

Suomussalmi (the Few Of Iron)

RAM

In this trench we lie, this trench of ice and snow
In this trench we wait for the enemy to show

The red are dug in well in the village that we burnt
At eight we will attack on commander Siilasvuo's order
Relentless winter howls, the wind and snow brings white
death
But the greatest pain of all is Russian feet upon our
soil

KILL, break them down into mottis
Strike them hard, giving them hell
Let them know, the sons of Suomi fear not to die

A choir of rifles cry as we rush to kill or die
Towards blackened ruins we advance under fire
Friends around me fall and scream in agony
I clench my teeth in rage and fire my rifle

KILL, break them down into mottis
Strike them hard, giving them hell
Let them know, the sons of Suomi fear not to die

The few of iron, sword of the lion
Tenacious they would not fall to the hammer and sickle
They fought in fury, above and beyond duty
The red giant has fallen in Suomussalmi

My aim is my best friend and my rifle is my god
There's no mercy in my heart, I send them to their cold
white grave
The village is now ours, our foe flees over frozen
lakes
No Russian will be spared, our land and freedom has a
cost

KILL, break them down into mottis
Strike them hard, giving them hell
Let them know, the sons of Suomi fear not to die

The few or iron, sword of the lion
Tenacious they would not fall to the hammer and sickle
White lands of Finland bloodsoaked and severed
Ooh, the crimson snow of Suomussalmi

11.000 met 50.000, 900 Finns would fall, 27.000 red
They fought in fury, above and beyond duty
The red giant has fallen in Suomussalmi