

Doomshade "Cross Of Iron"

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You see old Albert setting there his face is full of lines.
You don't know the things he's done somewhere off in time.
He spilled his blood at Stalingrad where he tried to turn the tide.
The bullets rang, the bodies stank, he won the cross of iron.

Live by the sword, Die by the sword

Pray for this man aged before his time. Never free to wander away from the front lines.
Bleeding from wounds torn into his mind. When he was a younger man he wore the cross of iron.

You pass old William on the street and if you look into his face.
You can see the scars from the shrapnel bursts that were meant to seal his fate.
He earned his stripes on a tail-gun of a fortress flying high.
When he rode the wind, dropped the bombs, broke the cross of iron.

Live with the sword, Die with the sword

Pray for this man aged before his time. Never free to wander away from the front lines.
Bleeding from wounds torn into his mind. When he was a younger man he fought the cross of iron.

You'll find old Ian in the pub where he drinks away his days.
He tries drown the memories of his life below the waves.
He sees the Bismarck burning every time he shuts his eyes.
And he can hear the screams of the drowning men as they burn in the lake of fire.

Live by the sword, Die by the sword

Pray for this man aged before his time. Never free to
wander away from the front lines.
Bleeding from wounds torn into his mind. When he was
a younger man he wore fought cross of iron.

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