

Augsburg eagle 109
Mottled battle dress
Lifting-off climbing up high
Der swarm lined up abreast

Cutting through the ice cold air
On wings burdened with fuel and led
I'll fly and fight my rest will come
At wars end or when I am dead

The word Frei Jagd is given
Arm your guns and set the trim
Watch out for the escort
Now let the hunt begin

Where eagles fly eternal sky
The battlefield up high
Twist and strike my mount of knights
My faithful Augsburg eagle 109

White contrails across the sky
Target sighted 2'o clock high
Steadily on giant wings in a box formation
Now the killing begins

I comence a run-in from astern
Six barrel's of mind sound
Trailing smoke the bomber tuble
Spinning nose down first towards the ground

Out of ammunition
Low on fuel I break away
To whell down refuel and rearm
To intercept their second wave

Hanging by your prop I climb
Again in the sky
Way above those blooded fields
My faithful Augsburg eagle 109