

We march across the land  
Over the mountains grand  
And forests of fire  
The black winds of death that sweeps  
Through the empty cities  
And deserted barbed wire  
In this forsaken land  
Once ruled by the pagan man  
This is the hour!  
Here where no life dwells  
Where our fathers fell  
We'll take back what is ours

Through Saxon land  
For the pagan man  
Germania, Germania

Rebuild the Irminsul  
Behold the Saxon rule  
With reborn glory  
Onward through heathen lands  
For the pagan man  
This is our glory  
We shall build again  
A kingdom without end  
The old rule dying  
Our future lies beyond  
In history to come  
Our dawn is rising

Through Saxon land  
For the pagan man  
Germania, Germania