

Let The Truce Be Known

Orphaned Land

As two kids who always spent
Their time and played with toy guns in their hands
There you stood in front of me
They taught me that you're my enemy

And when our eyes have met
We both set sails to death
With guns of grown up men
I fear it might be my last breath

Eye to eye
Our aim is blinded by the sun
Seeking higher ground
To a safe haven I now run

The night had fell on no man's land
This flute was heard from out there in the dark
I knew the words and joined in song
This nightly truce a miracle of hope

We raise our hands and walk
Upright to move towards each other
No guns, no death between
The enemies now turned to brothers

Together on this barren earth
I tell him of my son
No pawns or deadly toys
The morning comes, and we are done

We head to base and end the truce
That lasted through this war of liars
A vision of a better life
Where music drowns the toy gun's fire

Next night I see a shadow and
We both shoot in the name of god
As we fell down our eyes have met
Our friendship ends now in this turmoil of blood