

## **Naer Mataron**

# **"Winterwar Memorial"**

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I can see the winds, I can breath the chilling cold!  
I can touch the spectral colours of the night:  
The sun of Storms I am, the black night from yester  
worlds  
The flame of war desire burns inside my soul.

Spellbound by this blind passion  
In battle lust my mind is drowned  
Red is the path:to the war field.  
My panzerfaust respectfully I hold.

Under the pale horizon of the eastern front  
Across the endless sea of clouds  
Pride becomes a side of Pain  
Honour fills with courage my soul  
Draped I am by those melancholic hills  
A hawk in eyrie, I am waiting fearless  
All senses gathered, instincts sharpened  
Dwelling in total blasphemy in this winter war.

Krieg!

Olofoteina ta synnefa toso psila!  
Parthenikis broxis stagones me skepazoun,  
Kai ola edo:I timi, to Aima pou kYlla zesto.  
Kai ego monos pia:na polemo akoma.  
Winterwar memorial.

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