

Salamandra, Misty Riders

We ride through the mist
Ride across the strangled country
We are heading for our aim
To make them cry

We are passing towns
Leaving their burning ruins
We are fighting for the aim
In sheer suffering they all will die

Feasting on our gain
We are never having pity
Killing, taking slaves
Will make them cry

We will ride through the mist
On cross the fading countries
Having only aim
Laughing at their death all the time

On through the mist again
Nothing can lead us astray
We will waste all the hearts afraid
We do not have the time
We really will not lose anything
We know the secret of steel
Armed nation, starvation
Will cause us no harm

We always conquer everything
With the secret of steel
Our nation, salvation
We will bring them to our gods
They will never get away

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Never get away...