

Goering's on the phone to Freiburg
Say's Willie's done quite a job
Hitler's on the phone from Berlin
Say's I'm gonna make you a star

My Captain Von Ondine, here's your next patrol
A flight of English bombers across the canal
After twelve, they'll all be here
I think you know the job

They hung there dependant from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers, ripened, ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die

In a G-load disaster from the rate of climb
Sometimes I'd faint and be lost to our side
But there's no reward for failure, but death
So watch me in the mirrors, keep in the glidepath

Get me through these radars, no I cannot fail
Not when great silver slugs are eager to feed
I can't fail, no not now
When twenty five bombers wait ripe

They hung there dependant from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers, ripened, ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die

Me-262 prince of turbojet, Junker's jommo 004
Blasts from clustered R4M quartets in my snout
And see these English planes go burn
Now you be my witness how red were the skies
When the fortresses flow, for the very last time
It was dark over Westphalia, in april of T45

They hung there dependant from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers, ripened, ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die

Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junker.s jommo 004 [repeat many times]
Bombers at 12 o'clock high