

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