

Cry War

Kreator

All night you can feel all the blood it runs
Dying from the death of the machine gun
Crying on a field without mercy
Death in your eyes you have never seen Torment all the priests on earth
Quarter all the enemies tonight
Nail all their corpses to the cross
Choose the dirty laughing from your face Cry war Flashlight is taking all the flash from your face
Torture feels like the fastest black race
Dying everyday it is the same
Laughing about the corpses in this game

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