

## Red Winter

## Toxic Holocaust

At last the wounds have healed  
But the scars forever show  
Flashbacks of eastern lines  
Point and fire  
I am the enemy

All that remains  
Of a barren world  
With your dying breath  
Fear our return

The thoughts race through my mind  
Will I live or die?  
Screaming Russia  
We hear your call  
Wall of soldiers lay  
The snow becomes their graves  
We carry on

Like rabid dogs of death  
Tracking blood through the snow  
Piercing thoughts now so clear  
Place the blame  
You are the enemy

Winters cold will feast on your heart  
As the bullets are aiming to rip you apart  
We take command and fight for our lives  
Like a bunch of fucking dogs  
Who turn on their masters

Winters cold will feast on your heart  
As the bullets are burning and tearing apart  
We take command and fight for our lives  
We are the fucking dogs  
Who turned on our masters!