

Angels Calling

Jim Bush

Sent to kill, to watch no man's land
Snipers are moving unseen
Fight for land, to lose it again
Shrapnel is filling the airHell on earth, the trenches mean death, better keep your head down low
Charge their lines, the ultimate test it's a synchronized sacrificeGet the wounded after dark
Left alone in no man's land
Maddening chaos at the frontDream of heaven
Angels are calling your nameShells and guns, a rifle and scope
Bullets are wearing your name
Losing track of time and of space
Midnight at sanity's edgeLosing friends to artillery shells, at the break of dawn
Break their will, as yours has been broken, they're here alone, dream of homeCharge at dawn to gain a yard
Scout at night to guard their lines
Leave your life in fortune's handsDream of heaven
Angels are calling your nameHell on earth, the trenches mean death, better keep your head down low
Charge their lines, the ultimate test it's a synchronized sacrificeWhen the bullet hits it's mark
Know your time in hell has been served
You won't return to homeDream of heaven
Angels are calling your nameCalling you home

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