

Winterwar Memorial

Naer Mataron

I can see the winds, I can breath the chilling cold!
I can touch the spectral colours of the night:
The sun of Storms I am, the black night from yester worlds
The flame of war desire burns inside my soul. Spellbound by this blind passion
In battle lust my mind is drowned
Red is the path:to the war field.
My panzerfaust respectfully I hold. Under the pale horizon of the eastern front
Across the endless sea of clouds
Pride becomes a side of Pain
Honour fills with courage my soul
Draped I am by those melancholic hills
A hawk in eyrie, I am waiting fearless
All senses gathered, instincts sharpened
Dwelling in total blasphemy in this winter war. Krieg!

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