

# Viper, Rising Sun

My hands are shaking holding the gun  
Why god sent me here to the front line  
Politicians war Im not a part of this  
I bet that they wont take a bullet for me

All those nights Ive cried in my bed  
The fear of dying doesnt make any sense  
The rain baptizes me in this bloody hell  
When will they appear? I cant tell

Lightning, thunder and rain  
Our lives are wasted in vain

Rising sun  
It will come to enlighten me  
The war has begun  
Will I kill to survive in this?  
Game of death  
We are pieces played by someone else

Now my life passes before my eyes  
In my childhood I used to play dead  
With a wooden gun in my hand  
Learning this horror innocently

Bullets, bombs and a flare  
Soldiers shooting everywhere

My hands are tired of holding this gun  
I let it fall down, hitting the ground  
My eyes are blinded by the rising sun  
I cry the death of all those around