

# Stalingrad

## Hail of Bullets

After the crucial offensive  
Follows a shameful retreat  
An attack against the western flank  
And they might escape defeat  
Forced into hedge-hog position  
A break-through is strictly prohibited  
Thus murdering thousands of men  
Feeding them  
Assuring them they will get out  
The 6th army's faith in it's F hrer

Von Manstein's relief not succeeding  
The panzers of Hoth are pushed back  
Experiencing their own tactic  
Entrapped in this Kesselschlacht  
Foremost frontlines changing daily  
Innumerable casualties  
In overcrowded field-hospitals  
No ending to the injuries  
Evacuating Marinowka  
The pulverized 3rd I'd  
On the high-road to Karpowka  
Leftovers of infantry  
Passing the horse cadavers  
A path marked with bloodstains  
Distorted division vehicles

Cracked skulls, piece of brains  
Crooked frozen bodies  
Soldiers die where they fell  
Crawling on the trail of treason  
Entering the Portal to Hell

The clearange of Pitomnik  
In the raging snow  
Desperate Junkers planes  
Circling above  
Wounded forgotten  
Metal, blood and dirt  
Running to the safety  
Of Stalingrad's outskirts

Puny figures sleeping  
In stinking holes  
Thick fog and black smoke  
Living like moles  
Under-nourished troopers  
Turn into dust  
Typhoid and dysentery  
Vaporizing pus

Eating their comrades entrails  
Accomplained by crows  
Chaplains commit suicide  
As there's no god above  
Everywhere carcasses  
Too frozen to eat

Nothing to fight for  
And no more blood to bleed