

Skiltron "Calling Out"

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Release your scream before it's too late,
Forest and river are crying for help.
You will have nothing when the end comes,
Think what you will leave to your sons.

The sun will not rise,
The breath will fade out,
And the sky will lack stars.

Calling out, while blood's falling down
Calling out, this could be the last chance

Did you think that there would be no home?
No place to live, no place to go.
Nowhere to hide of a merciless death,
Killing the earth will be your grave.

I only ask you to look at your children's eyes
And restate what you want for them.

Calling out, while blood's falling down
Calling out, this could be the last chance

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