

Tvangeste

"Tears"

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The wind blended the smoke of fires with the breath of
the swamp
The deadly embrace grips us in it's iron claws
No way out, but we will face the death
The sword or bog is better then the enemy's scaffold
Yes, we entreated, but gods did not heed our prayers
The hatred tightens round your neck harder than the
noose
The crusaders stamp across our native lands
The Steel craves for the battlefield
Our hands shake with trepidation yet resolved to fight

We know we cannot save our land
We know that today we will join our ancestors
No grumble, we are not appealing to gods anymore
Our earthly paths seem to be gone through
The enemies' camps are promising loss with their fires
The blood is getting cold in veins from the enemies
horses' neighing
Close is the moment when the heart will beat faster
The armors will reflect the bloody dusk
Blood will flow like boundless river
Endless will be mothers' sorrow
The clouds will close the land forever
The land most dear to us

The arrows fly overhead in the name of Compassion
The daggers buried in our backs in the name of
Righteousness
The swords cut our hearts out in the name of Divine
Mercy
Those who did not want to betray their gods and
fathers

The swords are a hundred lightnings like the token of
misfortune
The fear of death is stamped into the swampy dirt
Craving for murder and insanity, close connection.
Hiss of the bowstring, peal and moan, the troops mixed

Those who brought the teaching of Christ to our land

Under the mask of endless good
They came to make the people kneel
And make us cattle
The flame in sacred thicket died away
And cold welded the whole world right away
And merely the curtain of cold rain
Coupled with despair is ruling here
They came to make the people kneel
And make us cattle

The heart is beating in the cage like a bird without wings
The grief is tearing souls to pieces
The sky is tearing itself apart with a helpless moan
The helpless moan of our Motherland
Under the attack of the welded in steel
The strangers bringing destruction
The land of fathers is shaking and no use
To entreat the Gods for help

I see the Raven... His wings are ousting sky
He's soaring above the death like a black shadow
That's the soul of Prussian land.

Tears will wash off blood from my sword
The raindrops will extinguish the fire of hatred in my heart
And with the pure sense of a free man
I will head for Eternity via the path of Glory...

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