Konkhra, Warmonger

The ironcross, the power of the enemy The swastika, the symbol of our agony To break and siege, the axis will fall When he crumbles it will destroy them all

Winterking will eat your flesh Break your bones and your guns as well

His soul is cold, his heart is weak His spirits gone, his future is bleak So ask yourself where your fuhrer has gone Too many lies how this war was won

Winterking is eating your flesh Breaking your bones and your wepons as well Freeze the oil inside the machines Frozon all, like nothing I've seen

Flood my brain with the fear of life Freeze my fingers to the grip of the knife Take my toes, take my face as well Just take it all and damn it to hell