The Price Of A Mile

Sabatonâ•²

Throw your soldiers into positions once there is no escape, and they will prefer death to flight.Hear the sound of the machine gun
Hear it echo in the night
Mortars firing, rains the scene
Scars the fields that once were green
It's a stalemate at the front line
Where the soldiers rest in mud
Roads and houses, all is gone
There's no glory to be wonKnow that many men will suffer
know that many men will die
Half a million lives at stake
At the fields of Passchendale
And as night falls the general calls and the battle carries on
I long what is the purpose of it all
What's the price of a mile
Thousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army on the march
Long way from home, paying the price in young mens lives
Thousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army in despair
Knee-deep in mud, stuck in the trench with no way outThousands of machine guns
Kept on firing through the night
Mortars placed and wreck the scene
Gone is the fields that once were green
Still a dead-lock at the front line
Where the soldiers die in mud
Roads and houses since long gone
Still no glory has been wonKnow that many men has suffered
Know that many men has died
Six miles of ground has been won
Half a million men are gone
And as the men crawl the general call and the killing carry on
I long what was the purpose of it all
What's the price of a mile
Thousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army on the march
Long way from home, paying the price in young mens lives
Thousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army in despair
Knee-deep in mud, stuck in the trench with no way outYoung men are dying
They pay the price
Oh how they suffer
So tell me what's the price of a mileThat's the price of a mileThousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army

on the march
Long way from home, paying the price in young mens lives
Thousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army in despair
Knee-deep in mud, stuck in the trench with no way outThousands of feet march to the beat, it's an army on the march
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