

# 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 land In 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 begun Execute it well, we risk everything  
It's in Gods hands now General 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 down We 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 now The 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 assault The Yankees are returning fire  
(The Earth shakes violently)  
In Washington D.C. Lincoln  
Feels the earth shake What happens here this day  
The fate of this nation  
In the balance it will hang  
Consumed with the pain The courage of the blue  
The valor of the grey  
So very sad but true  
Consumed with the pain The 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 men The charge begins in all its grandeur  
(To the copse of trees)  
For many of these men  
They know it is their last The slaughter now ensues  
Bodies fall like rain  
They valiantly pursue  
Yet doomed to remain At the double quick they charge

The canister rips through them  
To the mouth of hell they march  
Glory, the only gain We're almost there my boys  
I've never served with finer  
We must push forward boys  
And bayonet the Yankee tyrants To the copse of trees we charge  
To crush the Union Center  
And when they turn and run  
An open road leads us to freedom It'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 plan I am responsible, all of it is my fault  
I thought us invincible  
Is this gods will, after all?  
I look across this blood soaked land All 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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