## Hail Of Bullets, Stalingrad

After the crucial offensive
Follows a shameful retreat
An attack against the western flank
And they might escape defeat
Forced into hedge-hog position
A break-through is strictly prohibited
Thus murdering thousands of men
Feeding them with empty promises
Assuring them they will get out
The 6th army's faith in its Fhrer

Von Mansteins relief not succeeding
The panzers of Hoth are pushed back
Experiencing their own tactic
Entrapped in this Kesselschlacht
Foremost frontlines changing daily
Innumerable casualties
In overcrowded field-hospitals
No ending to the injuries
Evacuating Marinowka
The pulverized 3rd ID
On the high-road to Karpowka
Leftovers of infantry
Passing the horse cadavers
A path marked with bloodstains
Distorted division vehicles

Cracked skulls, piece of brains Crooked frozen bodies Soldiers die where they fell Crawling on the trail of treason Entering the Portal to Hell

The clearange of Pitomnik In the raging snow Desperate Junkers planes Circling above Wounded forgotten Metal, blood and dirt Running to the safety Of Stalingrad's outskirts

Puny figures sleeping
In stinking holes
Thick fog and black smoke
Living like moles
Under-nourished troopers
Turn into dust
Typhoid and dysentery
Vapourizing pus

Eating their comrades entrails Accomplained by crows Chaplains commit cuicide As there's no god above Everywhere carcasses Too frozen to eat Nothing to fight for And no more blood to bleed