# Full Frontal Assault

## Massacra

(Lyrics : Greg Conan / Chris Palengat)
The gathering smell of rotteness
Is cutting through my brain
Slicing up my friends
And then killing the pain
Gathered here together for our final day
Never ending strain
Fighting tooth and nail
Short on munitions
The say War is hell
Slaughtered for the objective
In the thick of the battle
Going on an onslaught
In a desperate struggle
Blind suicide, pain and suffering
On the other side
There is no reason why
In this viscious circle
Surely one will die
War cry fix bayonets
In the face of death
No time for regrets
The brunt of the attack
Full frontal assault
Suicidal rampage
Families !
Corpses strewn upon the battle fields
Memories !
An old wound never heals
The gathering smell of rotteness
Is cutting through my brain
Slicing up my friends
And then killing the pain
Gathered here together for our final day
Political corrupts and hypocrites
And fanatical religiousness
Commit us to die for whos country ?
So who is the real enemy
Puppets and leaders

And pawns in the game
Victims of the high command
Sacrificed in vain
Full frontal assault
Suicidal rampage
Life is to serious to take seriously
Greg Conan

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