

Years in the Dark

Hackneyed

It's day one on the run
The years in the dark have weakened my bones and sight
Got no knife and no gun
They try to catch up, tracking me day and night

Always moving in fear
Days have passed by, still surrounded by woods and reed
And I start to see clear
They won't need me alive, they just (have to) wait, let me bleed

It's better to die on your feet
Than to live on your knees
Spent years in despair and concrete
Longing for peace
I will finally break free again to be...

They picked up the trail
Bullets cut through, it's almost too dark to see
I'm about to fail
I won't get away - a shot ends my plan to flee

It's better to die on your feet
Than to live on your knees
Spent years in despair and concrete
Longing for peace
I will finally break free again to be...

And if you're trying to break free
Try not to end up next to me
While worms are crawling through my corpse
You better know: There's no resort