

Down Below

Cryptic Wintermoon

51° north, 7° east
Within 2.5 hours we'll reach the aim at least
We started late in the afternoon from home
In order to put into effect the task assumed
Flying straight into the twilight high up in the air
Within the utter darkness we will be there
Carrying a load that will bring nothing but disease
By pressing only one button the bombs get released

We're approaching guided by motor noise
Left behind England and an inner voice
Tells us that maybe it's the last time that we see
Our land and our homes laying down there so silently
My heart is torn apart for no answer I can find
But Coventry and London still burn in my mind
I cannot comprehend but also never forget
What lunatic flight takes place in my head

Down below the rushing planes
Sleeps an unsuspecting land in peace
And while the miles get more and more
The unrest within increases like never before

Then finally straight ahead of us appeared
A silhouette shown by the moon so weird
In this clear night the target so easily to find
But not just them also we were in good sight
Upon command the deadly burden was thrown off
Into the houses crushed that explosive stuff
(Just tiny) twinkling lights down there tell us from
What in reality is a gigantic firestorm

Sieh hinunter dort wo sie wie Fackeln brennen
Schreiend durch die glühende Phosphorhölle rennen
Kellerwände tanzen schaurig I'm Splitterbombentakt
Asche Staub und Trümmer regnets zornig heraba