

Axis Of Advance, Namination

The men in the bird want to play war

They 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, screaming

Wretched death to all invaders
Primitive instinct supreme
Their filthy lies mean nothing here

They are our playthings, on and on
Suppression and domination
Oppress for local control

Conflict of radical arms
Inner opposing forces
Combined with a massive assault
The ultimate alarm
Execute, no mercy

They will suffer at land, sea and in the air
They die

At home, they pray for it to soon be over

Hail Tet!

Them men in the birds fall from the skies

Disgraced, they leave our ravaged land
We will make their pain last
We will never surrender, never retreat
We dare them to come back

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