

Where is the shadow, that calls me into darkness  
Where are the troops, that hail the one eyed god  
Where is the voice, that whispers us the paradise  
Where are our bodies, left to rot

An emperor between the lights  
"Es ist ein Führer" of pregnant frights  
If they get birth and rise again  
Will be the fourth realm and then

Gasman coming - lord of death  
Kiss the children in their last breath  
Love the women hard and cold  
Gasman you are called  
Gasman [5x]

March on towards a gory past  
For our future that nothing left  
Call the gasmen with draping fumes  
Remains just dead, a stinking dune

Gasman coming - lord of death  
Kiss the children in their last breath  
Love the women hard and cold  
Gasman you are called  
Gasman [5x]