## The 20th Century Was Entirely Mine

## **Fear Before The March Of Flames**

On the surface where we fought Thats where your insides rot So with a blow to your bow, take on water A diver descends Hey, did no one tell you? Sunken ships belong underwater In their slow descent to the ocean floor They are so quickly forgotten So as you disapear into the night time waters How many will you take with you? So when your insides rot A diver dscends in pursuit of riches As he drifts along your bow He will laugh at the gaping void That was the cause of your demise He will enter to find there is no treasure here Just a hollow mass of waste and deathTake on water We knew you didn't have it in you (to sail among the ships)

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