

The Twisted Cross

Anacrusis

At night the fires burn, cutting like a flaming knife
Looking down you see rotting carrions of life
Smell the putrid stench, sewage of society
Vultures circling, picking flesh off you and me

Giving genocide its birth
By waging war on the earth
The father-land, the master race
Annihilating all the rest
And serving the Twisted Cross
The Twisted Cross...
The Twisted Cross...

Extinguishing the damned
Letting them rot in the camps
Conquer by death, sadistic rule
Twisting the minds of those deceived
Who worship the Twisted Cross
The Twisted Cross...
The Twisted Cross...

The war machine has set its course
Slaughterhouse in full force
Thousands will fall to this savage lunatic
Before this madman can be stopped
Before we crush the Twisted Cross
The Twisted Cross...
The Twisted Cross...
The Twisted Cross...
The Twisted Cross...