they share?

Many boys and men will be killed.

Go to war for your country
The war ends you're maimed for life
Go to kill for your Queen
No money for you or your wife

So, so, so the youth!
Die, die, die the youth!

So the youth fight to death
But the generals stay away
So take your last breath
They're thrown your life away