

Prozzak

"Victory Day"

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Well sit down and listen, to what I have to say. There soon will come a great war, a bloody but holy day. And after that purging, our people will be free, and sing up in the bright skies, a sun for all to see.

Times are very tough now for a proud White man to live. And although it may appear that this world has no life to give. well, Times are soon changing, this can't go on for long. And on that joyful summer's day, we'll sing our Victory song.

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the brand new dawn of our Race.

You are my brother and in war we proudly sing. Our Cause shall never tire. Our gift to you we bring: A holy creed of Racial purpose, as a mighty Race to defend. And when we fly our holy flag Their oppressive reign shall end.

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the brand new dawn of our Race.

And when we finally conquer, our people will be free. And all across this great land, the bold Truth we shall see. So as we march together, to avoid catastrophe, let's remember always our sacred Destiny.

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the brand new dawn of our Race.

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