

Stormwitch

"Russia's On Fire"

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Four hundred miles from Moscow, Beresina's the
river's name
I'm longing for some warmness, scarlet cold runs in my
veins
Each step's a dance with darkness on the edge of the
icy jaw
I've seen my comrades falling killed by the winter
desert's law
Every yard one victim, every inch is soaked with blood
Through the endless frozen land
Leaving back the Moscow brand
Frozen land--flaming brand, will this nightmare never
end?
Russia's on fire
We've came to see our banner flying over the eastern
crown
But there was no surrender, no one laid the sabre down
Taking up our quarters they set fire to the town
Through the endless . . .
Will I stand the torture, hunger, cannon balls and cold
Through the endless . . .

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