

To Hate "Zirberck 1329"

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In time of peace they felt the warmth
Didn't know what frost is
They were poor but rich inside
Until the others became the authority

They killed the women and the children
Burnt down the houses and the fields
Renamed the place Zirbeck
Took the nation's crown

Zirberck

The river carries those tears
The blood in soil is seen
Even though they were farmers
There was never a bigger heart

They are our roots
The song is played for them
Feel the great-grandfather's suffering
The ground is breaking in front of you

My father me and my son
Different faces fade to one
We become the one and the only
We destroy the flesh of creators and their masters
The river carries those tears
The blood in soil is seen
Even though they were farmers
There was never a bigger heart

They are our roots
The song is played for them
Feel the great-grandfather's suffering
The ground is breaking in front of you

The city is ours again
Lies are intentionally destroyed
I will proudly say «My Zirbek»
And lie down tired to the ground.

