

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