

## **Sturm Und Drang**

### **"Fatherland"**

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A young man he came, from far and away  
To the front on a cold winter's day  
Just a poor farmer's son, was given a gun  
And the hope of glory to come

Now the old winds of war, they will blow, they will soar  
From the east, as the guns start to roar

But they would not surrender  
The pride inside their hearts

When we walk through the fields  
Over blood that was spilled  
For your fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come on, raise your hands

Out in the trenches, down on their knees  
Wait for the storm to unleash  
The enemy's name, the fear it remains  
It be over in three weeks they say

But they would not surrender  
The pride inside their hearts

When we walk through the fields  
Over blood that was spilled  
For our fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come one, raise your hands

When we walk through the fields

Over blood that was spilled  
For our fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland

All the mothers who cried over soldiers who died  
For our fatherland  
For the freedom they gave  
With their names on the graves  
For our fatherland  
Come on, raise your hands

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