## Fatherland

## **Ancient Rites**

When the restless North Sea is trying to gain more land And a merciless west wind steals my breath When the fierce waves are pounding on the beaches Plain as an endless desert

Or uttermost vile storms are Teaching my people humbleness Then one can see my land resist There one can see my land fight As gloomy grey skies Cast away the northern sun

I turn home.... Always turn home I turn home.... Always turn home

And our cities and villages Representing centuries and centuries Seem to drown due to eternal rainfall Or the rivers turn into Gold

I turn home.... Always turn home I turn home.... Always turn home

Fatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland! Fatherland! Keep on turning to my Fatherland! Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland! Fatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland!

Our cities seem to drown Due to eternal rainfall I watch the rivers Turn into Gold Under a genial sun When snow capped forests Create visions larger than life Then I realise where I belong My eyes have seen the continents The beauty of foreign civilisations

An uncontrollable desire forces me to wander Yet echoes of melancholy and remembering The splendour being mine (make me turn home) Where castles and towers are the sole mountains And father time seems to have less grip Where castles and towers are the sole mountains There my land can be found

I turn home.... Always turn home I turn home.... Always turn home

Fatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland! Fatherland! Keep on coming to my Fatherland! Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland! Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland! Tištěno z www.txp.cz