

Storm the Beaches

Fozzy

[I - Prologo:]It's June 6, 1944
I turned 19 two days before
Pride and bravery I can't ignore
Representing my country in this World War[II - Lettera di Eisenhower:]The Great Crusade
Eisenhower decrees
To bring an end to the Nazi war machine
Eliminate the German demon seed
Insuring that the Lord's free world stays freeTrue honor and glory I'll receive
When I protect the USA
My Mother will be so proud of me
I'm the hero of the day
Kill 'em all let God's will decide
The demise of Hitler's reign
I'll take my shot and death will arrive
When I splatter their rotted brainsThe freedom of all good citizens
Lives forever on through me
I'll defend every one of them
From sea to shining sea...[III - Able Company:]...The sea once shined with the light of the sun
Now it flows bright red with the blood of the sons
They were the chosen ones
Now their tour is doneFirst platoon to tread on Omaha's sands
Stricken down by the shells before they land
Attack poorly planned
Completely outmanned
First to go
Last to know
First to go
Last to knowNo shingles no shields
No shell holes to hide
No cover no walls
No chance to surviveNoble is my mission
The good Lord at my side
No cover no walls
No-one stays aliveJump off the AM ramps the surf is waist high
Blitzed by the mortars that fall from the sky
Waterlogged packs that make them sink like a rock
Troops being slaughtered can't fire a shotFirst to go
Last to know
First to go
Last to knowNo shingles no shields
No shell holes to hide
No cover no walls

No chance to survive Noble is my mission
The good Lord at my side
No cover no walls
No-one stays alive Ripped from crown to pelvis
Soldiers devour the lead
Hidden Nazi snipers
Choreograph the dance of the dead In less than half an hour
The mission has been ceased
Only six survivors
Wading in the sea...[IV - Baker Company:]...The sea it swallows my vomit
As I puke up over the side
Spews out like a comet
Terror replacing my pride Crying out for my mommy
Bravado disappears
Forgetting all of my orders
What am I doing here? Clouding smoke and dust
Screams build to a roar
Portrait of pure hell
Painted on the shore Bobbing bodies drift
Crimson running tide
Real apocalypse
Will I be the next to die?
Be the next to die First to go
Last to know
First to go
Last to know No shingles no shields
No shell holes to hide
No cover no walls
No chance to survive Noble is my mission
The good Lord at my side
No cover no walls
No-one stays alive I scramble off the Higgins boat and trip into the crest
Each man who tries to follow me brought down by Hitler's best
It takes me an eternity to reach the beach unhit
Explosions all around my head I'm sure my skull has split
I'm sure my skull has split I snag a piece of driftwood
And navigate my path
Through washed-up bloated bodies
In a death face mask
Heart racing like a perishing tank
I rise up from the wave
And dash across the battleground
To reach the barricade Weak
From the seasickness and shell-shock
Crawl
To the levee of the seawall
Climb
To the concrete pillbox heave a desperate last grenade
Hide

Potato masher assaults me
Pain
Bullets puncture my body
Fear
I'm drenched in my own blood
Close my eyes and drift away
Close my eyes and drift away
Close my eyes and drift away...[V - Requiem:]The tide rolls in to wash my sins away
I gasp out my last breath
My soul escapes through ragged wounds
The D today means death

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