

Panzers march

Whether it stormed or snowed or the sun was smiling at them
If the night was black or the day boiling warm
Their faces were dusty but their spirits were high
Their panzers it raced along with the storm

With thundering engines as fast as lightning
Through victory and defeat they fought their way
With blockades and tanks the foes tried to stop them
But in full speed they rolled at their prey

Beast of prey
2000 hostile tanks they slayed
Takings its toll
To panzer battle they called

Their fighting will forever stand no mark
But at last their faithless luck them couldn't save
When the bullets killed them and their fate sat in
Then their panzer became their grave

502 - Beast of prey
502 - 2000 hostile tanks they slayed
502 - taking its toll
502 - to panzer battle they called