

Vigilia Mortum "War In Subconsciousness"

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When there comes night,
And a battle-field keeps silence,
The Soldier continues to fight,
Continues to fight in the sleep.

Cruel thing...
Cruel thing a war,
Explosions, the attacks and all it is fatal.
Find, find a door,
From this infernal circle.

And It was a next...
And It was a next day.
War in the subconsciousness

And It was a next day

And soldiers died,
And everywhere there was a blood,
And there were only graves.

When there comes night,
War comes in the subconsciousness.

Cruel thing...
Cruel thing a war.

But even in a peace's time,
When there is a silence,
The Old Soldier continues to fight,
Continues to fight in the sleep.

Cruel thing... Cruel thing a war.

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