

Ghosts Of Catalonia

Misery Index

Onwards together, with boundless visions of hope
The fire of souls alive, on mountains of Aragon
Clarion calls freely answered , and with haste
Brigades, volunteers defending...this chosen place
'36 swept in the tides of autonomy
damning their odious order undone
Blood on the graves of our fathers
Armed with ideas, unwieldy and strong
Awaiting the spit of the fascist
To drive him back into Acheron
We stand at the door of upheaval, alone,
as allies seek to appease
Iberia yields to oppression,
Berlin gives rise to the Beast
Forward, under Lleidan skies
Condors, winding, circling high
Broken, bodies, brothers at arms
Giving, dying, with hope in their hearts
These days that we live for ourselves,
Catalunya, what is to come
Fighting for three years we carried a vision
The anarchist bit, the socialist bled
Is what we had here forgotten
A ghost, a footnote in time long dead?