

Marduk, 502

Panzers march

Whether it stormed or snowed or the sun was smiling at them

If the night was black or the day boiling warm

Their faces were dusty but their spirits were high

Their panzers it raced along with the storm

With thundering engines as fast as lightning

Through victory and defeat they fought their way

With blockades and tanks the foes tried to stop them

But in full speed they rolled at their prey

Beast of prey

2000 hostile tanks they slayed

Taking its toll

To panzer battle they called

Their fighting will forever stand no mark

But at last their faithless luck them couldn't save

When the bullets killed them and their fate sat in

Then their panzer became their grave

502 - Beast of prey

502 - 2000 hostile tanks they slayed

502 - taking its toll

502 - to panzer battle they called