

We march across the land
Over the mountains grand
And forests of fire
The black winds of death that sweeps
Through the empty cities
And deserted barbed wire
In this forsaken land
Once ruled by the pagan man
This is the hour!
Here where no life dwells
Where our fathers fell
We'll take back what is ours

Through Saxon land
For the pagan man
Germania, Germania

Rebuild the Irminsul
Behold the Saxon rule
With reborn glory
Onward through heathen lands
For the pagan man
This is our glory
We shall build again
A kingdom without end
The old rule dying
Our future lies beyond
In history to come
Our dawn is rising

Through Saxon land
For the pagan man
Germania, Germania