

Terminal Choice, On The Battlefield

We gotta fight
To survive this life
We gotta run
Run away from this injury
We gotta pray
To the Gods of war
We gotta kill
Express what's on your mind

You are the hunter
Hunting for peace and justice
You are the killer
Kill what's on the other side
You are the winner
In this game of power
But you are the loser
In this thing called life

So stand up, take your weapon
And prepare to fight
You go to war
You're a soldier
What you do is right
There's nothing you can do
To escape from this terror
The death, the blood everywhere

On the battlefield
You lost your youth
On the battlefield
You lost your hope
You lost your life