

White Death

Sabaton•²

Almost night
A crimson horizon
Painting thousand lakes red
As your army approach from the east
A hunter is switching his prey
All alone, a man with his gun
Wanders into the wild
Tracks you down
You cannot hide
Once he is onto your trail Enter the night
A flash in the darkness
White Death is heading your way
The fear of his foes, a hero at home
Hundreds will fall by his gun You are in the sniper's sight
The first kill tonight
Time to die!
You are in the bullet's way
The White Death's prey
Say goodbye! After the dawn
When morning is broken
Snow once white turn to red
Blood red snow tells what happened last night
A tale of a sniper is born Snow in mouth
Hiding his breath
He is steady at hand
Eye to eye
Target in sight
The moment to fire has come Hundreds of kills
The man and his rifle
Embody the sisu of Finns
Stay out of sight, and cover your head
When he pulls the trigger you're dead You are in the sniper's sight
The first kill tonight
Time to die!
You're in the bullet's way
The White Death's prey
Say goodbye! You are in the sniper's sight
The first kill tonight
Time to die!

You are in the bullet's way
The White Death's prey
Say goodbye! You are in the sniper's sight
Snipers sight
You are the first kill tonight
First kill tonight!
Say goodbye
Say goodbye
Say goodbye You are in the sniper's sight
Snipers sight
You are the first kill tonight
First kill tonight
Say goodbye
Say goodbye
Say goodbye

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