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Toxic Holocaust "Red Winter"

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At last the wounds have healed But the scars forever show Flashbacks of eastern lines Point and fire I am the enemy

All that remains Of a barren world With your dying breath Fear our return

The thoughts race through my mind Will I live or die? Screaming Russia We hear your call Wall of soldiers lay The snow becomes their graves We carry on

Like rabid dogs of death Tracking blood through the snow Piercing thoughts now so clear Place the blame You are the enemy

Winters cold will feast on your heart As the bullets are aiming to rip you apart We take command and fight for our lives Like a bunch of fucking dogs Who turn on their masters

Winters cold will feast on your heart As the bullets are burning and tearing apart We take command and fight for our lives We are the fucking dogs Who turned on our masters!

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