High Water Mark

Iced Earth

It was very close, yesterday
I thought for sure, they would break
But this attack, that I have planned
A massive strike across open landIn the center, they will break
(Will they break?)
But plan it well, everything's at stake
We'll hit 'em hard, not a silent gun
Before the Infantry's begunExecute it well, we risk everything
It's in Gods hands nowGeneral Lee, I must tell you straight
I believe this attack will fail
No fifteen thousand men ever made
Will overtake that ridge today
A mile charge over open ground
With Yankee cannon gunnin' us downWe do our duty, we do what we must
And in my plan, you will trust
(Thousands die on this day)
Execute it well, we risk everything
It's in Gods hands nowThe rebel cannon break the silence
One hundred fifty guns make up their cannonade
They must destroy the Union Center
Before the Infantry can launch their grand assaultThe Yankees are returning fire
(The Earth shakes violently)
In Washington D.C. Lincoln
Feels the earth shakeWhat happens here this day
The fate of this nation
In the balance it will hang
Consumed with the painThe courage of the blue
The valor of the grey
So very sad but true
Consumed with the painThe Virginians are the chosen
In wait behind the trees on Seminary Ridge
Longstreet's slow to give the orders
The lines emerged a mile, fifteen thousand menThe charge begins in all its grandeur
(To the copse of trees)
For many of these men
They know it is their lastThe slaughter now ensues
Bodies fall like rain
They valiantly pursue
Yet doomed to remainAt the double quick they charge

The canister rips through them
To the mouth of hell they march
Glory, the only gainWe're almost there my boys
I've never served with finer
We must push forward boys
And bayonet the Yankee tyrantsTo the copse of trees we charge
To crush the Union Center
And when they turn and run
An open road leads us to freedomIt's over now we are retreating
I never thought that we'd be beaten
All this blood is on my hands
The thousands dead due to my planI am responsible, all of it is my fault
I thought us invincible
Is this gods will, after all?
I look across this blood soaked landAll this blood is on my hands
God forgive me, please forgive me
It's all my fault
The blood is on my hands

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