

The Trooper / Iron Maiden

You'll take my life, but I'll take yours too.
You'll fire your musket, but I'll run you through.
So when you are waiting for the next attack
You'd better stand there's no turning back.

The bugle sounds and the charge begins
But on this battlefield no one wins.
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath
as I plunge on into certain death.

The horse he sweats, with fear we break to run.
The mighty roar of the Russian guns.
And as we race towards the human wall.
The screams of pain as my comrades fall.

We hurdle bodies that lay on the ground,
And the Russians fire another round.
We get so close near yet so far away,
We won't live to fight another day.

We get so close near enough to fight.
When a Russian gets me in his sights.
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow.
A burst of rounds take my horse below.

And as I lay there gazing at the sky,
My body's numb and my throat is dry.
And as I lay forgotten, and alone.
Without a tear I draw my parting groan.