

Sabaton

"Poltava"

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Time has worn the soldiers down
Marched for many miles
In the eastern lands so cursed
Time to make a stand

Tsar has scorched his nation's land
Nothing to be found
Hunger grasp the soldiers heart
20 000 men strong

Listen, excuse for a king
Trust me, this fight you can't win

Poltava
Rode to certain death and pain
Poltava
Swedish soldiers met their bane
Poltava
Sacrificed their lives in vain
Poltava

In the shade of morning mist
Advancing on their foe
Bullets break the silent air
Wasted battleplan

Swedish forces stand alone
King has left command
Rule is left to lesser men
Waiting for their chance

Listen, obey my command
Hear me, or die by my hand

Russian armies blocked their way
20 000 lost that day
They bled the ground
Peace they found
There's no sign of victory
King Carolus had to flee
And leave the land
Leave command

Madness, curse your feeble horde
Fear me, you'll die by my sword

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