

Fresh from Moscow
Over Volga came to comrades aid
City in despair
Almost crushed by the führers army

Oh it's colder than hell
Hitlers forces advancing

The sound of mortars
The music of death
A grand symphony

See your friends fall hear them
Pray to the god your country denies
Every man dies alone and when your
Time comes you will know that it's time

Stalins fortress on fire
Is this madness or hell

The sound of mortars
The music of death
We're playing the devils symphony
Our violins are guns
Conducted from hell

Oh Stalingrad
Mratnimiat

Are you playing
Do you follow the conductors lead
No one knows you
No one cares about single a single violin

Play the score of the damned
Know the devil within