

Archagathus

"17. February 1773"

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[Son:]

Strange, that we meet again
I recognize your face
You brought me my father's book
The memory from the old days
I want to understand
What he wrote to me
Sit in this chair, and drink some wine
It will help you to speak

Oh, trust in me
Oh, speak to me

That was the day in 1773.
That was the day the 17. of February

[The old friend:]

I try to recall the past
When he came to this town
I've never seen him before
But I felt that he was so down
It was so sad to see
As he stood there alone
I don't know why he chose me
And I won't know nevermore

Oh, nevermore
Oh, nevermore

That was the day in 1773.
That was the day the 17. of February

He gave those things to me
And when I asked him "Why?"
He said: "I've got a son
I had to leave him behind
Should I not come back
In the next few days
I want you to give these to him
On his 21st birthday"

Give me your word
Give me your word

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