

Hail Of Bullets, General Winter

Scorched earth lies behind them
On schedule they are
Accompanied by victory
They came from very far
Drunken of the lootings
Ares on their side
Guides them to disaster
About to turn the tide

Autumn at the Eastern Front
Still they do proceed
Heavy rains are setting in
The attack is losing speed

8 Miles left to Moscow
Her suburbs now in sight
The 3rd and 4th Panzerarmies
Vainly wait for their supplies
Plod on through the filth
On impassable roads
Hardly making progress
Streets turn in to floods

Winter at the Eastern Front
They do no longer proceed
Heavy cold is setting in
Forcing troops to raise the siege

Stumbling, wading through
the blizzard rage
Advance halts,
disappears in snow and ice
Ivan laughs,
Welcoming General Winter
White scourges,
natural mighty allies

Standing ground,
Sharpening frost, minus 40
Frozen oil, silences artillery
Swollen limbs, scorbutsics,
cracking army
Landsers cry, thousands die,
catastrophy

Awaiting the turning point
patiently
The Soviets launch their attack
Trying to break through
the German flanks
To encounter them at their backs
Siberians in winter uniform
And well-equipped for the fight
Offensives unleashed
from the North and the South
To cut right through
their supply lines

Finally the order
Preparing for retreat
The Wehrmacht has to withdraw
Or else will face defeat
Despite all the losses
The Red Army has failed

An impasse at the Eastern Front
And none have prevailed

60 miles from Moscow
In winter positions
Exhausted from the war
But the battle rages on