

They pass me when I close my eyes  
Ragged lines of ragged grey  
Grey their faces, grey their hands  
Grey the ghosts that haunt this land  
Their pain, it echoes through the hills  
Through no one living ever left

This is Kolyma - a graveyard for the lost

The muffled sounds of cries and moans  
Od swearing, shooting and commands  
They all disappeared in this big land  
Where summer's harsh and winter kills  
Where gold is hidden, death's for free  
And freedom came from weapon steel

This is Kolyma - a graveyard for the lost

The forest conquered all the camps  
Broke walls, cut fences down to earth  
The forest conquered all the camps  
Broke walls, cut fences down to earth

Land of gold and land of death, a graveyard for the lost  
You gave the treasures, you took the men, you'll keep them forever

(This is) Kolyma - a graveyard for the lost  
(This is) Kolyma - a graveyard for the lost

The cold wind's crying for the lost  
He knows the sites where they all lie  
The wolves are howling in the woods  
Howls like calling up the dead  
I'd rather trust in their fangs  
Than mercy by man's hand

This is Kolyma - a graveyard for the lost

The cold wind's crying for the lost  
The one who knows their names