

White Rose Movement

"Etzel"

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Wild, marching like blind
One only goal in his mind:
Pillaging treasures and lands
Eager and fierce
Ruler of men who came
To raze all they met

He came along a road of blood
Going on through streets of death
Raising up his arch of gold
Marching on he came to wreck men, women and lands
- Etzel!

Cruel, in the circle of hell
You lay in a river of boiling blood
You're blood thirsty and lost
You're called scourge of God
You wanna create an army
With soldiers of death

He came along a road of blood
Going on through streets of death
Raising up his arch of gold
Marching on he came to wreck men, women and lands

Etzel nomad came through kingdoms
Blood and fear he brought
Cruel and wild came down to Rome
Gold and slaves he caught

Fight, you man of war
Your arch and horse won't let you
Down and you'll reach your desires
But you're gonna fall
Battles have gone,
Your blood will kill you in your bed

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