

# Bathory

## "109"

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Augsburg eagle 109  
Mottled battle dress  
Lifting-off climbing up high  
Der swarm lined up abreast

Cutting through the ice cold air  
On wings burdened with fuel and led  
I'll fly and fight my rest will come  
At wars end or when I am dead

The word Frei Jagd is given  
Arm your guns and set the trim  
Watch out for the escort  
Now let the hunt begin

Where eagles fly eternal sky  
The battlefield up high  
Twist and strike my mount of knights  
My faithful Augsburg eagle 109

White contrails across the sky  
Target sighted 2'o clock high  
Steadily on giant wings in a box formation  
Now the killing begins

I comence a run-in from astern  
Six barrel's of mind sound  
Trailing smoke the bomber tube  
Spinning nose down first towards the ground

Out of ammunition  
Low on fuel I break away  
To whell down refuel and rearm  
To intercept their second wave

Hanging by your prop I climb  
Again in the sky  
Way above those blooded fields  
My faithful Augsburg eagle 109

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