

# Anacrusis, The Twisted Cross

At night the fires burn, cutting like a flaming knife  
Looking down you see rotting carrions of life  
Smell the putrid stench, sewage of society  
Vultures circling, picking flesh off you and me  
Giving genocide its birth  
By waging war on the earth  
The father-land, the master race  
Annihilating all the rest  
And serving the Twisted Cross  
The Twisted Cross...  
The Twisted Cross...  
Extinguishing the damned  
Letting them rot in the camps  
Conquer by death, sadistic rule  
Twisting the minds of those deceived  
Who worship the Twisted Cross  
The Twisted Cross...  
The Twisted Cross...  
The war machine has set its course  
Slaughterhouse in full force  
Thousands will fall to this savage lunatic  
Before this madman can be stopped  
Before we crush the Twisted Cross  
The Twisted Cross...  
The Twisted Cross...  
The Twisted Cross...  
The Twisted Cross...