"After years of torture, the war is over now. Our so called leader found another path to go. So I'm on my way back, to my homeland, to my friends. And I'm looking forward to see my wife and son again

Than I see some black smoke in the air. Where is my house, where is my land"
They say the ruins I'm standing on
Are the graveyard of my son.

Thunder in the silence
Our soldiers fought and died.
Thunder in the silence
Our leader grew their might.
Thunder in the silence
See the burning land.
Thunder in the silence
I'm coming home again.
I'm coming home again.

They said we'd fight for glory. For our children to be free. But now that all is over, there is no one left to be.

I'm standing on that wasteland. Under blackened trees.

And below the ashes lies my family.

And I still remember the day I left.

When my little son stood up from bed.

"Will we meet again?" with tears he asked.

And I betrayed 'cause I said: "Yes!"

And what if all the ones I killed, Where the sons of a father like myself?.

What will our children learn When all their houses burn?

When the thunder fills the sky
And on the earth our children die.
Than a man of true honor feels the pain.
With his hands full of blood he is home again.

A false king has told him lies. He lost his son, he lost his wife. He takes his sword for the last, casts his spell. And he judged all false leaders, than himself.

What will our children learn When all their houses burn?