

Sabaton, Father

A long ago in eastern Prussia
Young men with great ambitions rise
So who can tell me who can say for sure
Which one will win the Nobel Prize?

It was a golden age for science
The kaiserreich would hold the key
And as the conflict came and tensions rose
The manifest of the 93

Haber-Bosch, the great alliance
Where's the contradiction?
Fed the world by ways of science
Sinner or a saint?

Father of toxic gas, and chemical warfare
His dark creation has been revealed
Flow over no man's land, a poisonous nightmare
A deadly mist on the battlefield

"Perversions of ideals of science"
Lost words of alienated wife
And in the trenches of the western front
Unknowing soldiers pay the price

And on the battlefield they're dying
And on the fields the crops are grown
So who can tell us what is right or wrong
Maths or morality alone?

During times when there's peace he belonged to the world
During times when there's war he belonged to his place of birth

Where, will this lead? What's coming next?
From your inventions?
We wonder where, where does it end?
Who can foresee, see what will be?