

## Down Below

Cryptic Wintermoon

51° north, 7° east  
Within 2.5 hours we'll reach the aim at least  
We started late in the afternoon from home  
In order to put into effect the task assumed  
Flying straight into the twilight high up in the air  
Within the utter darkness we will be there  
Carrying a load that will bring nothing but disease  
By pressing only one button the bombs get released

We're approaching guided by motor noise  
Left behind England and an inner voice  
Tells us that maybe it's the last time that we see  
Our land and our homes laying down there so silently  
My heart is torn apart for no answer I can find  
But Coventry and London still burn in my mind  
I cannot comprehend but also never forget  
What lunatic flight takes place in my head

Down below the rushing planes  
Sleeps an unsuspecting land in peace  
And while the miles get more and more  
The unrest within increases like never before

Then finally straight ahead of us appeared  
A silhouette shown by the moon so weird  
In this clear night the target so easily to find  
But not just them also we were in good sight  
Upon command the deadly burden was thrown off  
Into the houses crushed that explosive stuff  
(Just tiny) twinkling lights down there tell us from  
What in reality is a gigantic firestorm

Sieh hinunter dort wo sie wie Fackeln brennen  
Schreiend durch die glühende Phosphorhölle rennen  
Kellerwände tanzen schaurig I'm Splitterbombentakt  
Asche Staub und Trümmer regnets zornig heraba