

Burn Down The Bridges

Artch

June - '41, World-war 2nd.
At the Russian-frontiers
The Germans are marchin' on.
Ready to kill without mercy.
Orders from Kreml;
We'll burn down the bridges behind.
Burn down the bridges

Back in Berlin they are now
More convinced than ever.
The whole world must kneel to the "Swastika"
"Sieg-heil," the "Eagle" has landed.
"The third Reich" will rise again.
Yell Sieg-heil!
But weeks turned to months, and the battles
Raged-on. The "peasants"
Were fighting back-still.
Little by little the Germans would learn
That Russian-winter kills.
Trapped in the snow - it was freezing below
In the "waste-land", the truth was all too real.
Taken by storm, attacked from behind
By the Cossacks, the mighty "Troops of steel";
Turned to their heels

Just like Napoleon before
Hitler was chased-back to his own "front-door".
His army was wasted and worn
His "dream" all shattered and torn.
In order to save his Berlin,
He now gave the order to...
Burn down the bridges.
Yes, it must be done
We're gonna burn'em down
We'll burn all the bridges behind.

The winds of war would soon be stilled,
But how lawn will it be...
'till the missiles light up the sky
To start "World-War III".