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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