

Sabaton, The Red Baron

Man and machine and nothing there in between
A flying circus and a man from Prussia
The sky and a plane, this man commands his domain
The western front and all the way to Russia

Death from above, you're under fire
Stained red as blood, he's roaming higher

Born a soldier from the horseback to the skies
That's where the legend will arise

And he's flying

Higher, the king of the sky
He's flying too fast and he's flying too high
Higher, an eye for an eye
The legend will never die

First to the scene he is a lethal machine
It's bloody April and the tide is turning
Fire at will it is the thrill of the kill
Four in a day shot down with engines burning

Embrace the fame, red squadron leader
Call out his name Rote Kampfflieger

In the game to win, a gambler rolls the dice
80 allies paid the price

Higher!
Higher, the king of the sky
He's flying too fast and he's flying too high
He's flying higher, an eye for an eye
The legend will never die
Higher!

Born a soldier, from the horseback to the skies
And the legend never dies

And he's flying
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