

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