

Caliban

"The Seventh Cross"

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[Heaven Shall Burn]

Here we march through the snow, here we lie in the mud.

The wind aches like a thousand on my skin, my walk mechanic.

My thoughts far away, unable to act, feel numb to the distress.

I can't remember freedom, forgot all faces I loved.

No cry for help through the wire, my existence a number on my skin.

It will take all my power, my last will to live.

I hear the sirens.

Searching lights roam through the night, reports, bloodhounds and hunters - orders are clear, our tombs already dug.

Our names on the crosses.

I'm running, no looking back, no feelings at all, will I be free?

Will I be free at last?

Will I ever kiss your face again?

The sun will be mine again and I'll feel the rain, feelings return from my body.

I can't believe that I'm still alive.

Now I remember your face, your words, your smile.

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