

# White Death (Live at Woodstock Festival)

## Sabaton

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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