

We March As One

Panzerchrist

Called on to rid the world of scum
To see them die by the smoking gun
We seek them out, the timeless creep
They dare not fight back nor even weep

We listened when the prophet said:
"Let them die by the hand grenade."
To change this world we must aspire
To live our lives in cannon fire

We march as one
Our salvation is steel
Beneath the tracks they yield

We only seek to serve the panzer beast
The general is its priest
The gun and bullet's our rod and staff
And those who resist are cut in half

The ringing from the steeple is a deadly discharge
Behind us is waste and on we charge
The passing bell tolls with a horrible crack
Heard a thousand times as we attack

We march as one
Our salvation is steel
Beneath the tracks they yield