

L'ame Immortelle "In The Heart Of Europe"

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Our landscape raped by different armies
Soldiers, slaves who have no faces
Control our ways and lives completely
Our minds are torn, time left it's traces

Controlled by TV screens and letters
That point out assimilation
To trends and movements from outside
Fall victim to this infiltration

Here in the heart of Europe
No one stands up proud no more
Here in the heart of Europe
Our culture is a dying whore (x2)

No room for individuality
Grey masses who think one way only
More like robots through the streets
In our thinking we stand lonely

Once a land of art and culture
Now slave to streams from outside
Our nation's culture, doomed and dying
Like a candle's fading light.

Here in the heart of Europe
No one stands up proud no more
Here in the heart of Europe
Our culture is a dying whore (x2)

Our landscape raped by different armies
Soldiers, slaves who have no faces
Control our ways and lives completely
Our minds are torn, time left it's traces

Everybody's just consuming
What the media's dictating
And they all have just forgot
The joy that is to creating

Here in the heart of Europe
No one stands up proud no more

Here in the heart of Europe
Our culture is a dying whore (x3)

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