

Protector

"Operation Plaga Extrema"

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The inside of a plane full of dirt and stretch
Future warriors in dusty uniforms
Send into this suicide by mad leaders
No one knows if he'll ever get back home
Here they go singing of tomorrows pride
Our foe - No chance, No chance
We will win - Kill'em, Kill'em
Sailing down with parachutes into the hell
Ruins, debris, ashes before their eyes
Robot-tanks are grinding stones into dust
Suddenly the hell breaks loose, the weapons bark
Soldiers running, falling and wallowing in pain
The robot-guns stop shooting, there's nothing more to
kill
Mad operation - unscrupulous greed
The final aim: world domination
Uncontrolled lust for power
High - handed egotism
Struggle for immortality
A place in history
One of the commandos has survived the fight
Crawling to the palace of the enemy
There it is the unprotected central station
Releasing the safety - catch of the atom grenades
He's shouting "Heil my leader" and runs into the room
A deafening bang, the earth explodes, big surprise
The nuisance of the universe
Is finally gone forever.

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