

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!