

Howling fury, reap the sky - pale winds of death unleashed  
Storm of iron - gale of steel ; erupting demon fist  
In praise of death we celebrate the hunger for the kill  
Into pandemonium - stench of scorched flesh  
Boiled blood, charred bones  
All heaven exult as destruction spreads its wings

Cracked horizon, bleeding ground, cold ruin branches out  
Falling into livid dust - prophets of steel arise  
Warbound ! Frontschwein ! back to the panther line  
Willingly triumphing in eternal death, decay, ruin  
- yet the only victory belongs unto the flies

Armored count - wood-splinters swirling  
Red pawns keeps falling  
Armored count - breathing smoke and sparks  
Once again falling down

Fastsack, westsack - cognac infused attack  
Barrage after barrage, torn apart like paper sacks  
Machine guns preaching, engines roar - merciful faith no more  
Into pandemonium - stench of scorched flesh, broiled skin, burn  
t hair  
All heaven exult as destruction spreads its wings  
Death - decay - ruin  
- yet the only victory belongs unto the flies