

# The Hill Of Crosses

Sol Invictus

Beneath the sun, a peasant heart  
A land where bitter armies marched  
But here even serpents have their day  
Crosses and flowers bloom and stay

Past our pain and our losses  
when we climb the hill of crosses  
March through death to where love is  
When you climb the hill of crosses

Murder turns the sky to rust  
Children's faces crumble to dust  
Tyrants wax and tyrants wane  
The tree bends but still remains

Past our pain and our losses  
when we climb the hill of crosses  
March through death to where love is  
When you climb the hill of crosses

Cross-crowned with the sun's rays  
They tore it down but it grew again  
With Motherland blood grows the grain  
Rye waves and harvest will come again

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when we climb the hill of crosses  
March through death to where love is  
When you climb the hill of crosses...