

High Water Mark (July 3rd, 1863)

Iced Earth

"It was very close yesterday
I thought for sure they would break
But this attack that I have planned
A massive strike across open land
In the center they will break
But plan it well, everything's at stake
We'll hit 'em hard, not a silent gun
Before the infantry's begun
Execute it well, we risk everything
It's in God's hands now""General Lee, I must tell you straight
I believe this attack will fail
No 15,000 men ever made
Will overtake that ridge today
A mile charge over open ground
With Yankee cannon gunnin' us down""We do our duty, we do what we must
And in my plan you will trust"Thousands die, on this day"Execute it well, we risk everything
It's in God's hands now"The rebel cannon break the silence
One-hundred fifty guns make up their cannonade
They must destroy the union center
Before the infantry can launch their grand assaultThe Yankees are returning fire
The Earth shakes violently
In Washington D.C. Lincoln feels the Earth shakeWhat happens here this day
The fate of this nation
In the balance it will hang
Consumed with the pain
The courage of the blue
The valor of the grey
So very sad but true
Consumed with the painThe Virginians are the chosen
In wait behind the trees on Seminary Ridge
Longstreet's slow to give the order
The lines emerge, a mile, 15,000 menThe charge begins in all its grandeur
To the copse of trees)
For many of these men, they know it is their lastThe slaughter now ensues
Bodies fall like rain
They valiantly pursue
Yet doomed to remain
At the double quick they charge
The canister rips through them

To the mouth of hell they march
Glory, the only gain "We're almost there my boys
I've never served with finer
We must push forward boys
And bayonet the Yankee tyrants
To the copse of trees we charge
To crush the union center
And when they turn and run
An open road leads us to freedom""It's over now, we are retreating
I never thought that we'd be beaten
All this blood is on my hands
The thousands dead due to my plan
I am responsible, all of it is my fault
I thought us invincible
Is this God's will after all?
I look across this blood soaked land
All this blood is on my hands
God forgive me, please forgive me
It's all my fault, the blood is on my hands"

Songwriters

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