Warbreed "Blood-Red Snow"

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This is the tale of the dormant Finland About it's people and it's luck of the draw This is the tale of the conquering Russia And it's victorious dead that never returned

The Reds began their crushing crusade
Towards the land where Väinämöinen once lived
The land of snowy plains and endless nights
Of a thousand lakes and seven hundred years of
enslavement...

Slumber, chains and bloodstained Swords, steels that clashed in the deafening silence

The burning rain fell down on the resistance How to endure the weight of the world? This was another kind of war in two fronts There's the human foe and the ruthless cold

And so this land took the form of a big pool Where pride got steeped as many lives were lost Who were the heroes, who were the bad guys? Where was now the place they used to call home?

[Markku Hamalainen]

... he lähettivät muukalaisia meidän Karjalaamme ja isänmaatamme loukattiin.

Total silence, tearful... mournful... Stillness, not even a sound in the blood-red battlefield

[Chorus:]
Over this snow
Snow that once was white
Lie the heroes

The heroes from both sides

The red covers all
All we have ever known
Such a grim sight
A sight so hard to describe
Blood-red snow.

And so this tragic tale came to an end
When peace was signed once blood had been spilled
Who did survive? Who did win?
If both of their banners were red in the end?

The Finns gave up their sacrosanct land
The Russians got what they had yearned for so long
But in the end, what did they all get for themselves?
Nothing but a handful of snow

Bloodstained, cold and fragile Snow, the very same snow that covered their bones

[Repeat chorus]

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