

EXHAUST

FLAME OF BURNING FIRE

FEAR AND FIGHT

This is our darkest hour
We thought the war was over
There's deadly silence in the air

We had no winter clothes
And lay in holes like groundhogs
As suddenly the hell breaks loose

A massive bombardment and
concentrated shell fire
Dreadful losses in our flank
A major offensive (in) that scale
and we were taken by surprise
In the breakthrough roll the tanks

**Fear and fight behind the lines -
hell bent on striking back
This is the Battle of the Bulge -
in the counterattack
Tanks and troupes among our men -
and they won't give up
Up to your neck in blood and guts -
but we never stop**

Daredevil agents crossed the lines
They sowed the seeds of mistrust
As operation Greif took place

They are disguised as soldiers
And move within our forces
They murder people, cutting lines

As the unrest grows, no one trusts
the other anymore
Mayhem and madness are around,
watch over your shoulder
The noose is drawn
and they demand surrender
But all they got was the briefest
reply in war: „Nuts!“

Then the fog was clearing,
the overcast was gone
There was no reinforcement,
the tanks are standing still

**Fear and fight behind the lines -
air strikes cut the resupply
We fight the Battle of the Bulge -
in the counterattack
Abandoned Tanks and stranded troupes -
they were bound to fail
Up to your neck in blood and guts -
No chance to success**