

Asphyx II They Died As They Marched

Asphyx

Early morning
Call the roll
From the barracks
In the cold
Weary faces
Tired men
All prepare to
Leave the camp

Growling watchdogs
Snarling guards
Resignated
Off they marched
Snow starts falling
Severe frost
Hostile country
Hope seems lost
Silent ribbon
Shuffling feet
Drink icicles
Nothing to eat

Sleep whilst morning
With open eys
From the bitches
The frozen cry

Column breaking
Exhaustion
Comrades crawling
Starvation
Forgotten chapter
Tragic night
On this route
Many died