

# The Trooper

## Rage

You'll take my life but I'll take your's too  
You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through  
So when you're waiting for the next attack  
You'd better stand there's no turning backThe bugle sounds and the charge begins  
But on this battlefield no one wins  
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath  
As I plunge on into certain deathThe horse he sweats with fear we break to run  
The mighty roar of the Russian guns  
And as we race towards the human wall  
The screams of pain as my comrades fallWe hurdle bodies that lay on the ground  
And the Russians fire another round  
We get so near yet so far away  
We were meant to fight another dayWe get so close near enough to fight  
When a Russian gets me in his sights  
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow  
A burst of rounds take my horse belowAnd as I lay there gazing at the sky  
My body's numb and my throat is dry  
And as I lay forgotten and alone  
Without a tear I draw my parting groan

Songwriters

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