

# Russia's On Fire

## Stormwitch

Four hundred miles from Moscow, Beresina's the river's name  
I'm longing for some warmth, scarlet cold runs in my veins  
Each step's a dance with darkness on the edge of the icy jaw  
I've seen my comrades falling killed by the winter desert's law

    Every yard one victim, every inch is soaked with blood

        Through the endless frozen land

        Leaving back the Moscow brand

Frozen land--flaming brand, will this nightmare never end?

    Russia's on fire

We've came to see our banner flying over the eastern crown

    But there was no surrender, no one laid the sabre down

    Taking up our quarters they set fire to the town

        Through the endless . . .

Will I stand the torture, hunger, cannon balls and cold

        Through the endless . . .

Lyrics provided by

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