

R.A.F. Squadron 311

Arakain

Cold air which tries to strike contours of bombers
it's suiting now to feel breath of this night
vibrating scared wings put on their shoulders
part of an easiness for the next fight

So here they are
ready for nightflight who
will be back whose will be
the funeral bombs on the

board they're passing
highcloud afraid of flak
so real and dangerous
The worsed what can be now - enemy lighters

front shooter cries so loud: "Aim within sight!"
throw off your deadly load, keep the correct
course escaping carefully, chased by the lights
So here they are ...

Still turning circles
R.A.F. Squadron 311
strangers lighting for human rights;
Czechs and British all together they

were willing to be sacrificed for peace
and new world's rise
Cold air which tries to strike ...
So here they are ...