

Wake up! Pieces of peace, chips of illusions.  
Dreams, which won't come true.  
Strange decrees, inane conclusions...

What's it all for? Still have no clue.

You only feel that there is something else.  
Behind this world, behind this war.  
Beyond the midnight veil.

Every minute you live on a frontline.  
Every evening you walk on a frontline.  
A pleasure ground with deadly shells.

Every Sunday you dance on a frontline.  
Every birthday you keep on a frontline.  
If your men fail then you will fail as well.

Wake up! Broken hopes, unending riddles, teasing smell of sin.  
Desolate roads, decaying heroes, scorches on your skin.  
Drowning in the seas of breeding questions.  
You cannot stop your search until you reach the depths.

Your broken hopes. Your shattered dreams.  
Your storms and gales.  
Your scars and seams. Your plagues and bales...  
They saved you.