

Tallin, fallen
We're sailing to go home
War's coming, war's taking

Alone across the Baltic haze
Nobody loses hope
But we were feeling forgotten
Just breathing our death

Across the sea, you lead us
and ease the fears

Kutznetzov, the preacher
No light behind his back
The voice is trembling, no hiding
The end is moving fast
Tallin, fallen
We are leaning all behind
Remember those boatmen

The ghost-men chant, from Volga
Lost in the shadow

When pride is going to die
Inside an ancient rhyme
Ghosts from the Volga's tale

Lonely, the memories are lost
A pathway to nowhere
Stranded, the livid of my soul
Stranded, is claiming all my life

Fate, you take me down, into your dome
Straight into your great decay
Straight into your great mistake
From the boatmen, from the Volga's cry

Step by step and a step again
Fear is my great surrender
The ghost-man chant, from Volga, lost in the shadow
Ghosts from the Volga's tale
When pride is going to die inside an ancient rhyme

Ghosts of the boatmen.