

Warbreed

"The Forging (...Of Glory And Decay - Part I)"

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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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