

## Fatherland

### Sturm und Drang

A young man he came, from far and away  
To the front on a cold winter's day  
Just a poor farmer's son, was given a gun  
And the hope of glory to come  
Now the old winds of war, they will blow, they will soar  
From the east, as the guns start to roar  
But they would not surrender  
The pride inside their hearts  
When we walk through the fields  
Over blood that was spilled  
For your fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come on, raise your hands  
Out in the trenches, down on their knees  
Wait for the storm to unleash  
The enemy's name, the fear it remains  
It be over in three weeks they say  
But they would not surrender  
The pride inside their hearts  
When we walk through the fields  
Over blood that was spilled  
For our fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come one, raise your hands  
All the mothers who cried over soldiers who died  
For our fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come on, raise your hands