

The Unquiet Zone

Procol Harum

They seek us in this unquiet zone
They chase us on from hole to hole
They hunt us down like carrion crows
They search us out like frightened moles
This surely is a dreadful war
An awful waste of guts and gore
An awful waste of human life
This senseless, bloody, bitter strife
We huddled close against the ground
Scared to make the slightest sound
And all around the great guns boom
The constant march of pending doom

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