

Russia's On Fire

Stormwitch

Four hundred miles from Moscow, Beresina's the river's name
I'm longing for some warmness, 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 . . .

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