

Rise of nations pride

Russians on a route to ruin  
Kreml is more then certain to win  
Sent away an army to the west

Blizzard reigned the ground were chosen  
Snow was deep and hell were frozen  
Stalin were too eager to invade

He thought of the might he possessed  
And not of his foe  
Rage of winter

Rise, nations pride  
Hold whats yours  
Strike'em were it hurts

Fight, hold your ground  
Winter war  
Reinforce the line

Split them into small divisions  
Rip 'em of the conquest visions  
Motti tactics used with great result

Snipers move unseen in snowfall  
Force them to retreat and recall  
Fight the Russian rule and their demand

With Molotov cocktail in hand  
No fear of their tanks  
Death or glory

A slice of a knife to a throat  
And their blood turns to ice  
Talvisota!