

## 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