

Thousand-Fold Death

Marduk

Twisting and turning - intensively burning
The flames of destruction through the city whirling
Through smoke and through screams on bloodthirsty machines
We storm forth in ecstasy to crush the resistance
Now let the carnage build up, let the cleansing begin
Explosions bursting out - ashen bell cloning in
All that is flesh shall bleed - all that is dry shall burn
None shall escape our wrath - death awaits at every turn

From under violent skies with violence in our hearts
Spewing forth hate and lead, pouring out fiery death
All that oppose us must perish in rampant flames
Over and over - again and again
Again and again and again and again shall we renew the massacre
Renew the slaughter and renew the genocide
Searching for flesh to burn, searching for blood to spill
Combing through ruins in search for survivors to kill

Demonic dignity - seeking enlightenment through genocide

Barbed wire, grass fire, steel-armored death choir
Basks in the glare of the ever-growing pyre
Winged projectiles of death - winged projectiles of doom
Turning whole cities into graves and smoking tombs
Relentless butchering, tireless killing-spree
Human vermin in flames - cleansing death meant to be
Cold oppression rising; panzer dawn - iron spring
Legions of black fueled with burning hate, bad wine and gin

Slaughterous symphony - searching redemption through this holy war

No room for prisoners, no room for mercy
No room for compassion or pity or sympathy
Hear the tank engine roar - hear the gun-barrels sing
As we run through everyone and through everything
War drums are beating - the wheels of death spinning
The freshly shed blood on our hands is as sweet as sin
Screaming artillery - deafening mortar shells
Tearing the streets to shreds - leaving nothing but a
Trail of destruction and cities beyond repair
The smell of burnt flesh and black powder fills in the air
Gunfire from above, gunfire from below
Marching through newly made mass graves with eyes aglow
Shellfire shakes the ground - iron wings fill the sky
Countless infantrymen armed and eager to die
All that is whole shall burst, all that stands up shall fall
'til all that's left is the echo of this holy war

Murderous harmony - seeking fulfillment through thousand-fold death