

# Hail Of Bullets, General Winter

Scorched earth lies behind them  
On schedule they are  
Accompanied by victory  
They came from very far  
Drunken of the lootings  
Ares on their side  
Guides them to disaster  
About to turn the tide

Autumn at the Eastern Front  
Still they do proceed  
Heavy rains are setting in  
The attack is losing speed

8 Miles left to Moscow  
Her suburbs now in sight  
The 3rd and 4th Panzerarmies  
Vainly wait for their supplies  
Plod on through the filth  
On impassable roads  
Hardly making progress  
Streets turn in to floods

Winter at the Eastern Front  
They do no longer proceed  
Heavy cold is setting in  
Forcing troops to raise the siege

Stumbling, wading through  
the blizzard rage  
Advance halts,  
disappears in snow and ice  
Ivan laughs,  
Welcoming General Winter  
White scourges,  
natural mighty allies

Standing ground,  
Sharpening frost, minus 40  
Frozen oil, silences artillery  
Swollen limbs, scorbutsics,  
cracking army  
Landsers cry, thousands die,  
catastrophy

Awaiting the turning point  
patiently  
The Soviets launch their attack  
Trying to break through  
the German flanks  
To encounter them at their backs  
Siberians in winter uniform  
And well-equipped for the fight  
Offensives unleashed  
from the North and the South  
To cut right through  
their supply lines

Finally the order  
Preparing for retreat  
The Wehrmacht has to withdraw  
Or else will face defeat  
Despite all the losses  
The Red Army has failed

An impasse at the Eastern Front  
And none have prevailed

60 miles from Moscow  
In winter positions  
Exhausted from the war  
But the battle rages on