

# Namination

## Axis of Advance

The men in the bird want to play warThey 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, screamingWretched death to all invaders

Primitive instinct supreme

Their filthy lies mean nothing hereThey are our playthings, on and on

Suppression and domination

Oppress for local controlConflict of radical arms

Inner opposing forces

Combined with a massive assault

The ultimate alarm

Execute, no mercyThey will suffer at land, sea and in the air

They dieAt home, they pray for it to soon be overHail Tet!Them men in the birds fall from the skiesDisgraced,

they leave our ravaged land

We will make their pain last

We will never surrender, never retreat

We dare them to come backWretched death to all invaders

Primitive instinct supreme

Their filthy lies mean nothing hereThey are our playthings, on and on

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The ultimate alarm

Execute, no mercy

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