

Yngwie Malmsteen, Soldier Without Faith

"Now the battle is over, the clouds're hanging low
Dead bodies lie on the ground
Marched into slaughter, lost souls fought in vain
No glory or pride to be found
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home
Fighting for honour and medals of gold
But, they were to kill or be killed
Slaying the enemy, not knowing why
Keep low and fire at will
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home
Lost out in action, long gone forever
Just a boy that died in vain
His mother is crying, his father not proud
Twisted gray faces in the rain
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around
Trying to find my way home...
"