

White Death

Leichenfeld

Almost night
a crimson horizon
painting thousand lakes red
as the army approach from the east
a hunter is watching his prey
all alone a man with his gun
wanders into the wild
tracks you down
you cannot hide
once he is onto your trailEnter the night
a flash in the darkness
White Death is heading your way
the fear to his foes a hero at home
hundreds will fall by his gunYou 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
one of slaughters
what happened last night
a tale of a sniper is bornsnow in mouth
hiding his breath
he is steady at hand
eye to eye
target in sight
the moment to fire has comehundreds 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 deadYou 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
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 goodbyeyou 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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