

March out, submissive, tundra-locked labor slaves
Eight years inside here, counting down our endless days

We're rationed, worked and flogged 'til bitter dusk dissolves
And backons back to here, so far from mother's arms

Each day, a penance, each night, a sigh
Through every night I ponder, what exists beyond these walls

This dreaded repetition, gnawed flesh, a shield gone numb
I'll tread this place no longer, tomorrow I'll be gone

Into the unforgiving, a bleak and barren land
This rock, and birch-bound cradle, saps the life from me
No gods, no laws, just open empty earth
At one with crystal-white, to die alone

Narodnaya, our time is nigh, open your door to the end

White clouds of frozen breath, these ghosts accompany
Waiting for death, together longing for release

And from my resting place, I stare at Narodnaya
Beneath the gray clouds brooding, the air escapes my lungs