

Namination

Axis of Advance

The men in the bird want to play war
They have zoned us north and south
By day they roam in hunting packs
Invincible green giants strong?
At night we cut them to pieces
They just run away, screaming
Wretched death to all invaders
Primitive instinct supreme
Their filthy lies mean nothing here
They are our playthings, on and on
Suppression and domination
Oppress for local control
Conflict of radical arms
Inner opposing forces
Combined with a massive assault
The ultimate alarm
Execute, no mercy
They will suffer at land, sea and in the air
They die
At home, they pray for it to soon be over
Hail Tet!
Them men in the birds fall from the skies
Disgraced,
they leave our ravaged land
We will make their pain last
We will never surrender, never retreat
We dare them to come back
Wretched death to all invaders
Primitive instinct supreme
Their filthy lies mean nothing here
They are our playthings, on and on
Suppression and domination
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Conflict of radical arms
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Execute, no mercy

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