Fields of Verdun

Sabaton

As the drum roll started on that day, heard a hundred miles away A million shells were fired and the green fields turned to grey

The bombardment lasted all day long,

yet the forts were standing strong

Heavily defended,

now the trap has been sprung and the battle has begunDescend into darkness 303 days below the sunFields of Verdun

And the battle has begun

Nowhere to run

Father and son

Fall one by one

Under the gun

Thy will be done

And the judgement has begun

Nowhere to run

Father and son

Fall one by one

Fields of VerdunThough a million shells have scarred the land,

no one has the upper hand

From the ground above to trenches,

where the soldiers make their stand

As the trenches slowly turn to mud,

and then quickly start to flood

Death awaits in every corner,

as they die in the mud,

fill the trenches with bloodDescend into darkness

303 days below the sun

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Under the gunThy will be done

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Nowhere to run

Father and son

Fall one by one

Fields of VerdunFields of execution turned to wasteland from the grass Thou shalt go no further it was said they shall not pass The spirit of resistance and the madness of the war

So...

Go ahead!

Face the led!

Join the dead!

Though you die!

Where you lie!

Never asking why!Descend into darkness 303 days below the sunFields of Verdun

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