Toiling in Sheol

Protector

Rising up in the middle of the night
Like a zombie, getting ready
The confinement in the work camp calls
To drain my last energy

Toiling like a souless machine
To get money and food
When freedom is achieved
I need fuel to cope

Endless misery – Burned out
A life in pain – Burned out
Endless misery – Burned out
A life in pain – Burned out

Days – Weeks – Months – Years

All is wet, the storm strikes
Everything is worthless
Into the bitter cold
Towards the bonds of slavery

Driving on in the middle of the night
Wild animals, the lone company
Their sole purpose is to kill
The fog seals, the view disappears

Toiling like a souless machine
To get money and food
When freedom is achieved
I need fuel to cope

Endless misery – Burned out
A life in pain – Burned out
Endless misery – Burned out
A life in pain – Burned out

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