

A night of darkness on the ashen fields
Blankets of snow where even souls yield

Here lay plains of broken bones
And overhead sail fiery stones

As men stride forth they shout their goodbyes
Riding to the fields where no larks fly

Regiments march forth to the resounding drum
Rivers of blood flow like rum

Drink this cocktail, this wine red brew
Narrow your mind; let the Erinyes through

Await their coming to take your mind high
Away from the fields where no larks fly

The bells are ringing the sounds of the knell
Armies march forth from the gates of hell

The Dragon soars, hearts run cold
Fire rolls forth, wings unfold

The soldiers are ready, raise the flag high
Tonight is a night when no larks fly

Darkness from above begins to loom
As rank upon rank walks to its doom

No one falters, no one falls behind
They all have courage of the second kind

Demand their arms, place their hands on their heads
Stand your ground till every man's dead

Look to the north, see the burning sky
Listen well, hear the horn cry

"How many of them can we make die!"
For these are the fields where no larks fly