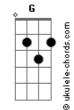
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Acordes



Make his fight on the hill in the early day Constant chill deep inside Shouting gun, on they run through the endless grey On the fight, for they are right, yes, by who's to say? For a hill men would kill, why? They do not know Suffered wounds test there their pride Men of five, still alive through the raging glow Gone insane from the pain that they surely know

For whom the bell tolls Time marches on For whom the bell tolls

Take a look to the sky just before you die It is the last time you will Blackened roar massive roar fills the crumbling sky Shattered goal fills his soul with a ruthless cry Stranger now, are his eyes, to this mystery He hears the silence so loud Crack of dawn, all is gone except the will to be Now the will see what will be, blinded eyes to see