

THE ARMY GOES MARCHING TO HELL

First to fight for the fags
Now you're coming home in bags
And your Army goes marching to hell
Proud of all of your sin
No more battles you will win
And your Army goes marching to hell

**Chorus: Then it's I.E.D.s
Your Army's on its knees
Count off the body parts all gone (Two! Three!)
And where e'er they go
The dying soldiers show
That your Army keeps marching to hell!**

Crimes you praise in your ranks
Getting blown up in your tanks
And your Army goes marching to hell
Hating God; coward's hearts
Ziploc bags for body parts
And your Army goes marching to hell

(CHORUS)

Serve a rag, God's hate grows
See the tags on all your toes?
And your Army goes marching to hell
For a tyrant you fight
God destroys you with His might
And your Army goes marching to hell

(CHORUS)