

Pulkovo Meridian

Dark Lunacy

In the night, from the hill
Creeping shadows, cold caress
On your face, hit the ground
And feel the blaze
One of all, young and scared
In a nameless tale to write
By my type, where do I begin

Thrust into you
The splinters of life
Fading away, lost in your mind
On Pulkovo Meridian
Bleeding on you
The tears of the crown
Fading away, lost in your fears
On Pulkovo Meridian

Now, call your name, on this page
But no answer from the hill
What's the time right to die...
And wrong to live
By your eyes, as you die
Why so shining Leningrad
Final breath, why do I begin

Thrust into you
The splinters of life
Fading away, lost in your mind
On Pulkovo Meridian
Bleeding on you
The tears of the crown
Fading away, lost in your fears
On Pulkovo Meridian

Higher, higher to hill, higher to God, higher to live...

Night is falling
Keep defending, keep on save the children of Motherland
Night is falling
Keep defending, keep on save the children of Motherland

In the night, in the cold
Creeping shadows from my back
On this type, hit the page
And feel the blaze
From my soul, to my hands
In a nameless tale to write