

Panzer War

War for War

Yesterday I had in mind ten evil thoughts
They were prayers for building of all Satan's temples
In the ruins of destructed towns black snakes slither
They prepare to stomp all holy rats

I see and hear war in my dreams
More and more masses of people must die
Black tanks are driven by Satan's soldiers
They don't know love, they kill for their leader

I hate the smiles of false beasts, they must die
Shots from cannons into people sound like a black service
Bursts of wind guide the battle planes
Dropping bombs on an already bloody field

I have a feeling, that still today something will happen
Unhappy families are torn apart in the heat of fires
Poor people have blood massed all over their bodies
Fear in their eyes, no hope, only death and ruins
These are christians, they pay a harsh tax from god

I hate all holy animals
My soul is passed on to Satan
My rage has a definite destructive goal
I force into people the name of war

I am soldier, I kill on demand and I do it happily
My tank will ruin the world, then peace will prevail
Satan leads this war against light
So that the holy ghost will choke on it's own blood

Inhuman terror grows day by day
Remorse does'nt exist above the worst suffering
Nothing awaits not guilty casualties, only terror and death
Their christ has an armoured fist in his eyes

Thousands of man prepared to kill or be killed for war
There is no deeper reason, only deep threnches
Huge iron weapons wo'nt stop, they keep firing
Satan rubs his hands when the world listens to him

Planes in the sky, tanks in the towns
Soldiers in the field, ships out at sea
Unbelievable suffering of all types
Otherwise it has it's esthetical side

Lord Moloch is a thorn in the holy father's eye
His dark division, demolished thousands of churches and temples
Christians with their lying men lost their faith
Which brought them only pain and sadness

They have no tears in their eyes, it's only blood and battered faces
Broken and torn feet, burnt flesh, dead relatives
Falling apart, last holdings, no home, no foundation
Shot apart are buildings which were once rich towns

Remembrance of war veterans are'nt warnings but inspirations

Weapons get heavy, we go the way of war