

## Misery Index

# "Ghosts Of Catalonia"

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(KlÄppel, Jarvis)

Onwards together, with boundless visions of hope  
The fire of souls alive, on mountains of Aragon  
Clarion calls freely answered , and with haste  
Brigades, volunteers defending...this chosen place  
'36 swept in the tides of autonomy  
damning their odious order undone  
Blood on the graves of our fathers  
Armed with ideas, unwieldy and strong  
Awaiting the spit of the fascist  
To drive him back into Acheron  
We stand at the door of upheaval, alone,  
as allies seek to appease  
Iberia yields to oppression,  
Berlin gives rise to the Beast  
Forward, under Lleidan skies  
Condors, winding, circling high  
Broken, bodies, brothers at arms  
Giving, dying, with hope in their hearts  
These days that we live for ourselves,  
Catalunya, what is to come  
Fighting for three years we carried a vision  
The anarchist bit, the socialist bled  
Is what we had here forgotten  
A ghost, a footnote in time long dead?

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