Hail Of Bullets, Inferno At The Carpathian Mounta

The main armies defeated
Remains are heading West
Towards the safety of the Reich
Between them and the homeland
Lies one final obstacle
A passage through the Carpaths
Known as impentrable

Few challenging passes
Ravines dark and deep
Ascending 2000 meters
Where roads are bad and steep
Units without officers
Deserters from imprisonment
Over threatening white peaks

Nowhere light, nowhere shelter
Not a sign of life
A desolate dreary region
Where no-one can survive the misdemeanours
The crimes against mankind
The last halts of abundance
They left them far behind

Fury firgures wrapped in grey blankets
Will-less eyes gaze into nothingless
Stare through this pathetic procession
A long cortege of infatuation

Tired sullen faces
Feet blistered and sore
Their clothing is threadbare
Soles tied up with cords

A mountainrange afflicted by the cold
Icy wind brings horizontal
At the Carpathian Inferno

A lump of snow is looming
Alongside of the track
The tombstone of two comrades
Who died silent, back to back
Faces remain nameless
Wheels crush splintered bones
Frozen death is painless
On this god-forgotten road