

Deep behind lines of fire where conditions are barbaric
Everyone is floating in a sea so dark and cold
We bear an illusion of a world, a world with candour
Believing in freedom and a life of growing old
Thinking of my loved ones to escape the fear I feel
Longing for some music to forget the world of steel
Someone else is living my life
Something else is waiting for me
My pulse is rising but time stands still
I am caught in a scene of a brutal major mission
A mission not yet seen a mission of destruction
Clay-cold men, affray becomes an addiction
My mind keeps playing pictures of my deepest fear of all
Fear of losing my family the most precious thing of all
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