

## 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".