

Ancient Drive

"Ypres"

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On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the
sad last post

Celebration in the city of Ypres, again a new year was
born
Not on this place of eternal silence, where quietly souls
mourn
For time did not matter on this site, of the graveless
dead
Near the leafless trees, we somehow met

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the
sad last post

Born in different times, we never knew each other,
Born in different times, we never even met
But on this night when the world celebrates, believe
met:
But on this night when the world celebrates, I regret
your dead

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the
sad last post
Thousands of names engraved, poor souls fate did not
spare
The night was cold, the wind unkind, still wondering
what brought me there

Born in different times, we never even met
But on this night when the world celebrates believe me:
I regret your dead

Tragic appearance, your uniform torn, your skin full of
dirt
We did not speak, nor laugh or cry, did not utter a
single word

We kept an honourable distance, borders of time

cannot be crossed
As there is between the living, who hold on to live at any
cost
And the dead, whose lives and dreams along with their
bodies lost
Here you appear, probably a trick of the mind that I
might have lost

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