

# White Death

Sabatón

Almost night, a crimson horizon,  
Painting a thousand legs red  
As your army approach in the east,  
a panther is searching his prey  
All alone, a man with his gun,  
wanders into the wild  
Drags you down, you can't hide  
once he is onto your trail

Enter the night, a flash in the darkness,  
White Death is heading your way  
The fear of his foes, a hero at home,  
hundreds will fall by his gun

You're in the sniper's sight,  
the first kill tonight, time to die  
You're in the bullet's way,  
the White Death's prey, say goodbye

After the dawn, when morning has broken,  
the snow was whitened to red  
Hundreds of soldiers were harmed in the fight,  
a tale of a sniper is born  
Snowing mouth, hiding his breath,  
he is steady at hand  
Eye to eye, target in sight,  
the moment to fire has come

Hundreds of kills, a man and his rifle,  
embodies the spirit of Finns  
Stay out of sight, and cover your head,  
when he pulls the trigger you're dead

You're in the sniper's sight,  
the first kill tonight, time to die  
You're in the bullet's way,  
the White Death's prey, say goodbye

You're in the sniper's sight (sniper's sight)  
Your his first kill tonight (first kill tonight)  
Say goodbye (say goodbye)