

Compos Mentis "Butcher's Bench"

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Soldiers at fortress Dania, in you we trust
For generations you haven't let this kingdom down
We will soon have stopped this invading enemy
And this war will once again be part of history

It's so cold here in the middle of nowhere
Just got command to retreat
This bitter cold is taking the lives of my sons
Artillery shells following our trail
I just want to fight, I'm so bitter
I just want to use my sword and kill
Now we are leaving men behind
Fighting a war that is already lost

Oh, fortress Dania
Our protector, our forefathers' grave
Built by the old kings
An honourable place to die
While protecting the precious kingdom
Our soldiers are marching
Protect us from the lords of the south
Protect our precious kingdom, protect our king
Stand and fight

Oh, fortress Dania, we leave you behind
Our forefathers' grave, built by the old kings
Where I was meant to die
While protecting my fatherland

Den skjændende Blodst, den flygende Sne, Mærket,
Veiens glathed vare overalt eens.
Endogsaa på Gaderne og de aabne Pladser I Byen og
Omegnen,
Hvor Hestene overalt staae under aaben Himmel,
Bundne til Pæle,
Medens Soldaterne ligge ved deres Side,
Som de bedst kunde,
Maatte Mennesker og Dyr lide under det afskyelige
Fære og kæmpe med den heftige Storm,
Som Himlen sendte dem,
Medens ikke faa af dem I deres Hjerte forbandede
Kongernes Taabelighed,

Som netop vilde fÅ, re Krig I Vinterens Hjerte

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