

Warmonger

Konkhra

The ironcross, the power of the enemy
The swastika, the symbol of our agony
To break and siege, the axis will fall
When he crumbles it will destroy them all

Winterking will eat your flesh
Break your bones and your guns as well

His soul is cold, his heart is weak
His spirits gone, his future is bleak
So ask yourself where your fuhrer has gone
Too many lies how this war was won

Winterking is eating your flesh
Breaking your bones and your weapons as well
Freeze the oil inside the machines
Frozen all, like nothing I've seen

Flood my brain with the fear of life
Freeze my fingers to the grip of the knife
Take my toes, take my face as well
Just take it all and damn it to hell

His soul is cold, his heart is weak
His spirits gone, his future is bleak
So ask yourself, where your fuhrer has gone
Too many lies, how this war was won