

King Tiger

Panzerchrist

King Tiger plough our way, tear asunder
Set their flesh ablaze, rip open their armour
Shield us from their shells, give us passage
Be our home as we fare, see that we prevail

Let your shells
Become beacons
For us and
Infantry alike

Sound your thunder loud and proud
Spread your terror
Let them bathe in vanity
Trick them to be bold

Let them charge with false beliefs
The stop them dead cold
Set their flesh ablaze

None shall remain
Death by attrition
No mother shall hail her son
No man to show affection

When all is won and none is lost
Guide us back home safe
And should the enemy break our mettle
Be our rusty grave