

Last Letter

Cryptic Wintermoon

Dear honey thanks for your nice words
They really were a gleam of hope in these dark cold days
Where the sun in the sky has disappeared
And the fog of perdition seems to occupy the land

We are still here in the trench waiting for our war
Nothing seems as glorious as we heard before
Even the autumn feels so different
Here the leaves may fall no more

Well at all it seems like time is standing still
The only thing we really count are the comrades that did not re
turn
Maybe they are the luckiest of us all
As they have left it all behind

But with my god on my side nothing will happen to me
No more failures and no more faults cause I am programmed to be

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Never be concerned bout me I will make it somehow
But if it is my destiny that time has come to end for me
Then I will beg you not to cry as there are yet so many moms
That grieve for their beloved

If only their tears could wash away all this nonsense and this
hate
How many men will keep their lives how many blood is saved
Hasn't mankind reached real far that it slays itself that it ma
kes war

I always whisper your name
When I am alone and scared
I guess it brings me luck
And all the harm falls off from me
Maybe tomorrow is the day
Where the hope returns again

With you on my side
Nothing can happen to me
No more failures and no more faults
Cause I am programmed to be