

Warbreed

"The Forging"

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[Narrator]:

So he was born, a child that soon would rule the world

Son to a man, whose shame was to ignore who his
father was

Hiedler they say, a bastard of Jewish blood

Hitler he says, the saviour of the long-lost German
pride

Pride?

At an early age, Adolf was already aware of his will of
iron

He would stand up to his father time and time again

Only to be given another hiding

Son of brutality, his Delphian blue eyes were as cold as
steel

But he's no martyr, his look was rather that of a beast

Mutti consoled him, she saw the meaning in his artistry

His father was blind, he only thought his god-damn son
was queer

But the clock kept ticking on and his father eventually
died

So Adolf could almost taste the flavour of dreams
becoming real

He moved to Vienna and planned to attend the
Academy of Fine Arts

Yet he was rejected, once again betrayed by those

Who could never understand him

[Adolf Hitler]

Why don't you kneel before me?

Why don't you crown me your king?

Why not become your master?

And rule forever after

No one could ever match me

But you don't see my wonders

You try to bring me down but

I won't return in dishonour

I'd rather die than prove myself weak

I'd rather starve to death than to yield

[Narrator]:

Shame!

He found himself living on the streets just fighting for survival

Like a modern Faust in search of power and dominion

He managed to cheat death continuously

Cold is the night, when one must sleep under the stars

Winter was ruthless, but he would never, never lose heart

All was so sad, since Mutti finally closed her eyes

He wouldn't give up, he sensed his age was still to come

Hitler spent five long years on the streets, starving and freezing

While the other homeless died in agony he survived with the hope that someday

Somehow, he would turn the tide in the sea of
opportunity

And no longer would a righteous German man

Be subject to the laws of a rotten obsolete world order

[Adolf Hitler]

See, they brim with gold

That lousy Jewish mob

Where did our honour go?

Why did our Sigfried die?

You try to hunt me down

I see you everywhere

I feel your knives shine

I am really afraid

Delusion, paranoia, hallucination

Visions, vivid sensations...

I'm falling, collapsing, I fear the end.

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